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PHILIPPINE EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN TEACHER

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THE PHILIPPINE EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN TEACHER

A NARRATIVE OF WORK AND TRAVEL IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

BY

WILLIAM B. FREER

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1906

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THIS BOOK

IS DEDICATED TO THOSE AMERICANS,

WHO, BY NOBLE EXAMPLE,

BY BENEVOLENT MINISTRATION

AND BY UNSELFISH LABOR UNDER TRYING CONDITIONS,

ARE TEACHING THE BEST AMERICANISM TO THE FILIPINOS

163697

Take up the White Man's burden—
  Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
  To cloke your weariness.
By all ye will or whisper,
  By all ye leave or do,
The silent sullen peoples
  Shall weigh your God and you.

—KIPLING

FOREWORD

THE author trusts that the perusal of the following pages will result in a better appreciation of some desirable traits of Filipino character, in a stronger conviction of the unwisdom of granting, at this time, any greater degree of self-government than the Filipinos already possess, and in a fuller understanding of the work that is being done in the public schools in the attempt to fit the people for the eventual exercise of complete autonomy.

It should be noted that, usually, the names of the persons mentioned, and in the last two chapters, the names of the places, are fictitious. A list of the Spanish and Philippine terms used in the narrative may be found at its close.

FEBRUARY 9, 1906.

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THE
PHILIPPINE EXPERIENCES
OF AN
AMERICAN TEACHER

CHAPTER I

THE ARRIVAL

Conclusion of the Voyage—Manila Bay—Sights and Sounds of the City—A Journey up the Laguna de Bay—The Native in His Own Environment—Market People and Their Produce—Gambling—A *Pudiente's* Breakfast—Oriental Confusion—Santa Cruz—The Firing Line—Pagsanjan—The Ignorance of the *Tao*—The "Black Jesus"—A Harvest of Locusts.

A MONTH and a day after leaving the Golden Gate, the army transport Meade had passed the northern end of Luzon and was steaming down the west coast toward Manila. It was then that we had our first experience with truly tropical weather. The gentle breeze from astern was worse than none, for, with the ship's motion, it produced the effect of still air; and the hours were irksome.

All day we watched the hills and mountains of the Zambales coast and speculated upon the mysteries which lay among and behind them.

Shortly before sunset we steamed past Corregidor into Manila Bay, so large that it is like the sea. Presently night fell, and the glare of the Cavite lights became visible in the southern sky; and soon after we located Manila by the same sign. By eight bells we saw the red light marking the entrance to the Pásig River and the brilliant electrics on the Luneta. Half-speed—slow—stop—astern, were successively telegraphed to the engine-room; the anchor chains rattled; and we had arrived at the end of the long voyage. The customs and health officers do not inspect after dark, so we were obliged to curb our impatience yet another night; again we slept on the canvas cots on the decks, dreaming of the new chapter of life to begin on the morrow.

Early in the morning we made a desultory study of as much of the Manila water-front as was visible at the distance of a mile, and of the ships of many nations lying in their berths round about. By eight o'clock we were cleared, and the disembarkation began. Into a launch with bag and baggage we went, up the swirling Pásig among the green bunches of lettuce-like lake weeds, past the inter-island steamers two and three deep, past

rank upon rank of *cascos** tied to the sea-wall and to each other; whistling, turning and twisting to avoid the score of other craft puffing down the river—and at last we set foot upon Philippine soil and entered the portal of the untold future. The business of the customs finished, I bundled myself and baggage into a *quelis* drawn by a small, lean pony, and directing the bare-footed *cochero* where to drive, beheld with eager eyes that varied oriental life which is so intensely interesting to the Westerner upon first acquaintance.

The sounds of river and street life, the peculiar odors, the strange sights, were bewildering. The clouted Chinese coolies laboring on the water-front, the Filipino boys swimming in the Pásig, the *carabao*—unwieldy beasts with wide-spreading horns and sulphurous breaths, the odd vehicles and the emaciated ponies drawing them, the Filipinos, American soldiers in khaki, Sikhs, Cingalese,—all these made up the most interesting medley I had ever seen. That day and the few immediately following I looked and lingered, and looked again, held by a fascination I could not resist.

If the American newly arrived in Manila

* For the meanings of this and other Spanish and Philippine words see the end of the book.

desire an opportunity to observe the native in his own environment, he cannot do better than to make a voyage up the Pásig River and Laguna de Bay, occupying with the return to Manila two days. The launches upon which he travels are owned, managed and operated by natives, and there is hardly one white passenger to a thousand Filipinos. The market people flock to Manila every morning from the half-dozen ports on the Laguna with bundles of fagots, bales of *zacate,* bunches of bananas, chickens in crates, and many other kinds of produce and live-stock for the markets. Since there is no other space for it, this miscellaneous assortment of freight and the humanity accompanying it are loaded on the main-deck of the boat, and all are jumbled together. Here we see a huge pile of cocoanuts; there, a bamboo cage containing half a dozen monkeys. To one side are piles upon piles of open-work baskets containing Calamba oranges, at the foot of which lie ten or fifteen pigs with their feet tied, panting in the sun. Between and among them are the owners and others who have produce aboard, and occasionally a family going to Manila on a visit. These squat on the deck if they can find room; and no matter how crowded the

boat, they can always do so if there be the incentive of a game of *monte*. The women appear to be even fonder of play than the men; in the group before us five of the players are women and only two are men. See that mother masticating her *buyo*, the while she arranges her cards and nurses her child; the very infants absorb the love of gambling with their mothers' milk. At a dining table in the middle of the deck a cover is being laid, and the untidy waiter tries to make room to place a stool. Here comes a *pudiente* who is about to breakfast, good-naturedly picking his way among the masses on the deck. A huge dish of rice is placed beside his plate; successive courses of beef and chicken are handed over the people's heads from time to time, and he devours all with gusto. The rice plate is replenished and is again emptied, the last portion being made into a dessert by the addition of tinned guava jelly. He finishes by carrying a glass of lake water to his lips, rinsing his mouth well and swallowing; after which he audibly gulps down the remainder of the water, picks his teeth conspicuously, and lights a cigarette.

On the down voyages upon arrival at the *muelle* in Manila what was before confusion

becomes bedlam. Babies and small bundles are grabbed up, and each and every passenger tries to leave the boat before his neighbor; that is the one time the *tao* is in a hurry. Every man, woman and child shouts, either to the boatmen, to some friend on the wharf, or to those jostling behind; every one pushes, the game-cocks crow, the hens cackle, and the pigs squeal. No one who has not travelled in the Orient can conceive of the noise and confusion upon such an occasion; words fail utterly to describe it.

It was upon one of these launches that I took passage for Santa Cruz, the principal port on the Laguna de Bay, to visit my friend, the colonel commanding the —*th* Regiment, U. S. I. Leaving Manila at eight in the morning, we stopped a few moments at each of the several ports on the south side of the lake, where my unaccustomed eyes found much that was curious and interesting in native life and custom: there were *bancas* filled with passengers coming out to board our boat; other canoes taking off passengers for the shore; scantily attired boys and men on such wharves as we made fast to, vending sweet *chicos* and tart *lanzones;* and always bustle, excitement and yelling; for the orientals, be they Hindus, Mongolians or Malays, cannot work together

without a vast deal of shouting one to the other. We made Santa Cruz at two o'clock.

My visit took place not long after the surrender of General Cailles, who has been since and is now one of the most loyal and efficient provincial governors in the archipelago; and the province was not yet completely pacified. That night about one o'clock the colonel called me. I awoke, finding him standing at the window in the large *sala* of his quarters, and as I went near, he raised his hand and said, "Listen." Then I heard the sound of firing, first two or three volleys followed by scattering shots. "That has been going on for ten minutes," he said. Judging by the sound, the skirmish was taking place in the hills several miles away. In a few moments the reports ceased. That was as near as I came to the firing line, much to my satisfaction.

The next day the colonel took me with him in the ambulance to Pagsanjan, distant from Santa Cruz four miles along a road lined with beautiful cocoanut groves. We had an escort of several mounted infantrymen, and saw nothing more exciting than the natives at work in the rice fields, standing more than ankle-deep in the well-prepared mud, thrusting each individual rice stalk into the depths with their

hands. Of the garmentless children who ran out to see us pass, some shouted "Hello!" and some saluted in military style. At Pagsanjan, the officer in command exhibited to us a capture which he had recently made; the story illustrates as well as any I know the gross ignorance and superstition of the *tao*.

For several weeks, or perhaps longer, agents of the *insurrectos* had been going from hamlet to hamlet, surreptitiously exhibiting religious images for the purpose of raising money to carry on the insurrection. Having procured a suitable dwelling, a life-size wooden statue with a dark face, attired in rich ecclesiastical robes, was placed in the corner of a room not too well lighted, and the people were invited to visit what was described as a miraculous image of the Saviour. One of the exhibitors concealed himself in the adjacent room directly behind the image, and the people who gathered were bidden to listen to the wonderful words. What they believed to be the divine voice then told them, in their own Tagalog* dialect, that Heaven supported them in their warfare against the Americans, and would sustain their cause and assist them to drive the infidels from their land; that money was required for this

* Pronounced Ta-gal-og.

purpose and that it was their duty to give; that they should earn money in whatever way they could, even by laboring for the self-same Americans, and turn it in to those who were authorized to receive it for the holy cause. This counsel was emphasized by the supposed presence of the Virgin, symbolized by her image bearing in its arms a living infant. What the belief of the people was respecting the infant—whether a re-incarnation or merely a symbol of the Christ Child—I did not learn. But they were awed by the miraculous voice, and with solemn mien stealthily went their several ways to do as they were bid, talking with each other meanwhile of the "Black Jesus."

This was the outfit that the captain at Pagsanjan had captured a few days before; and he pulled out a wooden chest and showed us the dismembered portions of the wooden images, the well-made wax heads and hands, and the richly embroidered robes which are so impressive to the mind of the untutored *tao*. By this capture was one source of revenue cut off from the native adventurers of the Province of La Laguna who had been posing as patriots; for the real patriots had surrendered with General Cailles several weeks before.

Another interesting occurrence of that first week in Manila took place one afternoon in Malate and Ermita, when the sky became darkened by dense swarms of locusts. The poorer natives rushed out of their *nipa* dwellings with nets; the children ran about the streets clutching at the air and shrieking with joy. All was excitement. The scene was like that in a school-yard at home during the first snowstorm of the season. Two young men stretched a long, closely woven net between them, and ran across the plaza against the insects when a swarm flew low, gathering a gallon at a swoop; these were quickly picked out by the women and children, and thrust into sacks, after which the men were ready for another run. Single Filipinos waved smaller scoop-nets in the locust-laden air; the little children caught them flying, or secured those that rested on the ground by covering them with cloth or hand. The huge tough leaves of the cocoanut palms bent beneath the weight of the hosts which lighted upon them to rest and feed; in the course of a few moments the edges became ragged and unsymmetrical, and occasionally the thick stems broke at the trunk. The insects rested on the fences, the roofs of the houses, the fountain in the plaza, every-

where, and yet the sky was constantly clouded. The first swarms passed on, and others came. The harvest of locusts was abundant that day, and although the wild honey was lacking, the people were happy.

CHAPTER II

TRAVELS IN NORTHERN LUZON

Assignment to Duty—Defection of a Teacher—Preparations for Journeying—The Departure—The Río Grande de Pampanga—Cabanatuan—*La Casa de Alegría*—A Philippine *Baile*—A Private School—The "Rapid Fire System"—The Journey to Aliaga—A *Baguío*—Change of Plan—Carranglan—Major Alhambra—Our Caravan—The Arrival in Solano.

WITHIN a few days the general superintendent of education assigned me as teacher to Solano, a small town in the Province of Nueva Vizcaya in the interior of northern Luzon, and in addition, I was to be in supervisory charge of all the school work in that province, assisting the division superintendent, whose headquarters were at San Isidro, Nueva Ecija. The general superintendent desired me to remain in Manila a few weeks until the arrival of additional teachers from the United States, so that several might journey and begin work together. In the meantime I met a representative of the *Chicago Tribune,* who had just

returned from a trip through the remote section whither I was going, bringing urgent requests from the people to the Bureau of Education for the establishment of American schools. The correspondent bristled with enthusiasm over the Magat River Valley, and particularly the character of the people and the possibilities of their development. They were peaceful, industrious, and eager for instruction in American ways. "You can do a wonderful work up there," he said; "and, moreover, it is a golden opportunity for you. Why, man, you may be governor some day."

From the additional teachers who soon arrived, two were selected to go with me. But one of these, the Nevada man—learning that to reach that district would require at least a week's constant travelling through an unsettled country inhabited by Igorrote headhunters—suddenly concluded that the Philippines were "no place for a white man," and that "he didn't know why he had ever left Nevada, anyway." So, without the formality of resigning, he fled to Hong Kong and took ship for home. I found that the second man, a Virginian, was suffering from neuralgia; and my impatience to be off constrained me to beg permission to leave without further delay. So

I purchased some miscellaneous personal effects which could not be procured in the provinces, and also, for the native people, quinine, garden seeds, and thirty pounds of seed oats for experimental purposes,—all in line with the *Tribune* man's suggestions. These supplies were made into light packages for mountain transportation, and early one October morning I departed on the Manila and Dagupan Railway. Leaving the train at Calumpit, where General Funston had made his famous crossing of the Río Grande de Pampanga, by courtesy of the commanding officer I embarked on the army river launch for San Isidro. The country through which we passed is so flat that it becomes completely inundated after a few days' continuous rain, and it was flooded at this time. Only Mount Arayat, like a huge sugar-loaf, loomed from the plain, sometimes directly ahead, then to the right or left, and again straight behind, so tortuous are the meanderings of the stream. That night, the launch tying up to the river bank, I slept on the fore-deck with a dozen khaki-clad American soldiers, under the stars. By nine o'clock the following morning we made San Isidro, where my division superintendent received and welcomed me to his home.

The day following I left by army-wagon for Cabanatuan, where I was delayed for a week by a *baguío* or typhoon, which flooded the entire region and made further travelling impossible.

The Philippine home in which I sojourned with my host, the American teacher, was that of Don Leoncio, and was known among the young people of the town as *la casa de alegría,* since they were free to repair there for music and dancing whenever they were so minded; and it was not long until I attended my first Philippine *baile.* The young men and women came in separate groups, the latter unescorted except, occasionally, by an aged *doña.* The attire of the *bailarinas* was as brilliant as the plumage of paroquets and the colors were equally harmonious. The two sexes occupied seats on the opposite sides of the room, and there was no mingling or conversation between them except when dancing. The refreshments consisted of native wine, gin and cigarettes, which, as a rule, were partaken of sparingly. The musical instruments were harp, violin and guitar, played during the evening by various guests. The festivities, in which the American military officers took part with zest, began with a *rigodón,* a Spanish

square dance with four, six, eight or ten couples, much more stately and graceful than our quadrilles, and reminding one somewhat of the minuet of our dignified ancestors. This is danced without calling, as square dances should be. Waltz followed *rigodón,* two-step followed waltz, and merriment grew apace. Occasionally a low, heelless slipper went skimming across the floor followed by a maiden, whose bare, brown foot thrust itself out in childish simplicity to seek its own, hardly interrupting the dance. The two-step and Virginia reel had been taught to the native people all over the Islands by our officers and soldiers during the first two years of the occupation, and these, being new and American as well, were highly esteemed by the pleasure-loving Filipinos. And so it was that I found myself near the close of the evening smiling across the lane formed for the reel at my soft-eyed, olive-skinned partner, she, meanwhile, voluptuously puffing wreaths of fragrant cigarette smoke above her head of luxuriant, well-oiled hair; for the women of the tobacco regions are more given to the use of the weed than their sisters in the south. We swung forward and back and "do-si-doed" with chatter and gay laughter, until at the close we went

back to our seats, breathless and merry, maidens on one side and men on the other, to rest and smoke again. Then I knew why Don Leoncio's home was called "the house of joy."

I was much interested in learning that Don Leoncio conducted a private school for boys. His eight pupils, between ten and twelve years old, lined up on a bench in the family dining-room each morning after breakfast. The recitation was a formal proceeding; levity was felt to be as much out of place as at a funeral. The boys were catechised in regular rotation in the exact words of the questions in the book; and the answers were required to be given as printed without the slightest deviation, the boy who could rattle them off the most rapidly being deemed the best scholar. If a pupil failed partially in his answer, the custom of the school obliged him to present his ear to his companion next on the right to be gravely pulled by way of reprimand. If the failure were considerable, the ear was pulled twice; and if ignominious, three times. If perchance the next pupil failed, he underwent like punishment, but always at the hands of the boys who had answered correctly, who no doubt enjoyed their reward, though the gravity of the class was never interrupted.

At another school which I visited the "rapid-fire" method was in vogue. The pupils stood on the floor in two lines facing each other, and the leading boy on one side asked the one directly opposite the first question in the lesson. The answer and the second question were fired back at frightful velocity to boy number one, who replied in the same way. The instant either hesitated or deviated in the slightest degree from the exact words of the text, the next opponent on the opposite side immediately took up the assault or defence and proceeded in like manner; and he who had failed was thereafter *hors de combat.* Thus the battle progressed down the line, while the unaccustomed spectator looked on at the wordy warfare confused and astonished, until all on one side were vanquished. In such parrot-like exercises consisted the schooling of the Filipino child during the Spanish *régime.* Arithmetic, geography, Spanish grammar and the catechism were all "taught" in this way.

At a distance of eight miles from Cabanatuan lies the small town of Aliaga, and thither I was directed to go, to determine and report to the division superintendent upon the feasibility of establishing a school on American lines. At the end of the week the road was

pronounced passable, and the lieutenant in command sent word that I might join a party of Filipinos which was going there with an escort of native soldiery, for there were still some marauding bands of *insurrectos* in the country. There was a woman in mourning, whose husband had been hanged recently for a series of capital crimes. With her two grown daughters and some little grandchildren she rode in a primitive two-wheeled *carabao* cart. Their household effects were piled high on another cart and surmounted by a cane-bottomed bed. The escort consisted of six scouts under the command of a corporal. The *carabao* is a sluggish animal at best, and the roads were all but impassable in places. Ponds of water and soft mud were frequent, and could be waded only with great difficulty; these I traversed perched high on the furniture wagon, holding on precariously by hands and feet. At noon, having made almost four miles, we stopped at a cluster of *nipa* huts for rest and food, and the *carabao* wallowed in the mud. After a meal of rice and bananas I clambered up to the cane-bottomed bed and slept peacefully for an hour in the shade of some cocoanut trees, after which the caravan proceeded on its muddy way. Soon becoming tired of the

snail's pace I forged ahead alone, which, it was afterward said, was not a safe proceeding; but four o'clock saw me safe in Aliaga. The escort with the widow and her family turned up about dark; they had been ten hours making eight miles.

I found there had been no public instruction in Aliaga since the insurrection which began in 1896 interrupted it, although there were easily four hundred children of school age living within convenient distance. The people were desirous of having the English language and American methods of teaching introduced, and the *presidente* had two buildings in view for school-houses, one for each sex; and schools were established under an American teacher a few months later.

The day after my arrival another tremendous *baguío* swept over the country, again inundating it. The quarters of the scouts' officers, my hosts, shivered and creaked like a ship at sea; many dwellings and the barracks kitchen were blown down; our house was surrounded by water and the streets were flooded, so that the people were obliged to go about in *bancas*. The country-women coming to market waded through the water, waist or chest deep, each carrying a change of garments

along with the basket of produce on her head. When they arrived at a dry spot in the road in front of our quarters, they executed the difficult task of changing the wet clothing for the dry with admirable dexterity and perfect modesty. When, a few days later, I had occasion to visit the neighboring town of Zaragoza on school business, we travelled by *banca* directly across the rice fields, a distance of eight miles.*

A week after the storm the roads could be traversed again, but only with great difficulty. I was about to proceed on my way northward by way of Talavera, according to plan, when my superintendent directed me to return to Calumpit, go up the railway to Bautista, and then strike in eastward toward the Caraballo Sur Mountains by way of Rosales, Humingan and San José. The Virginian, whom I had left in Manila, had recovered from his neuralgia, and met me in San Isidro; and at Humingan two additional teachers, one from New York and the other from Indiana, were awaiting us; thence we four departed for San José

*But little damage was caused by this *baguio* in comparison with that which wrought havoc in Samar and southern Luzon in September, 1905, when, according to telegraphic reports, eighty per cent of the dwellings, warehouses and school buildings were destroyed, and many hemp plantations and cocoanut groves were laid low.

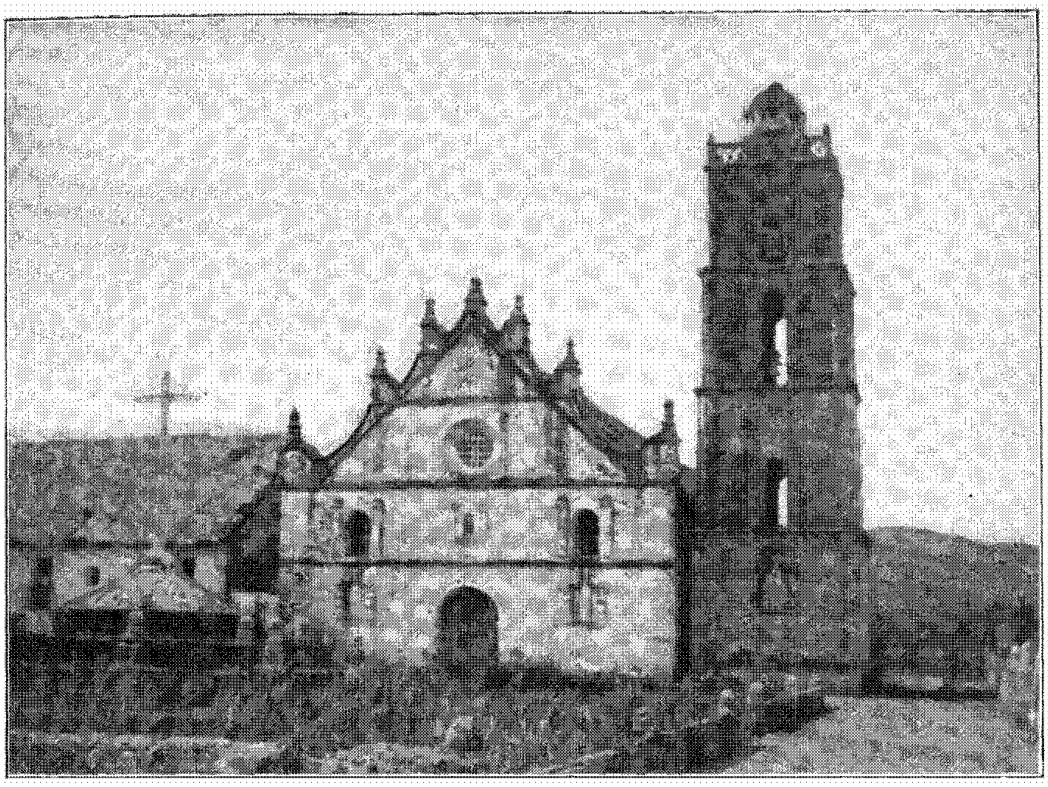
with a train of army wagons and mounted escort of American soldiers. At San José we were delayed four days by rain, which permitted the officers to give a *baile* in our honor. From San José to Carranglan we travelled on tough Philippine ponies, so small that I felt twinges of conscience at the apparent imposition of mounting the diminutive brutes, until experience proved that they did not mind it in the least. Between these places, eighteen miles apart, there are twenty-three fords, though the streams are neither deep nor dangerous except for a short time after heavy rains. In fording, the rider's feet are drawn up behind the saddle or remain in the stirrups dragging through the water, as he chooses, since there is little danger from wet skin or clothing in tropical countries.

At Carranglan we were storm-bound another week, being guests of the commanding officer, Lieutenant Taylor, who received us into his quarters, as did all other American officers in the towns through which we passed. This was the officer who, by clever and persistent work, had located Aguinaldo with his staff and body-guard, and had obtained the detailed information which led directly to his capture by General Funston in person. It will be remembered that when Aguinaldo was captured,

Alhambra, the major attached to his staff, escaped by jumping through the window into the river below, and it was believed he had drowned. But he was taken later, and was a prisoner in the parish church at the time of our sojourn in Carranglan, charged with murder. We attended his preliminary hearing before the local *presidente*. He was bound over for trial before a higher tribunal, but was released the following Fourth of July, I believe, his case being covered by the amnesty proclamation then made by President Roosevelt.

By wire we reported our presence in Carranglan to the captain commanding at Solano, the military capital of the Province of Nueva Vizcaya, whither we were destined; and he replied that he would send an escort to conduct us. A day or two later another telegram arrived from him saying that the weather was about to clear, that there would be an eclipse of the sun the following day, and that our escort of three American soldiers had left Solano. Three days later they straggled in, one hatless, and all forlorn and wet to the skin with rain and the fording of streams. The weather did clear the following day, and since the mountain streams diminish from torrents to small creeks in a few hours, we departed on

the last stage of our journey. Rather an imposing caravan we imagined ourselves—seven Americans, as many Filipinos, and fourteen pack animals (ponies and *carabao*) to transport our supplies. We camped in the mountains two nights, going over the four-thousand-foot pass in the Caraballo Sur the second morning. We saw no head-hunters. The third day we passed through the Isanay town of Dupax, where we were hospitably entertained at dinner by the *presidente*. That night we slept in the school-house at Bambang, and the following day made Solano. I had been on the way from Manila five weeks and two days, a journey requiring but six days in fine weather.



Church at Dupax; built in 1776.

Principal Street of Solano.

CHAPTER III

THE BEGINNING OF WORK

The Town of Solano—The Igorrote Country—A *Baile* in Bayombong—The Tobacco Habit—The Solano School—Coaching the Native Teachers—Teaching a New Language to a Strange People—Object and Action Lessons—The Night School—"Home, Sweet Home"—Some Results—Linguistic Ability of Americans.

No welcome could be more cordial than that given us four by the captain commanding, the lieutenant-quartermaster and the physician, who, with a small detachment of soldiers comprised the American colony at Solano. They received us into their quarters, seated us at their table, and were of the greatest assistance in the working out of our plans.

The town of Solano has something more than five thousand inhabitants, belonging mainly to two peoples, the Ilocanos,* immigrants into that country from the western

*The Spanish forms of tribal names have been used in this narrative rather than the scientific classification and orthography of the Ethnological Survey.

coast of Luzon, and the more recently Christianized Gaddanes. The streets are wide and grass-grown. Of the dwellings, some are frame with oyster-shell windows, but most are of thatch with bamboo frame-work. A huge ditch of running water extends along one side of the main street. The stone church and convent were destroyed by lightning and fire some years ago. A portion of the convent was restored and, at the time of our arrival, was occupied by the military commissary. Upon the dilapidated ruins of the church walls a new building of thatch was erected for temporary use. Beside this church is the market-place —a large open space containing sheds of bamboo and thatch for shelter for wares and market people, and a low palisade of bamboo stakes used as the cock-pit. Market is held on Thursdays and Sundays; the cock-fighting takes place on Sundays after mass and on legal holidays. To the north and west of the town the mountains rise to the height of nearly a mile, and among these are the settlements and boundless ranges of the various tribes of Igorrotes. These regions are so inaccessible and little known that travellers who wish to visit the country beyond make a detour of several hundreds of miles rather

than attempt to cross them. The civilized people we found to be all that had been said; there appeared to be less poverty and more contentment than in the Tagalog provinces to the south; and even at that early day all appeared to realize the opportunities for material and moral progress presented by the American occupation, and to be anxious to embrace them. The Christian population of the six towns of the province is about sixteen thousand; their wild neighbors number forty-six thousand five hundred.

A few evenings after our arrival a *baile* was given in the town of Bayombong, three miles from Solano, in honor of the American judge of the court of first instance then closing its sessions. It was held at the home of the *presidente,* and was the most elaborate function I had seen up to that time. The Americans of Solano drove over in an army wagon, and were received by the *presidente* and provincial *fiscal.* The rooms were decorated with different kinds of palms and other beautiful foliage, which, so plentiful in the Philippines, have only to be gathered. Bottled beer was served upon our arrival, and immediately after we were invited to the dining-room and seated at the supper-table, each gentleman with a Filipina. Many

of these women wore rich costumes—long-trained skirts of brocaded silk in bright colors and loose upper garments of fine *piña* handsomely embroidered; and some were guilty of encasing their feet, accustomed to the comfort of *chinelas,* in high-heeled and narrow-toed slippers. An orchestra of fifteen instruments began playing as the waiters filled our glasses with wine. Then followed course after course of food prepared in Spanish style—fish, venison in several different modes and courses, chicken, goat's flesh, patties and other dishes which have no English names. Few vegetables were served. The dessert consisted of a rich pudding made of native chocolate, sugar, *carabao's* milk, eggs and rice flour; luscious bananas, and coffee of native growth. All of the food was well prepared, very palatable and nicely served. For the dancing, the orchestra and the town brass band alternated in playing; beer and cigars were served, Philippine etiquette permitting smoking at all such functions. The party did not break up until two o'clock in the morning, when our wagon rattled its way homeward to Solano by moonlight, while the occupants sang "I Was Seeing Nellie Home" and other old songs.

Smoking is much more general in these

tobacco regions than elsewhere in the Islands, and cigars are commonly called *tobaccos*. Those used by the peasant women are gigantic, the average size being that of the chimney of a student's lamp. It will be seen that the end of such a cigar is as much as can be thrust conveniently into the mouth. Each family has its patch of tobacco, and the cigars used are of home manufacture. They are not fashioned nicely as is the cigar of commerce, since each *tobacco* is only a tight roll of the leaves tied around with a bit of twine or vegetable fibre to hold them together. These the women find very convenient; they last a long time, they can be put down anywhere after use until it is time to smoke again, and they are not easily misplaced. The men smoke cigars of ordinary size. Smoking being thus common, it is not surprising that Solano public sentiment permits the children who so desire to indulge the habit. Hence, boys often went smoking to school; at the sounding of the signal each weed was thrust into some convenient crevice to await the owner's pleasure at dismissal.

Within a few days my three companions went their several ways to begin school-work, —the Virginian to Bayombong, the New Yorker to Bagabag and the Indiana man back

to Dupax. I myself remained in Solano and took charge of the two schools for boys and girls respectively, which were already organized and holding their sessions in the dwellings of the two native teachers. The children received a week's vacation so that the entire time might be devoted to the English instruction of the teachers. Consequently, the following Monday morning we were all hard at work. The English class met twice daily and was made up of the two teachers mentioned, several private-school teachers and six or eight *aspirantes*. A week later the children gathered again in the dwellings of the *maestro* and *maestra* as had been their wont. Owing to the mid-day heat the school hours were from eight to ten in the morning and from three to five in the afternoon, according to previous custom. I spent an hour twice a day in each school, and an hour and a half with the teachers' class, which continued its daily meetings after the children's sessions. During the hours of my absence from the children's classes, the native instructors taught reading and spelling from the easy lessons of the chart, writing and counting, all in the English they had learned that first week of their schooling. There were few benches and no desks, and most of the children

sat on the floor, a position which for them is not constrained.

The immediate problem was to make some sort of a beginning at the tremendous task of teaching a new language to a strange people. There was but one way to go about it and that was by means of object and action lessons. The method used was for the teacher to hold up an object, say a ball, and have the children repeat the name after him, individually and as a class, a number of times, at the same time writing the word on the blackboard; and by dint of repetition fixing the idea and the spoken and written words in the children's minds; and then teaching in the same manner the names of other objects, as *book, chair, table,* etc., but not too many words at a time. Combining these words with *this, that, what* and *is,* simple questions and answers were framed, such as these: Teacher (holding up the object)—"What is this?" Pupil—"That is a ball." Teacher (indicating)—"What is that?" Pupil—"That is a book." The singular forms being understood, the plurals were similarly taught. Instructed thus, over and over, time and again, the children presently knew the name of every object that could be brought within their range of vision. A succeeding step carried the pupils

to easy conversation exercises, like the following: "What do you see?" "I see a man." "Santos and Miguel, what do you see?" "We see a dog." "Damiana, what do you hear?" "I hear a bell." "Salustiano, what have you?" "I have a flower." The children quickly learned to frame the appropriate answers. Each new word and phrase was repeated many times in all possible combinations with words previously learned, the teacher being careful always to frame complete questions and to require from the pupils complete answers, as distinguished from abbreviated questions and answers.

The teaching of the names of different members of the body was not omitted, and it was not long until the bright children were able to name and indicate, for the benefit of delighted parents and admiring friends, their noses, eyes, ears, arms, legs, fingers and toes, and even to tell how many of each of these they possessed. These lessons were amplified and extended by the borrowing of neighborhood cats, dogs and chickens; and when the class went for an out-door walk, even friendly goats, horses and *carabao* which might be found grazing in the streets lent their aid to English instruction. The little folk enjoyed

learning to count in the new language, first to ten, then to twenty, and so on; and it was not long until they were counting everything enumerable in the school-room, from the cracks in the floor to the little square oyster-shell panes in the windows, and from their own fingers and toes to the children at school. At home, the exercise was continued by much counting of brothers and sisters, pigs and chickens. But for weeks they insisted on saying "tree" for *three,* "fi" for *five,* "sick" for *six,* and "twel" for *twelve.*

Presently we advanced to more difficult lessons. For example, to teach *run,* the word was pronounced by the teacher, written on the board, and pronounced several times by the class; then the teacher would run across the room once or twice, the pupils meanwhile repeating the word, after which a boy was called from his seat upon the floor and told to run. The little Filipinos are keen, and the child, four times out of five, would understand immediately and suit the action to the word with willing limbs and beaming face; if not, a repetition of the command, accompanied by a gesture and a slight pressure on the back would be sufficient; and by the time another boy or two and a girl had run, the word was learned.

At the same or a succeeding lesson the command was, "Run to the table," "Run to the chair," "Run to the door," "Run to me," and so on. Nothing so delights a child as action, and it is not surprising that with tactful, earnest teachers the little Filipinos were soon attending school with much greater interest and regularity than ever before. In like manner were taught the prepositions: "The ball is *on* the table," "The book is *in* the chair," etc., repeated many times by the pupils, with frequent variations and the action suiting the phrase always performed by teacher or pupil. Similarly objects were used to teach the more common descriptive adjectives, and further along, their comparison; to illustrate, *long, longer, longest* were taught with three long pieces of bamboo of varying lengths; *small, smaller, smallest,* with small stones, or possibly by having three little children of different sizes stand side by side on the floor; and so on, *ad infinitum.* A few months later the principal tenses of common verbs were taught in this manner:

Teacher—"Juan, you may go to the door, open it, come back to the table, take the ruler and hand it to Rosita. Now, what will you do?"

Juan—"I shall go to the door, open it, and

come back to the table; then I shall take the ruler and hand it to Rosita."

Teacher—"Domingo, what will Juan do?"

Domingo—"Juan will go to the door, open it, and come back to the table; then he will take the ruler and hand it to Rosita."

Several other pupils tell what Juan will do, after which he performs the series of actions as bidden, saying meanwhile, "I go to the door—I open it—I come back to the table—I take the ruler—and hand it to Rosita." Then——

Teacher—"What did you do?"

Juan—"I went to the door, opened it and came back to the table; then I took the ruler and handed it to Rosita."

Other pupils then tell what Juan did while the teacher places the story on the blackboard. Then another series of actions is performed, discussed in the same manner, and the account written; after which the lesson as it appears on the board is copied by the pupils in their note-books for future reference. These methods are susceptible of infinite variations, and, together with lessons in reading, spelling, writing, numbers and singing, enable the bright-eyed children to command sufficient English after a couple of years to converse with any American or Englishman who may happen

into the town, and to enter upon the studies of the third year of the primary course, and, later, the three years of the intermediate course, if the poverty of the family does not forbid.

A night school for adults was organized to meet three times a week, and for these meetings the captain lent the use of his own quarters. By the third session there was an enrolment of eighty men and women, but when it was found that English was not to be learned in a week or a month, the attendance fell to fifty. These ambitious spirits came together faithfully, and were soon able to read through the chart and primer and translate the sentences into Spanish or the native dialects. I began to teach singing both in the day and night schools, selecting "Home, Sweet Home" to commence with, since to me that was the most tuneful and appropriate song. The captain wrote the music in large characters on a huge sheet of manila paper for the night school, many of the members of which were able to read the notes; and they copied the words from the blackboard into their notebooks. When the meaning of the song was understood, they entered quickly into its spirit, and the sweet, plaintive air filled the rooms. The children of the day school learned it by

rote and sang it with expression. In less than a week it was the song of the town. The parents learned it from their children; it was heard in every street and almost in every house, from old and young, by day and by night. The pronunciation was often wrong, and sometimes the tune was faulty; but sentiment and melody there were always. And thus, a little sooner or later, began the work of the American teachers with the willing and gentle brown people of the Philippines.

The schools soon closed for the Christmas vacation, although in Nueva Vizcaya we had scarcely begun work; and as January and February are the months of the rice harvest in that section, and the children and native teachers must work in the fields, the classes could not reassemble until March. But the night school was converted into an afternoon school for adults, which met two and a half hours daily during those months; and it was not long until the members of the class, aided by dictionary study at home, began handing in such exercises as the following imaginary conversations:

Did you hear what Mr. Teacher said about our exercise that we will bring to him to-day, my dear friend?

I have not heard it.

What do you pick it up, Peter?

A paper is written in English and I understand what is in it.

Please read it.

"All that I tell you are those advices which I told you."

Do you know if any one have come home to inquire for me?

We came precisely from your's, but we did not see any one.

What do that child eat?

He eats banana, and I remember that this morning I have eaten banana and has done me prejudice.

Have you written to your brother?

I wrote one last evening.

Can you tell now the lesson ours?

No, but the teacher told to his pupils and the presidente told to the neighbors.

What do you do?

We did this house.

Has comes his father visit him?

No; in the last year he cames almost all the months; if he comes in this month, we shall say him which his son wishes or wills to learn in the public school.

Do you can hear the bird's song?

I did not have hear, because I am far, but my brother has it heard.

What did the lad do when overtook him your mother in the street?

He was tolding a history to his companions. He has told all his passages.

One of the most devoted and faithful members of the adult class, a middle-aged woman, had a severe struggle with English. She was of fine character and had a warm heart, and I shall always count it a privilege to have known her. In neighborly fashion she sent me, nicely wrapped in white tissue paper, a small head of cabbage grown in the mountains, a rare delicacy in the Philippines. A few days later, I returned the compliment by sending her a can of American blackberry jam. Her acknowledgement ran as follows:

"Entire of the billet, ackna for he sweet jelly in jam but I sentar which you not may know to bottom; well him no had sold the one cabbage for pay; that was seen condition, only how you not is of here good learning also soos products, and how my Inspector and Mr. well deserves all my attention and gratefulness. Always very respectfully yours," etc.

I figured out that the good woman meant to say: "I received your note, accompanied by the can of sweet jam. But I feel that you may not have understood my motive, as I did not want pay for the cabbage. It was

sent merely as an example of our products, of which, naturally, you cannot be well informed. . . . ."

The linguistic ability of my fellow-countrymen, shown in their mastery of the Spanish language, impressed me deeply during the first few weeks of my wanderings. Everywhere I heard Americans of all classes, and particularly soldiers and teamsters, fluently conversing with the natives in Spanish, and great was my admiration. Such versatility was extraordinary. "What a wonderful people we are," I thought, and my heart swelled with pride. But as time went on my opinion underwent modification, until, finally, I learned that what I mistook for Spanish was a remarkable jargon bearing no more resemblance to the correct speech than does Bowery slang to chaste English. To compose this jargon, which came to be known as "soldier" or "pack-train-Spanish," the would-be linguist had but to know, correctly or incorrectly, about ten verbs in the third person, singular number and present tense, twenty nouns, the adjective forms *bueno* and *malo,* and the adverbs *sí, no* and *porque,* and to be able to throw these together with English words interspersed; and lo, he was able to converse anywhere and every-

where in the Philippines. The adult members of my Filipino class gave more study and greater endeavor to their crude attempts at English, and achieved better results.

CHAPTER IV

HOUSEKEEPING

A Test of Adaptability—My First Dwelling—Methods of Bathing—The Philippine Bed—The Stove—Manner of Cooking—A Small Thief—Two Little *Muchachos*—The Market—Small Potatoes—The Use of Rice—The Withdrawal of the Military—Alone in Solano—My New Domicile—Pianos and Marble-topped Tables—Neighborhood Intercourse—The Mail—Frontier Hospitality—Methods of Laundering—The Solano Ditch—Servants—My Igorrote Cook and House-boy — Polishing the Floors — Clemente's Accounts—Beetle Stew.

SETTING up housekeeping in the provinces is a unique experience for the newly arrived American and an excellent test of his adaptability. The first dwelling which gave me shelter was vacated by the family of the *vice-presidente* especially for my convenience, the town paying the rental of two *pesos* a month. The frame, walls and floor of the main portion were of hard wood, and comprised a large double room and a small bedroom. The kitchen

at the back was of thatch on a bamboo framework, and a thatch roof covered the whole. To these I added at my own expense a bathroom of the same material as the kitchen, with floor of bamboo strips. In lieu of a bathtub, the American bathes as the well-to-do Filipinos do, which is to stand by a huge earthen water-jar and pour water over himself from a cocoanut shell dipper, the water falling through the slats upon the ground beneath. Or he may improve upon this method by perforating the bottom of a five-gallon oil can, which he fills with water and draws up by a rope and pulley arrangement attached to a beam overhead, thus improvising a shower-bath. Of course, Americans residing in Manila know nothing of such methods as these, but we of the provinces think they do not know much about the Philippines anyway.

The Philippine bed is well suited to the climate, since it consists only of a hardwood frame and rattan bottom, covered by a *petate* or thin straw mat. This bed is so firm and cool that when one goes to Manila to the hospital or a hotel, where mattresses are used, he is made so warm and uncomfortable by the unusual softness that he makes haste to get well or finish his business, as the case may be, and

return to his own delightful couch. This may be better understood if it be explained that, except in the more elevated districts, the night temperature seldom falls below seventy or sixty-nine degrees. But even so, one sleeps comfortably and never tosses through a sleepless night as he sometimes does in the eastern part of the United States—that is if he uses a cane-bottomed bed and *petate*. It is unfortunate that the people at home do not know the comfort of such a bed. He who introduces it to them will be reckoned a benefactor.

There is no article more primitive than the stove of the Philippines—a strong box-like affair about three feet by six, and six inches deep, filled with earth and raised to the height of a table on four stout legs. Large cobblestones in threes are placed hereon, as many threes as there are *ollas* or pots to be cooked at one time, and so arranged as to support these above the several fires, in camping-out fashion. The smoke rises in the room, blackening the inside of the roof overhead and escaping through the various cracks and crannies in the roof. This apparatus is used in all Philippine households, both rich and poor.

With a stove of this kind the expert native cook can prepare a banquet of many courses

and serve each one hot at the required moment. But woe to the American who, in the absence of his cook, attempts to prepare thereon a simple meal. Likely the fire does not burn; his eyes fill with smoke until he weeps and stands in the doorway for relief. He returns, and stooping over the stove places a bamboo tube to his lips and utilizes his lungs as a bellows until he blows the ashes into the food and the embers into a flame; begrimed and besmudged, he needs must seek the doorway again to recover his breath. The fire becomes too hot; the pot boils over; and he burns his fingers trying to lift the lid and remove some of the burning fagots. When, finally, by the exercise of great patience and self-control he finishes the cooking process, he finds that he has for his repast a dish of food well-flavored with smoke and burned on the bottom, which he eats in solitude, recalling meanwhile the family table at home in "God's country." But in time he comes almost to love the flavor of smoke in his food, and to miss it if it be absent; at least, he so persuades himself.

During those early days of housekeeping I missed small articles from time to time, such as a towel, a writing-tablet, an undershirt, whose disappearance I could account for only

on the theory that my servant had appropriated them. But lying awake one night, I discovered the real culprit. He came in through the open window and passed noiselessly across the room; after sitting a moment in my arm-chair he jumped lightly upon the table and began regaling himself with bananas. With a whoop I leaped out of bed and made for him. As a small monkey escaped through the opposite window, I mentally apologized to my *muchacho,* Celestino. Though I had suspected him wrongfully, Celestino misunderstood the consideration which an American habitually displays toward his dependents, and developed habits which could not be tolerated in a well-ordered household, so I was obliged to dismiss him. Raymundo, the thirteen-year-old son of my neighbor and landlord, desired to serve me for the sake of the English he might learn; and his father's solicitation was so urgent that I consented. Though I had not bargained for two boys, Raymundo was joined by his eleven-year-old cousin, Francisco, "for company"; and these two little fellows performed the household tasks under my direction for a time, and attended to the semi-weekly marketing.

The markets of Nueva Vizcaya afford a variety of vegetables such as cannot be found

in most sections of the Islands; and in so far, we Americans were fortunate above our fellows. From their fields in the mountains the industrious Igorrotes bring down cabbage-heads the size of a man's two fists and Irish potatoes as large as hulled walnuts. Other products, such as are raised elsewhere in the archipelago, were also to be had; among these were sweet potatoes, squashes, mustard greens, fresh onions, tomatoes the size of hickory nuts, and strange vegetables esteemed by the natives; fish, chickens, eggs, luscious pineapples, mangoes and bananas, and tart oranges with green skins. Bananas grow everywhere in profuse variety without cultivation. They differ greatly in size, color, texture and flavor; some kinds are edible only when cooked. Dipped in a batter of rice flour and water and fried in cocoanut oil, one variety is delicious and has a taste resembling baked apples. These are vended daily in the streets of every town and hamlet in the Philippines. The Igorrote-Irish potatoes are so small that when served boiled in their jackets it is no inconsiderable task to remove the skins; indeed, if the diner himself be obliged to do this, the morsels are necessarily so infrequent as to make the meal most unsatisfactory. Hence it happened

that I was obliged to have Raymundo and Francisco stand by my side at the dinner table and peel my potatoes as I ate them.

Besides these products of the country, the American in the Philippines adds to his larder from the civil commissary such staples as sugar, tea, coffee, soda-biscuit, cereals, beans, and rice; a variety of tinned fruits, vegetables and meats; and pickles and butter. But in the remote districts, in the early days before the establishment of the civil commissary, he usually went without these tinned provisions, even such staples as sugar, and was obliged to depend altogether upon the country. If in such districts bread is to be had at all, it is in the form of buns, made of rice or wheat flour, baked by native bakers, and not very palatable. Thus it is that all American teachers in the Islands except in Manila and the large centres, eat boiled rice in place of bread, often three times a day, as the natives do. A dish of steaming hot rice, cooked well but dry, has a most appetizing odor; like bread it is palatable with all other kinds of food, and one does not tire of it any more than our people at home do of bread or potatoes; and it is an excellent substitute for both. With fresh or tinned sausages or deviled ham, it makes a particularly deli-

cious blend. Rice and curry are served twice or three times daily at all English tables in China and India—in families and hotels and on shipboard. Pity it is that so few American families know the value of dry-cooked rice as an article of regular diet.

Excellent rice is produced in Japan, but nearly all of it is exported to China, as it is too valuable a crop for the poor peasants themselves to consume. They subsist principally on millet, barley and beans, and are able to afford rice only when they are ill. Thus the Filipinos, who in normal times have plenty of rice all the year round, little realize how fortunate they are, especially when compared with the Japanese peasantry.

Less than two months after establishing my household my arrangements underwent a considerable change by reason of the withdrawal of the military from the province, for orders had arrived for the abandonment of all posts in Nueva Vizcaya, pursuant to the general policy of the government. Though the conditions had long been peaceful, and indeed there had never been much disturbance in that region, the officers and soldiers believed that the proposed change was unwise, anticipating that the province would be invaded sooner or

later by bands of *ladrones* from other sections; and they prophesied that the troops would be obliged to return within a few months. The native people likewise opposed their going, sending petitions to Manila to the general commanding, begging that the order be countermanded; but it is probable that they feared the loss of the patronage of the posts more than the onslaught of outlaws. But the authorities in Manila knew best; the troops departed and the conditions remained undisturbed. The provincial capital was removed to Bayombong, and I was left the sole American in Solano. About this time a young man, a member of the most prominent and wealthy family in the town and a student in the afternoon class, came to me and placed at my disposal a furnished dwelling more central, roomy and convenient than the one provided by the town, which had been vacated by the military, and which he begged me to occupy without rental. Otherwise the house would be vacant, he said, and his uncle, Don Sebastiano, would much prefer to have it occupied. I took some days to consider; and when I learned that the young man and his family desired to have me nearer so that visits might be exchanged more conveniently and their knowledge of English

the sooner acquired, I accepted their offer and moved into the new house; and never did I regret doing so. They were good people and excellent neighbors; and we soon became warm friends.

My new quarters contained among other furniture several large marble-topped tables, which seemed remarkable from the fact that there is no wagon road leading into that region, and that everything imported into it must be packed over the mountain trails and passes on the backs of beasts or men. Don Sebastiano's family and two or three others possessed pianos, and these, being too large to pack on animals, had had to be brought in at an enormous expenditure of human brawn. My friend Tomás, Don Sebastiano's nephew, came often to see me, accompanied by his cousin Ramón, who lived opposite, and I returned their visits. For their benefit we spoke together in English, and, having made some progress with the assistance of the soldiers before my arrival, they advanced rapidly. It was not long until, owing to his aptitude, Tomás stood beside the newly arrived provincial governor in the *presidencia* and interpreted his remarks to the assembled townspeople and officials. Tomás and Ramón, on

their part, helped me with Spanish. Other pupils and neighbors happened in frequently to talk a little, to request some information, or perhaps to look at the illustrations in *Harper's Weekly* which they enjoyed keenly. From these neighborly visits I obtained practice in Spanish, in my attempts to explain the pictures and political cartoons, and to translate the summary of the world's news which I received daily by telegraphic bulletin. The towns-people showed their appreciation of my endeavors to be of use to them by sending in presents of food: sometimes it was a piece of fresh goat's flesh; at other times a bunch of bananas, two or three pineapples, a fat pullet or a few eggs. Once a complete meal in courses was brought over by Don Everisto's little servant. Often I attended *bailes,* wedding parties and family reunions; and thus, by work, study and play, my life in Solano was made agreeable and interesting and I found myself too busy to miss my fellow-Americans.

But the mails were like angels' visits, both as to joy and rarity; for even under the most favorable weather conditions six full days were required to traverse the territory between Manila and Solano; and during the season of rains and typhoons, double that time or more,

as had been the case in our own journey. In those days, the mail was carried by the constabulary; it was due to arrive every two weeks, but the time sometimes lengthened out to a month; under such conditions the pleasure and excitement of receiving letters can be better imagined than told. My Christmas mail—a half sack of letters, packages, newspapers and magazines—arrived about the middle of February. A box of homemade confectionery was superlatively enjoyed, in view of the fact that there had been no sugar in the house for a month; and I doled it out to myself, miser-like, at the rate of one piece after each meal, to make it last as long as possible.

A free hospitality exists on the frontier, whether it be Montana or the Philippines, and so it often happened that one or more Americans, officials of the insular or provincial governments or of the army, passing through the town, stopped at my house for rest and refreshment; sometimes for a chat or a meal; again, for the night; and occasionally for several days, as when the burial corps of the army came to remove to the home land the remains of the poor fellows who had succumbed to disease or the climate during the military occupation. Thus, one evening, when the teachers of

Bayombong and Bagabag had joined me for a supper of corned-beef hash, there came the neighing of ponies outside as we were finishing the meal; and going down we found a major of the regular army, the governor of the province, the judge of the court of first instance, and the commandant of the constabulary; the major was on his way to the Cagayan Valley, and the others were accompanying him as far as Solano. I have forgotten what my Igorrote cook scraped together for their meal besides canned corned beef; whatever it was they enjoyed it hugely, as we all did the smoke and chat that came afterward, notwithstanding the inconvenience of having to augment the seating capacity by bringing in empty oil-boxes.

An account of domestic arrangements would not be complete without a description of the manner in which clothing is washed by the natives. The *lavandero* takes his washing to a ditch or the river bank, where, piece by piece, it is soused in the water, soaped, laid on a flat stone and beaten vigorously with a short, flat wooden paddle. When it has been soused, soaped, kneaded and beaten a sufficient number of times, it is spread on the grass or stones in the sun, whose hot rays are probably as

effective for disinfection as the boiling process of more civilized countries. The starch is made of rice flour, and the ironing is done on the house floor with huge flat-irons containing embers of charcoal.

Fernando, my *lavandero,* lived beside the large ditch which has been mentioned as running along one side of the principal street of Solano, and thither my washing went weekly, and as regularly came back done up in a neat bundle, which Fernando carried on his head. A walk along this canal is interesting, though not always pleasing to a sensitive person. The width is perhaps six feet; there are shallows and pools, and the depth varies with the rainfall from six inches to three feet. One may see first a *lavandera* squatting partly in and partly out of the water, washing clothing as has been described. Her two little children, innocent of clothing as when they were born, are playing at the edge of the stream; the boy is building a dam and his sister is helping by bringing him stones; the sun can burn their little bodies no browner than they are already. In front of the next house, where an all-day reunion is going on with music and dancing, a woman and a girl are preparing some chickens for cooking, cutting them into pieces and washing

each piece clean in the water. A short distance farther on is a wide and deep pool delightfully shaded by a spreading bamboo; and in it are bathing three ungainly *carabao* which have just come in from the rice field for the thrice-daily bath. If this bath be missed the *carabao* cannot work, and may even become wild and unmanageable. At the edge of the same pool a girl is washing the smoke-blackened *ollas* in which the daily rice is cooked, scrubbing them well with the mud and sand from the bottom until they shine again. A rod away a flock of ducks is quacking and swimming, and some pigs stand belly-deep quenching their thirst. Here as we go are two more *lavanderas* working industriously, and a third woman cleaning some fish for the coming meal, immersing them in the stream as she cuts and scrapes them. A few yards farther two geese waddle away from the bank where a fourth woman has just come to bathe. She has draped herself in a single colored sheet, so arranged that she can complete her bath both efficaciously and modestly, even though an American Peeping Tom pass that way. For friction, instead of a wash-rag, she uses a stone similar in size, shape and roughness of surface to a cake of "Hamburg steak." Beyond her

is a man carefully washing his pony. Then there are more *carabao,* some men bathing, and an old devotee of the cock-pit gently washing his game-cock. And next, can it be true? Yes, *that* is Fernando washing my shirts in the same useful stream. "But," I reason, as I pass by, "the sunlight will disinfect them." And so it did for over three years, for in all that time they were not boiled.

Most housekeeping Americans find themselves harassed by the general unreliability of the native help. For me the solution of the problem was easy, for the town lies close to the *rancherias* of the Igorrotes, who make excellent servants. I employed as cook one-eyed Clemente, who had lived in the valley long enough to acquire a Christian name and learn to write. He wore ordinary Philippine clothing, except on wash-days, when he was obliged to go back to the breech-clout. He cooked fairly well in the Spanish style, and readily adopted what changes I suggested from time to time, such as using less garlic with the fried chicken and cooking the rice a little more thoroughly. But he could not wean himself from the habit of using the kitchen floor for the purposes of a table while preparing the food or washing the dishes. He brought me for a

man-of-all-work a "new-caught" Igorrote from the mountains, a lithe young fellow about twenty years old, who, having adopted the name Domingo for the occasion, presented himself to me for service. He appeared somewhat abashed, not because his sole raiment consisted of a "gee-string," but because this was his first encounter with a white man. My eyes ran over his satiny, chocolate-colored skin, and then met his own; and I engaged him then and there. His wage was to be six *pesos* a month; and thus was my family rounded out to three.

These two men were industrious and Domingo was particularly so. Under Clemente's direction he polished the hardwood floors daily with crushed banana leaves, starting at one end of the room and running down the board in the floor to the opposite end on all fours, a huge bunch of the leaves in his hands; then back on the next board, and so on, until he had gone over the entire floor. In a long, hollow piece of bamboo he fetched water from the spring, five gallons at a time. He washed the dishes, brought firewood for the kitchen stove, went on errands, and did all these things so well that he was presently promoted to serve at table, which he did in neat Igorrote attire. As for Clemente, he did the marketing and cooking,

and to his intense gratification, tutored and directed Domingo. Obedient and reliable I found these men. Although there was not a lock in the house, I left it and my possessions for a day at a time, and once for a week, it being understood that one of the men should always be there. Though the temptation would have been too great for the average civilized Filipino servant to withstand, these faithful savages proved themselves absolutely honest; for they never appropriated even the most insignificant article. Clemente always accounted for every *centavo* which was intrusted to him for the marketing, rendering his account in writing in bad Spanish, like the following:

	P	C	Ocbos*
1 gallina	0	50	0
1 gallo	0	40	0
huevos	1	0	0
aros	0	50	0
sebollas	0	20	3
vichuelas	0	30	0
jabon	0	20	0
camote	0	10	0
pahan	0	20	0
Total	3	40	3

Highly as I regarded my dependents, I could not admire their taste respecting certain

Ocbos was Clemente's abbreviation for *octavos*, which he pronounced octabos.

articles of food. Eggs, of whatever age or condition, were never allowed to go to waste, and the legs, feet and heads of chickens were made to yield whatever nourishment they might contain; but the climax was capped when, peering into a tin vessel in the kitchen one day after my own dinner, I found that Clemente had stewed, and with Domingo was preparing to eat, a couple of dozen fine fat beetles, each about as large as a medium-sized wild strawberry. These juicy morsels, wings and legs removed, were floating about in the liquor in which they had been stewed. Clemente must have cooked them as a substitute for locusts, which were scarce in our part of the country that year.

Notwithstanding these and other peculiarities of my servants, and the many inconveniences and discomforts incident to tropical life and a remote situation, the months I spent in Nueva Vizcaya brought with them so many compensations that I look back upon my sojourn there as replete with pleasure and profit.

CHAPTER V

THE IGORROTES

The Story of Umáhog—The Quiangan Igorrotes—Their Dress—The *Anting-anting*—Visitors—A Transgressor—Head-hunters and Their Doings.

BESIDES my two serving men, I had frequent opportunity to study other Igorrotes, and particularly an odd-looking boy perhaps ten years old, living with my neighbors opposite; him I had been observing from my windows ever since occupying my new house. Ramón told me his history one day. It appeared that he had been christened Arturo Fuente, but that his original name was Umáhog. When a small child he lived with his uncivilized parents in an Igorrote village called Japao, situated in the mountains to the east of the Ilocos provinces, but many miles distant from the Christianized Ilocano people. In the spring he used to go to the field with his mother to help her plant *camotes,* dropping the seed into the hole as she lifted the sod with a wooden spade. Sometimes he accompanied his

father when he went to hunt the deer in the neighboring ranges. The little fellow shot well with the bow and arrow, and from his childish excursions into the near-by forest he often brought home a monkey, the hind quarters of which made a succulent meal for the family the following day. Once he had seen some men, dark-skinned like himself, who covered their bodies with clothing; these called themselves *Cristianos*. Another time he had heard members of a friendly tribe of Igorrotes living to the east tell his father of three men with white skins whom they had seen; these wore much clothing, encased their feet in hide, and spoke a strange tongue, terming themselves *frailes*.

In the mountains to the north lived a tribe with which Umáhog's people were at enmity; sometimes the northern people came down unexpectedly and killed some of Umáhog's friends and carried off their heads; and then it was necessary for the young men of the village to make reprisals. Indeed, Umáhog's father, when a young man, had taken a number of northern heads and brought them home to Umáhog's mother as an offering emblematic of his prowess; but that was long ago, before the child was born.

The boy himself dreamed of performing such acts of valor when he became older, to revenge the death of his uncle who had been killed by the hateful people of the north; and he meant to bring the heads back to his playmate, Bughan, and show her how brave he had been. But one day, as Umáhog lay dreaming of these battles of the future, lo, the warriors of the north suddenly descended upon the village and killed many of the tribesmen, among them Umáhog's father, and carried the boy and his mother away with them to their northern home as prisoners. The following day they took Umáhog from his mother and set out toward the east; and after travelling three days they came to several *rancherias* of Igorrotes, whose speech Umáhog could not understand; here they left him, receiving from one of the strange Igorrotes eight large coins of silver. The heart-broken child lived with these people what seemed to him a long time; then they took him a journey of two days to another strange place, called by the people Quiangan. Here he was left, and the men who had brought him again carried away silver, this time thirty *pesos*. He lived with the kind people of Quiangan almost a year; and here he saw those same strange white men of whom he had heard

in Japao; they lived together in the *convento* and went every morning to the *iglesia* and prayed to a strange God before many lighted candles.

Umáhog's next journey was to Solano, where he arrived and was offered for sale when he was about nine years old. Ramón's father gave the Quiangan men ninety *pesos* for him; and here he had remained ever since. Ramón's mother took Umáhog to the church, where he was christened Arturo; and when he understood the new language he was taught the catechism, and several prayers, which he could repeat almost as fast as the other boys; and he learned, like them, to go to church, kneel on the floor, and cross himself at the appropriate time.

The little Igorrote was an odd and picturesque sight, whether he went about, as was sometimes the case, without any clothing, according to his former custom, or whether he attired himself in garments like those worn by other older children. On the whole, I think I preferred him when he wore the red calico blouse and yellow calico knee-trousers; for the combined effect of these bright colors and the rich chocolate of his legs and other features was very picturesque. Every morning I saw

Arturo, as he was now called, drive the family *carabao* and other cattle past my house to the pasture, and bring them back every evening. Between times he weeded the garden, gathered fagots for firewood, fed the pigs and cleaned the floors with banana leaves; and on Sundays he helped to load the stock of merchandise on the sled, yoke the *carabao* and drive to the market, so the country people might buy. He was an industrious little worker and seldom allowed the play instinct to interfere with the business in hand.

The child often said that when grown he purposed returning to his native mountains to find his mother and to avenge his father's death upon the cruel people of the north. Ramón told me it was the purpose of the family to give the boy an elementary education; and when he became grown and should wish to marry to give him his freedom and help him to start in life on his own account; and the first part of the plan was carried into effect as soon as the schools reopened after vacation. I observed that the little fellow was always well cared for and kindly treated, exactly as were the young sons of the family. Would that all of the little peons in the Philippines might fare as well.

The Quiangan Igorrotes, whose *rancherías* are about three days' journey north from Solano, were peaceful and quiet, and, it was said, they did not make a practice of taking heads. Parties of them came to town every few days to labor or traffic, always passing in Indian file along the street in front of my house. The men wore the ordinary clout, which is more ample than is generally supposed, usually measuring more than four yards in length by eight inches in width. The women wear about the loins a shorter and wider strip, reaching almost to the knees, and those who frequent the Christian towns usually add to this a scant upper garment. Both men and women wrap their shoulders in a thin cotton mantle when the weather is cool. These garments, all of cotton yarn purchased from the Christians, are of their own manufacture. Similar clothing of very soft and pliable bark is worn by those who live farther back in the mountains. The Igorrotes adorn themselves with ear-rings, bracelets and anklets made of heavy brass wire. In case of rain they use raincoats cleverly woven of mountain grasses; or if the shower be a sudden one, a banana leaf may serve as an umbrella.

Besides a spear and a *bolo,* each man carries

suspended from his belt a bag or reticule of heavy cotton cloth, serving as a huge pocket, in which are placed his pipe, a finely carved wooden spoon, a small closely woven rattan purse, and such other articles as the nature of his business requires. The rattan purse always contains an interesting collection of divers and sundry articles indispensable to Igorrote contentment, such as several pieces of betel-nut and a few leaves for chewing; a small cylindrical bamboo box holding the pulverized lime to be mixed with the other two ingredients named; some dried tobacco leaves; a flint and steel and a small ball of tree-cotton for tinder; perhaps a steel fish-hook and a quantity of twine, both of home manufacture; and, last to be named but of the greatest importance, a smooth elliptical pebble, somewhat larger than a pigeon's egg. If it be asked what the stone is, the reply will be that it is an *anting-anting,* which means a charm. If more information be asked, it will be learned that this charm is carried by the men of the mountains to preserve them from bodily harm, whether from the enemy poising his spear in ambush, the lightning-bolt, or the more subtle but no less dangerous sickness that the bad *anitos* send into their very huts. Their faith in the *anting-*

anting is implicit, but no more so than that of the more cultured Malay who hangs scapularies around his neck, both before and behind, to prevent the approach of evil from either direction.

The Quiangan people were never troublesome. Since I employed two servants of the tribe, my home presently became a kind of headquarters for Igorrotes temporarily in town. They came sometimes to sell me a spear or a garment of their weaving, and at other times to visit Clemente and Domingo. In either case they squatted contentedly on the kitchen floor, chewing their betel-nut and expectorating the blood-red saliva through the interstices in the bamboo-stripped floor. Such callers sometimes remained several hours during the heated portion of the day, and many were the times that upon waking from my siesta and going out to the kitchen I found six or eight clouted savages lying on the floor sound asleep. The only alleged evil-doer that I ever heard of among these people was a man I once saw in the *calaboso* at Bayombong; he, poor fellow, was charged with having stolen and eaten a horse. Whether he was found guilty of this proceeding I did not learn, as I left the province soon after.

Unfortunately, the quiet people of Quiangan are not the only Igorrotes in the Solano country. There are also tribes of head-hunters, who sometimes descend on a Christian hamlet or a company of travelling *Cristianos*. Individual Filipinos would not travel in the country alone; only the fearless Americanos ventured to do that; but they were safe, for did they not carry huge revolvers and belts filled with cartridges, and was not each and every one of them a sure shot? Both the wild men and the lawless men in the Philippines have the utmost respect for firearms in American hands, so well did our soldiers do their work.

Not long after our arrival word came that the head-hunters had raided the *barrio* of Boné, a hamlet belonging to the town of Aritao, about eight miles west of Dupax, and had burned a number of houses and murdered several people. Among others who suffered was the native school-teacher, whose dwelling was destroyed and some of whose family were killed. Notwithstanding this bereavement, he promptly forwarded to me, as supervising teacher of the province, a report of the loss of certain public property, to wit: a first reader and a wooden ruler, which, according to his report, "were burned by the savage

infidels at the time of the destruction of the house of him who subscribes," etc.

Shortly after, in a *barrio* but three miles from Solano, a thirteen-year-old girl and her little brother went to the field to bring the family *carabao* to the house. The field abutted on a mountain which was covered with timber. A moment after reaching the animal, the girl observed a number of Igorrotes running toward them from the forest, and immediately realized her danger. She told her young brother to run, which he did, and escaped. She jumped on the animal's back in order to save it at the same time with herself; but the unwieldy beast could not be driven quickly from its pasturage. In another moment the spears of the savages pierced the girl through; they cut off her head and took it up the mountain slope with the *carabao*. The decapitated body of the girl was buried the next day from the parish church near my home.

It is almost impossible to pursue and capture such marauding savages, for the reason that only they, who live constantly in the mountains, can penetrate the jungles with any degree of rapidity; hence they easily escape any body of constabulary or soldiers which pursues them; and besides, even if some band

should be overtaken, it would be impossible to identify it as the one which committed the crime, unless, perchance, the stolen property were found in its possession; for there are numerous bands inhabiting the same district. Hence the offenders in these raids were never captured. But in a third case, a detachment of the constabulary under the command of a native sergeant was unexpectedly successful. The savages, taken by surprise, defended themselves with spear and *bolo,* but ineffectively, since two or three were shot and killed in the encounter, and among them the leader. As ocular evidence of duty performed the commandant was presented, on the return of the detachment, with a gunnysack containing the head of the slain leader of the band.

CHAPTER VI

THE TOWN FIESTA

Social Recreation—Preparations for the *Fiesta*—Another *Baile*—The Procession—Mass—Two Dinners — The *Moro-Moro* — Serenades — The Cock-pit—A Surprise Party—The Wild East Show.

THERE is so little opportunity for social recreation among the Filipinos of the provinces that when an occasion does present itself it is entered into with the greatest zest. Ordinarily, the Sunday mass, the market and the cock-pit afford the only opportunities for the gratification of the social instinct in the small and remote towns. But every town has its patron saint, and annually on the saint's day there are general festivities, sometimes extending over several days, during which every one keeps open house and the people from the surrounding country flock in to enjoy what is to go forward, very much as our own country- and towns-people enjoy their annual county fairs.

Thus as early as November active preparations were being made for a three days' celebration in honor of San Luis de Ventran, the patron saint of Solano, to take place the latter part of December. Those who were to participate in the dramas began studying their lines and planning their costumes. Rehearsals took place daily in the grass-grown streets, and might be witnessed by any who wished. Even the moonlight nights were dedicated to practice in the wide street in front of the *presidencia.* A large roomy stage of bamboo, with ornate canopy, was erected in the plaza in front of the church. Housewives of all stations made preparations to fill their larders as they would not again be filled until the succeeding festival, and the excitement of preparation was felt everywhere.

A few days before the date set for the beginning of the festivities I received a mimeographed invitation cordially requesting my presence at the various functions, together with that of my "distinguished family," which at that time consisted of a worthless Filipino *muchacho*—no other, indeed, than Celestino. Accompanying the invitation was a programme, of which the following is a translation:

PROGRAMME

December Twenty-seventh

At 12 o'clock, noon, a general ringing of the bells, and the band will play in the atrium of the parish church.

December Twenty-eighth

At 5 A.M. all the bands participating in the festivities will celebrate reveille; general ringing of the bells. At 8 A.M., solemn mass in the parish church, the sacred office to be performed by the young father, curate of this parish; and solemn procession. At 9.30 A.M., inauguration of the theatre with the Iloco comedy, "Moro-Moro." At 5 P.M., a grand musical concert, in which all the organizations taking part in the *fiesta* may join. An impartial judge will award a premium of ten *pesos* to the band giving the best interpretation of the music played. At 7 P.M., theatrical function, a comedy in Gaddan prose.

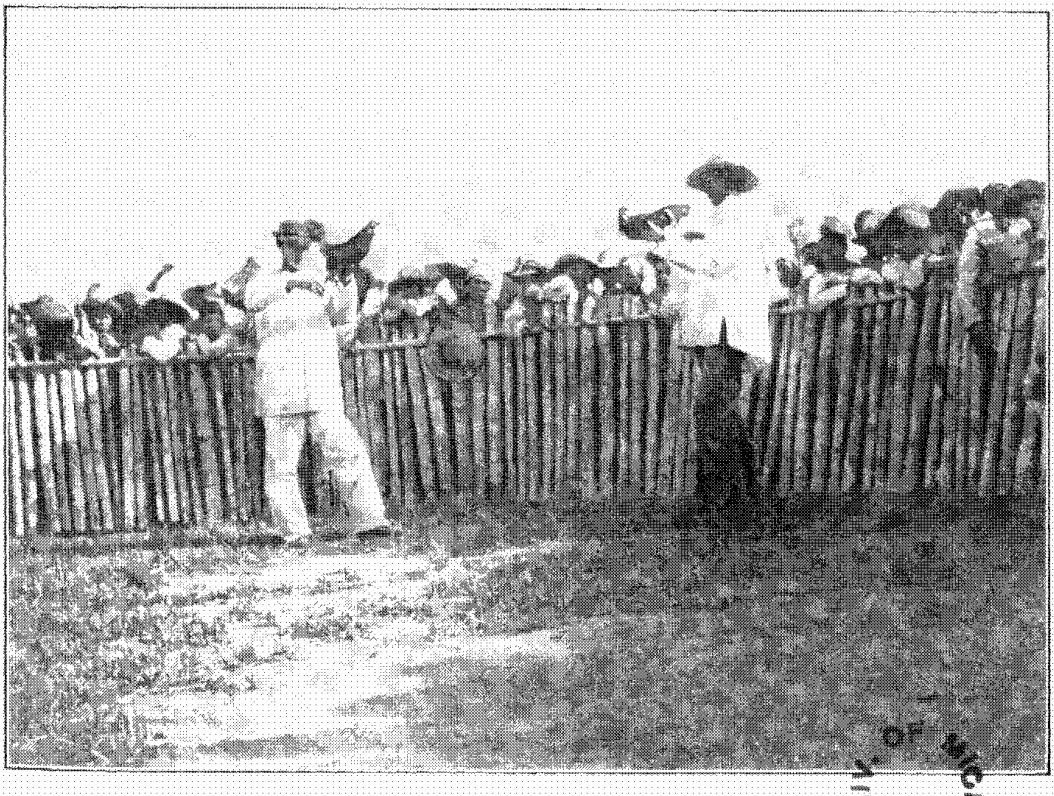
December Twenty-ninth

At 8 A.M., theatrical function, Gaddan comedy.

During the evenings of the 27th, 28th and 29th both public and private edifices will be illuminated.

Cock-fighting during the three days named.

The Solano Band.



The Cockpit at Solano.

UNIV. OF MICH.

In due time the bells clanged, the bands played, and from all the surrounding towns and country-side gathered the clans, including my friends, the statuesque Igorrotes. The evening of the 27th, the ten Americans then in the town—three army officers, two constabulary officials, a veterinary surgeon and we four teachers—joined the leading Filipinos in a supper and *baile* at the home of Don Vicente. The courses served must have numbered fifteen—soup, roast chicken, roast pork, croquettes, fried chicken, sausages, pork cutlets, venison, roast beef, deer liver, beefsteak, *arroz Valenciano,* with desserts and wines—all prepared in the Spanish style. For the dancing, the orchestra made excellent music. After midnight some of the *señoritas* sang songs, both Spanish and Gaddan, and the entire company joined in "America" and "Home, Sweet Home."

The next morning, after breakfasting at the home of Capitán Rosario, one of the *principales,* we heard mass and took part in the procession. The scene recalled the middle ages. Entering the church, we found the procession about to start. Long yellow candles were placed in our hands and we were directed to fall in by twos immediately behind the priest.

Then, the choirs chanting and incense burning, the bells ringing and the two bands playing, the procession left the church and marched around the rectangular plaza. First, came a boy bearing a silk banner decorated with religious devices; next the crucifer, and on either side candle-bearers holding aloft burning candles set in ornate silver candlesticks. Following them marched the choir of men and boys, chanting, and after these was borne a statue, two-thirds life-size, arrayed in ecclesiastical robes, representing Santo Domingo. The pedestal on which the image stood was decorated with lighted candles and carried on the shoulders of men, who, in common with all others assisting, wore red and white surplices. Then came a sacristan walking backward and waving a censer of burning incense in front of the statue which followed, that of San Luis de Ventran, in whose honor the service and *fiesta* were celebrated. This figure was magnificently dressed and was surrounded by many lighted candles and artificial flowers in colored glass vases. Next came the parish priest, in heavy white robes, richly embroidered with gold. We Americans followed him, and behind us marched in straggling procession the principal personages of the town, bearing lighted can-

dles. The combined effect of the ringing, the playing and the chanting was, to our western ears, nothing but confusion and discord; but it must have been impressive to the assembled peasantry, for as the procession passed, many people, and especially women, kneeled facing it, and with clasped hands and awed faces prayed, or told their beads.

Finally we passed back into the church, and the Americans were given one of the two seats at the front of the men's side. Two-thirds of the floor space was occupied by the women, who knelt and sat on it by turns during the long service. The remaining third was taken up by the men, who generally stood, but knelt occasionally. The services of the church in the Philippines are attended with more ceremonial than with us, particularly at the time of *fiestas*. Upon this occasion of the celebration of mass in the Solano church, the *presidente* and other municipal officials occupied seats of honor jointly with ourselves. The acolytes numbered six or eight. Besides the chanting of the choir, accompanied by orchestra music, a brass band played at times. Each member of the congregation held a lighted candle during the service. There was much incense-burning and bell-ringing, and at the elevation

of the host the band blared and the four great bells in the belfry clanged as if for an alarm. Among the Spanish-taught people this is termed solemnity.

At noon of this second day a fellow-teacher and I went by invitation to dine at the home of the principal native teacher. We were received with marked hospitality. Although the Filipino guests, seated at a bare table, were eating boiled rice and roast pork with Nature's implements, according to the custom of the country, we two were seated at a separate table, nicely laid with white cloth and covers in European fashion. We were served with a well-cooked dinner of beef, pork, chicken, rice, potatoes, rice buns and claret, and a dessert of shredded squash preserve. We had been invited also to the official banquet given by the *presidente* at his residence, where, with many others, we were served again in many courses, of which we made a pretence of partaking lest we give offence by declining.

Immediately after this second repast we went to the open-air theatre to witness the drama. The scene was laid in Spain, and the play dealt with imaginary encounters between the Moors and the Christians during the Moorish wars. The costumes were gaudy and fan-

ciful; the acting consisted in strutting about the stage and declaiming what sounded like blank verse in a monotonous, unnatural and high-pitched voice, with very stiff gestures and little or no facial expression. There were nobles and warriors, kings and peasants, and particularly a beautiful princess, who was captured and held a prisoner by the infidels until she was happily rescued; many were the duels and other combats with short wooden spears, done to music in a stately and measured, if not altogether a realistic, way. The dancing was also very pretty, consisting as it did of a rapidly changing series of postures and tableaux. This drama was given by the Ilocanos in their own language; the following day, the same play was to be acted by the Gaddanes in their dialect, since otherwise some of the townspeople would be unable to understand; and it was the occasion of a pleasant rivalry as to which people and which of the individual actors might excel in the rendition.

That evening there was another *banquete,* after which we saw a second play of a different character on the stage in the plaza. Before this play was concluded drowsiness obliged me to go home to rest; but at midnight I awoke and heard music, and out of curiosity to know what

was going forward I walked to the plaza, where I found the band contest in progress. This continued until three o'clock the next morning, but I did not remain, retiring again shortly, thinking to enjoy the sweet sleep of fatigue the remainder of the night. However my friends disposed otherwise, for I was awakened shortly by more music; it was close by—yes, directly under my bedroom window some of the young men were giving me a serenade. This took its usual course—several selections, applause (from one lone, sleepy American), refreshments passed by my *muchacho,* another selection, and away—they down the street and I to my bed. To bed, but not to slumber; for two additional serenading parties honored me in the same way that night; and by the time I finally lost myself in sleep, the church bells began to jangle for the early Sunday mass.

Although it was Sunday morning, the third day's festivities continued unabated. First, mass was celebrated in the church with Spanish-Philippine solemnity. Immediately after, business in the market began, according to the custom of the town; and at the same time the theatricals recommenced and continued all day. In the afternoon a huge paper balloon

was sent up, and in the evening still another comedy was played. All day Sunday cock-fighting went on as during the two days previous, the most prominent citizens taking part in the sport. Sometimes the *jugador* won and sometimes he lost; but whether the rolls of silver *pesos* wrapped in paper increased or diminished, it was all the same to him. The Filipino, rich or poor, is possessed of a philosophy which others might well envy; misfortune, death, disaster—all are suffered without complaint, for "it is the will of God." When misfortune overtakes a favorite cock worth fifty or sixty *pesos,* which has been groomed and trained for a year in anticipation of the *fiesta,* the owner stops only to caress for a moment the limp and bleeding bird, after which he hands it to a little servant to take home, and pays his losses; then apparently he forgets all about it and continues in the merriment.

The *maestro americano* is a personage of importance in a Philippine town, hence that night I was favored by several more serenading parties, while on Monday three bands of music from as many different towns played in the street under my windows, and a band of Igorrotes with long spears and wooden shields stopped and gave a representation of a war-

dance followed by a mock fight—all interesting and realistic except that no heads were taken. That evening or the next, I have forgotten which, the American army officers and my Filipino friends gave me an old-time surprise party, announcing their presence by music under my windows. They came thirty strong, with lanterns, musicians and refreshments. Hastily sending to the neighbors, I was able to borrow almost enough benches and chairs to permit of the simultaneous seating of my guests. The music struck up in the house, and as many as the space permitted were soon dancing, while the remainder smoked and chatted, or quaffed that vile American beer which can be bought in every town in the Philippine Archipelago at fifty *centavos* the pint bottle, and which, in lieu of anything better, I was constrained to offer to my guests. That was the first surprise party known to Solano, and a right merry one it was.

Thus for more than three days and nights the people of the Solano country made merry. And so it was, too, that if a stranger had arrived in town on the succeeding day he would have believed himself to be in a deserted village, for scarcely a person was to be seen. The

people had succumbed to Nature's demands, and were asleep.

To me the most interesting feature of the festivities was a representation, in a grass-grown side street, of mountain warfare, which might very well be styled a "wild east show." It was provided for the entertainment of a number of Americans and Filipinos, who had gathered to congratulate a Filipino gentleman of the town upon his appointment as inspector of constabulary, and was witnessed from the roomy windows of the house wherein we were gathered.

The performance was given in pantomime by eighteen of the mountain people, without the aid of costumes or properties; literally without costumes, for with one exception the performers were attired solely in the usual loin-cloth, resulting in a much more realistic representation than could possibly be obtained from any sort or quantity of stage trappings. The opening scene represented three policemen in temporary camp in the mountains, sitting upon the turf with their respective *bolos,* spears and shields by their sides. They evidently discussed plans for the apprehension of some marauders, possibly *carabao* thieves, of whom they were in quest. One of the three was

the sergeant of the detachment, and he alone wore a drab cotton uniform with blue trimmings, and carried a gun. In a few moments a number of savages stealthily approached the three from various directions, and crept silently toward them like snakes in the grass, without attracting attention. Suddenly the chief of the band lets fly an arrow from the bow which he carries, which wounds one of the policemen. His two companions leap up to defend themselves, and in a second, with wild cries, the savage band is upon them. During the encounter which ensues the two unwounded policemen make their escape, necessarily leaving their companion in the toils of the barbarians. These, in the most vivid pantomime, proceed to dismember the unfortunate policeman, beginning with his ears, then going on to his arms and finishing with his legs, meanwhile tasting his blood with savage gusto. A woman and her ten-year-old boy, members of the band, enjoy the proceeding as much as the husband and father and his companions. But while the bloodthirsty cannibals are engaged in their gloating, they in turn are surprised by the return of the police-sergeant with reënforcements, who very adroitly have stolen upon them in the meantime. During the succeeding

combat the tables are turned, the savages are put to rout, and the boy is captured. It is then found that the dismembered policeman is not dead; he is given assiduous attention, and by some occult treatment his severed members are restored, and he is again sound and sane, and the entire detachment departs, leaving the child for dead under a spreading bush. After an interval the supposed marauders return and search the vicinity; utilizing the sense of smell as well as of sight in tracking the missing boy, they discover his body prone upon the ground. The frantic distress and grief of the mother upon the discovery of the remains of her child are depicted with such savage *abandon* as only a woman of the wilds could portray. But when it proves that the boy is only stunned, and he is safe again with his mother, the band gives vent to its delirious joy by a wild orgy of dancing, in which joins the little actor, whose flying hair and blazing eyes evidence the fiery excitement he feels in the playing of his part. There is further play of the same barbaric character, after which it comes about that after all the policemen are not in pursuit of that particular band of savages, and there is a reconciliation. An opportunity for the introduction of some comic by-play is afforded from time to time,

such as the savages' examination of the sergeant's gun, which goes off unexpectedly, creating great consternation among them and almost killing one. The entertainment is concluded by a realistic war dance and sham battle, fought with spears and shields.

In such manner do the Filipinos periodically relieve the tedium of life, which for them contains much of poverty and sickness and but little of real satisfaction and joy.

CHAPTER VII

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES

A Curious Custom—Holy Thursday—Good Friday—The Mass—Saluting the Cross—Easter Symbolism—Fondness for Music—Funeral Processions—Weddings.

In Roman Catholic countries no holidays are of more importance or are celebrated with greater ceremony than the last three days of Holy Week and Easter Sunday. In Solano, on Wednesday evening, Thursday and Friday, bodies of young boys paraded the streets with various kinds of rattles and similar noise-producing instruments. If nothing else were at hand, a number formed abreast and carried a bamboo pole horizontally in front of them, which they beat with sticks held in the other hand. The explanation given respecting this custom was that it was in commemoration of the Jews reviling Christ. Under the American government as during the Spanish *régime* Holy Thursday and Good Friday are legal as well as general holidays. Formerly on these

days vehicles were not allowed in the streets; all business was suspended, even the markets being closed; the church bells did not ring, the call to service being given with huge watchmen's rattles temporarily placed in the belfries. Services in the churches continued all day. The dwellings of the principal families and of all others who could afford it were draped with black bunting. These customs are yet unchanged, excepting only that the restless American demands that street traffic shall not be interrupted.

The morning of Good Friday I attended mass in the Solano church. The acting *presidente* occupied his official chair of state at the front of the congregation. Two municipal policemen stood at either side of the altar steps. As I observed this arrangement, I feared that many years would pass before the people would learn what is meant by the separation of church and state. The body of the church was thronged, the women comprising two-thirds of the congregation as usual. These knelt on the hard tile floor during the services, settling down into a sitting posture at intervals for relief. The men stood apart and knelt at intervals, always carefully placing a handkerchief on the floor to prevent the soiling of their

white cotton trousers, and shaking the dust from it upon rising.

During the latter part of the service the priest takes from a side altar a cross, the arms of which are draped in black. Holding the cross before him toward the people he removes the covering slowly, exposing one arm at a time, the while he chants and the choir responds. When the cross is completely uncovered he deposits it carefully on a straw mat in front of the main altar, the upper arm resting on an embroidered pillow. While the chanting continues, he sits in his chair at the side and removes his shoes. Then he walks on his knees to the cross, each arm of which he devoutly kisses, and retires. The acting *presidente,* having removed his shoes, then approaches the cross in the same manner and performs the same ceremony. After him it is repeated by a very old and very devout man. He is followed by the congregation, who, one by one, shoeless and kneeling, approach the cross and salute in the same way; but comparatively few men come up. A tray by the side of the mat receives contributions of a coin or two from those who are able to give; most of the offerings are large coppers, worth from a quarter of a cent upward, as nearly all the people are poor.

The same evening, the citizens having adorned their dwellings with lighted candles, lanterns and transparencies, a picturesque religious procession wended its way through the principal streets slowly and with many stops. It was made up of the parish priest, several statues, two chanting choirs, a band of music, and many crucifers, candle-bearers and incense boys, followed by a large number of the townspeople marching irregularly in two files and carrying lighted candles. The first emblem was a large wooden cross placed upon a pedestal borne on men's shoulders. After an interval came an image, two-thirds life size, representing the Saviour bearing the cross. The next representation was a very ornate funeral car, through the glass sides of which was seen the image of the crucified Saviour as He was supposed to lie in the tomb. This was followed by an image of the Virgin draped in mourning. Every town in the Philippines, no matter how poor, has a number of images such as these, which are borne through the streets upon occasions of religious festivals. The display at Solano was comparatively poor, since larger and richer towns number their images by the score.

The morning of Easter Sunday, before

mass, a pretty symbolical representation of the meeting of the Crucified Lord and the Virgin takes place. Usually a square tower fifty feet high is erected in the plaza, with corner posts of palm trees and framework of bamboo. Near the top is a platform with a trap-door opening downward. This tower is profusely decorated with palms, shoots of the delicate bamboo, hangings and bunting, and more often than not it is surmounted by the Stars and Stripes. Life-size figures of the Saviour and the Virgin, the latter covered by a heavy crape veil, are borne to the tower by different routes, while the people assemble in the plaza round about. Both images are carried within and beneath the tower, and all being in readiness a small child dressed in white, representing an angel with wings and crown complete, is slowly let down through the trap-door in the platform, until it hovers, in conventional angelic attitude, over the image of the Virgin. The dusky child-angel then grasps the veil and slowly rises with it into the symbolical heaven; and at the moment of complete uncovering, the Holy Mother recognizes the Risen Lord. The images are then borne together to the church, where high mass is celebrated. After mass the traffic in the market-place thrives, the cock-

pit flourishes as of yore, and the people make merry with festivities and dancing.

He who has read thus far will realize how fond the Filipinos are of music. Never a town so poor that it has not its band of music; never a hamlet so poverty-stricken that it has not an orchestra of a few musicians. Upon frequent occasion the organization, whatever it be, parades the streets, for a consideration ranging from fifty cents or a dollar upward, according to the service rendered. Among the Christianized peoples, all important ceremonies are performed to music; and especially in Nueva Vizcaya has this custom a strong hold. There the babies are christened, dwellings are blessed, saints' days are celebrated, couples are married and corpses are buried to music of brass band or orchestra, or both. Whether the function be christening, wedding or funeral, the procession marches to and from the church with the band, the straggling musicians barefooted and without uniforms. My feelings were shocked upon observing that at some funerals the liveliest airs were played; upon one occasion, a funeral procession wended its way to the cemetery to the music of a popular song of which the burden is "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." It is needless to say that

the people, not knowing the words of the song, were attracted only by the melody. In explanation of this custom, Tomás said, "When a young child dies its soul ascends directly to heaven. Therefore, we are glad and our music is joyous. But when an old person is taken, he must suffer in purgatory. Hence, there is cause to mourn and our music is doleful."

If the occasion be a wedding among the poor the bride and groom may be seen walking, apart from each other, in the middle of the street, in front of the musicians. The bride, gorgeous in cheap brocade, is accompanied by the *madrinas,* while the groom straggles along, here, there or anywhere, uncomfortable in the shoes which he wears, probably for the first time in his life, the low stiff hat of the mode of ten years previous, and ill-fitting black clothing bought or leased for the occasion. Happy will he be when he can dispense with these cumbersome articles and enjoy again the normal life of the *tao.* At the festivities which always follow during the day at the home of the bride's parents, and the gathering the succeeding day at the dwelling of the groom's people, the "high contracting parties" are usually the least in evidence and the most ignored of all the assembled friends. At a wedding party

which I was invited to attend soon after my arrival, having had no previous acquaintance with either of the families, I inquired for the bridal couple, desiring to offer my felicitations; but no one seemed to know of their whereabouts. After dinner, before leaving for school, I asked for the bride to bid her *adios,* when the captain came up and whispered, "I should strongly advise you not to attempt to speak to the bride unless you want to be knocked down by the groom." I believe he exaggerated the danger; however that may be, I was obliged to be content to take leave of the girl's father in lieu of the bridal couple, whom I had not seen.

CHAPTER VIII

NORMAL INSTRUCTION

The Task of the American Teachers—Neighborhood and Civic Duties—The Normal School—Decorations—*Aspirantes*—The Plan for Instruction—Three Peoples and Languages—Should English be Taught?—The Application of the Students—Results of the Friars' Work—Teaching Children's Songs—Summary of Results.

THE task that confronted the American teachers in the Philippines was not only or even mainly the personal instruction of the children and youth in English and the elementary branches; at the same time with that it was the taking in hand of the existing force of native teachers, gradually weeding out the incompetents and filling their places, augmenting the original number and making the entire body into an efficient corps of instructors, imbued with American ideals, trained in American methods of teaching and using the English language as the vehicle of instruction—surely not the work of a day or a year.

But the purely scholastic duties did not limit the work of the great majority of American teachers; the self-imposed tasks were often of the greatest service to the communities of which they were units. Besides the high moral obligation of conducting himself so that he might be for his community an exemplar of that which is best in American civilization, it was incumbent upon the American teacher to serve his Filipino fellow-townsmen in many other ways. Thus he often had occasion to explain to the local officials or the *principales* a section of the municipal code or other statute which might not be plain to them, or to discuss with and advise them respecting some matter of moment regarding which they were in doubt. He was usually a member of the local health board, charged with the duty of guiding and advising the Filipino members respecting that with which they were altogether unfamiliar —municipal sanitation. He left off school-work and devoted his entire time to visiting the native people in their homes during the epidemic of Asiatic cholera which swept over the Islands in 1902, carefully teaching them how to boil water in contradistinction to heating it, and instructing them what other measures to take to avoid contagion. During normal times he fre-

quently visited sick pupils and neighbors and supplied them with medicines and particularly with quinine, which was so scarce a commodity in the smaller towns that he was usually the only one who possessed it. Often the sick or their friends came to his house for medicines or advice—usually both. To the foregoing catalogue of services must be added such minor ones, usually taking the form of recreation, as standing as *padrino* at the baptism of infants or at weddings, and taking part in the festivities connected therewith.*

*"The teachers were obliged to conciliate the native priest or Spanish friar, to prod a lethargic municipal *presidente* and town council into action, and sometimes to go from house to house persuading the parents of the children to send them to school. In some cases . . . they have paid the salaries of their Filipino teachers when the municipal treasury was empty, and have sent them to the vacation normal institutes, paying their expenses; have drilled and equipped boys' brigades and organized gala processions of children to increase the interest of the community in the schools. They have written plays and staged them, arranged athletic contests, aided unjustly oppressed peasants to secure justice, fought bandits, persuaded the natives to build trails and bridges, exercised a judicious influence in local politics; in short, fulfilled, officially and unofficially, a variety of functions foreign to the position of a school-teacher in America, but of the utmost advantage in securing the loyalty of the inhabitants to the sovereignty of the United States, and implanting the ideals of western civilization among them.

"The work of the teacher cannot be understood unless he is thought of as discharging the many-sided functions, other than religious, formerly the prerogative of the Spanish friar. Socially,

The immediate duty devolving upon the American teachers of Nueva Vizcaya, after the rice was safely harvested and stored, was to organize and conduct for the term of one month what we termed a normal school. Immediately after the long vacation began two of our number, the men at Bagabag and Dupax, were constrained by their love of travel and adventure again to pass over those tortuous trails and to ford the mountain streams on a visit to Manila. While there, the Indiana man, at his own request, was transferred to an office position in the bureau, thus reducing our number in the province to three, and leaving Dupax without a teacher; but the attractions of the city were not sufficient to seduce the New Yorker, who not only came back himself but brought with him a pack-train of twenty ponies loaded with all sorts of school supplies,

and in his intellectual influence, he is the successor of the man who for centuries was the controlling influence in these primitive communities of the Philippines. He has been the quiet mediator of modern ideas, and far transcended the rôle of a mere pedagogue. He has won the affection and respect of the Filipino people as, from the nature of their callings, the soldier and the merchant could not do. If the children of the Philippines had learned nothing from books, the personal influence of the American teacher would still have justified his employment."—Report of the Census of the Philippine Islands, vol. iii., pp. 644-5.

such as reading charts, first readers, slates, pencils, straw blackboards, crayons and a variety of other useful articles, including two dozen bright, beautiful American flags.

Having made our detailed plans for the conduct of the school and notified all native teachers and others who aspired to teach that they must attend, we three opened the school one Monday morning. With the assistance of the Solano native teachers we had decorated the school-rooms very prettily with flags, full-page pictures from *Harper's Weekly,* palms and air-plants; and we renewed the greens from week to week. This was an object lesson which was not lost. The Filipino is by nature artistic and loves to adorn; thereafter when I visited schools I always found the rooms decorated, and in many cases both profusely and tastefully. Teachers and *aspirantes* presented themselves from all of the towns and most of the *barrios* of the province, to the number of eighty or ninety; but upon investigation we found that some of those who claimed to be *aspirantes* were not intending to teach, but only to take advantage of the opportunity of increasing their knowledge of English. These we were obliged to bar, because it was necessary that we should devote our undivided ef-

forts to those who desired to engage in actual teaching. We should then have a body from which to select the most apt to fill the necessary positions; and we cut the ninety down to fifty.

The plan was to employ with these adult students practically the same methods which we should have employed with an equal number of children—object and action lessons for the beginners and the most simple elementary processes for all. The object was not so much to advance these normal students in the several branches as it was to teach them how to instruct the children later in the year in the beginnings of those branches. No other course was practicable, indeed, because they understood so little English. With such aims, having divided the *normalistas* into three sections, we gave instruction from eight o'clock until noon in English conversation and numbers; beginnings in nature study; geography and Philippine history—very elementary; and singing, drawing and calisthenics. There were practical talks upon school management and demonstrations of methods of teaching. Each lesson was an English lesson, and at the same time a demonstration of proper methods. We reasoned that whatever we did in that school would be closely imitated by the natives when

they went before their own pupils. For two hours and a half each afternoon there was a practice class of children in two grades, which the *normalistas* taught in turn under our observation. After the dismissal of the children, the American teacher in charge pointed out the errors to the individual Filipino student in as kindly and sympathetic a manner as was possible.

An interesting fact in connection with this school was that the fifty young men and women represented three different peoples—the Ilocanos, the Gaddanes and the Isanays, the last named coming from the Dupax section. There was no one language that all could understand. A few spoke, read and wrote Spanish fluently, but these did not number more than ten; to the others Spanish was as strange a tongue as English.* Hence, the announcements on the bulletin board, and verbal announcements as well, had to be rendered in the three dialects. In that way only could all the students be made to understand. When

* The Spanish language is spoken by very few of the Filipinos—in the provinces certainly by not more than three or four per cent of the population. While Spanish is the tongue of the Cubans and Porto Ricans, it is not of the Filipinos, who comprise more than fifty tribes or peoples, each with its own Malay dialect.

one reflects upon these linguistic conditions, obtaining in a very limited area among the civilized peoples, leaving out of consideration for the moment the several other dialects spoken by the non-Christian tribes within the same area, is it not surprising that men of education and character who have the welfare of the Filipinos at heart should object to our teaching them English?

With few exceptions the students were regular in attendance; they applied themselves with zeal and coöperated in every possible way with our efforts to advance their knowledge and efficiency. The third week, a young woman in attendance, after studying her lessons at home until midnight, was taken with a severe hemorrhage from the lungs and was obliged to leave the school; and upon inquiry we learned that several others had complained of chest pains due to the unaccustomed leaning over table and desk. They are not a strong people. As a rule, Americans can out-walk and out-do them without effort. About half of the students were bright and quick to grasp an idea; of the remainder, the greater number were naturally intelligent, but slow at their lessons, and a few were very stupid; the last were for the most part middle-aged *barrio*

teachers, whose mental powers had become atrophied by reason of years of stagnation. To illustrate: after attempting to teach the class of beginners for several days respecting the five races of mankind, the color and name of each, requiring them to copy the lesson in their exercise-books and to review it a number of times, I requested a middle-aged man, in English, to tell me to what race he belonged. He appeared not to understand, even after several repetitions of the question in both English and Spanish. I then had a fellow-student put the question in his own dialect, the Gaddan. After another repetition, the poor fellow stood up, looked at me most pathetically, scratched his head, and averred that he was an African. This condition is due to the Spaniards—not to the government of Spain, which legislated wisely, but to those who administered the government in the Islands—the friars. While a free public-school system was established in 1863, the schools were insufficient in number and inadequate in every way. Ordinarily there was but one text-book, a small pamphlet, devoting most of its forty pages to the catechism and doctrines of the church, with prayers and accounts of the saints. The remainder of the pamphlet contained catechetical

questions and answers upon grammar, geography and history, and as has been stated, these were learned by rote. "Learning by doing" had no place in the Philippine public schools up to the time of the American occupation.

We paid particular attention to the teaching of children's songs to our students, which they copied and carried away with them and taught to their pupils in turn.* From "Baldwin's Primer" we taught the A B C Song, which later proved very popular with the children. Such delightful ways of learning they had never before known. From the same book we adapted to our uses two other primary songs, namely, "Cherries Ripe" and "Five Little Chickadees." Since cherries are unknown in the Islands, we substituted the names of Philippine delicacies, such as *sinaput,* those delicious banana-halves dipped in rice-flour batter and fried in cocoanut oil, as already described. Imagine with what shining faces the boys sang:

Sinaput, sinaput, who will buy my sinaput?

and the girls responded:

Sinaput, sinaput, I will buy your sinaput.

* Let Henry Savage Landor and others ridicule while they may our teaching English song and speech to the Filipino children; the day of these critics is fast closing.

—thus running the gamut of food delicacies. Because the chickadees did not emigrate to the Philippines with the Americans we were obliged to seek a substitute for them also, which we found in the *guruckira* (singular, *guruck*), small birds similar to the American chickadees. Standing five little children on the floor, each in turn "flew" around the room in true kindergarten fashion, as the practice class sang:

Five little *guruckira* peeping at the door.
One flew away and then there were four.
Guruck, guruck, happy and gay,
Guruck, guruck, fly away.

Four little *guruckira* sitting on a tree.
One flew away and then there were three.
Guruck, guruck, happy and gay,
Guruck, guruck, fly away.

—continuing the song until the last little *guruck* had flown to its perch. But for reasons already explained, the song was rendered among the Isanay children in Dupax and vicinity

Five little *palupati* peeping at the door, etc.

From Anna B. Tucker's collection of "Songs for Hawaiian Children" we taught the "Rice Song," changing the wording slightly

to suit Philippine conditions. Because, as a precautionary measure, the natives were not allowed to possess firearms, the line

With our *guns* and oil-cans banging all the day

was changed to

With our *sticks* and oil-cans banging all the day.

It may be explained that the oil-cans which are beaten to drive away the rice-birds are the five-gallon tin cans in which kerosene is shipped to all parts of the Orient by the American and Russian oil companies, and which, empty, are but little less useful to the native than are his bamboo, his rattan and his cocoanut tree. Then the "Rice Song," as adapted, ran as follows:

We are workers placing rice-plants in a row;
Put them under water, so they'll quickly grow.
Now the rice is growing in the patch of ground,
See the rice-birds flying everywhere around.

With our sticks and oil-cans banging all the day
Little birds are frightened so they fly away;
Water, soil and sunshine help to make it grow
Into heads so golden waving to and fro.

Now 'tis time to cut it with our sickles bright;
Bind the sheaves together; what a pretty sight!
To the house now take it; everybody pound;
See, the chaff is lying everywhere around.

In the bags we'll put it, grains so white and clean;
Ship it to Manila on the big "Naz'rene";
Cook it for our breakfast, best of Nature's food;
Eat with fish and *gulay*, don't you think it's good?*

From the same attractive collection, "The Mango Tree," "The Papaia," the "Cocoanut Song," and others were taught later in the year. These proved very popular with *normalistas* and children alike, but not more so than "America," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Columbia."

All in all, the first Vizcayan normal school was successful. The students had been interested, industrious and faithful; they had learned enough to go out and begin to teach the chart, a little English conversation, writing, counting and easy number work, and a few songs; and the more intelligent appeared to have caught a glimpse of the American educational ideal.

* The last stanza of the "Rice Song" was not used in Nueva Vizcaya, an interior province, but was taught later in southern Luzon.

CHAPTER IX

BARRIO SCHOOLS

The *Barrio* System—Wages of Native Teachers—Their Ability to Imitate—Supervisory Work—The Friday Teachers' Class—A Visit to a *Barrio* School — The Siesta — Domingo's Fears — New School-houses—Attitude of the People.

NUEVA VIZCAYA was one of the first provinces, if not actually the first, where the *barrio* system of schools, since extended to every portion of the archipelago, was successfully organized and developed, under the American *régime.* The teaching of the children of the *barrios* or outlying villages had no place in the scholastic system of the Spaniards. Such schools as existed were accessible only to the children who lived in the *población,* or central and principal part of the municipality. It will be understood readily that the amount of teaching which an individual American could do personally was very little in any community; also that a considerable extension of the

work would be necessary to secure any adequate educational progress in the country. Hence, schools were organized in four *barrios* of Solano, two of Bagabag, two of Bayombong and two of Dupax, in addition to the central schools in the same towns, together with Bambang and Aritao; and twenty-four of the normal students who were deemed most apt received official appointments as the teachers thereof, at greater salaries than they had ever before been paid. At that time salaries were fixed in Mexican currency, worth the value of the silver as bullion, which was a little more or less, according to the fluctuating market, than forty-six cents gold per Mexican dollar. The principal teacher of Solano, who had been paid $15.00 per month, was reappointed at $20.00. Two women teachers, who had before received $4.00 and $6.00, were continued at $10.00 per month each. The male teacher of Aritao, who had been content with a monthly salary of $4.25, was to receive $10.00; and a few teachers of *barrios,* who had depended on contributions of money and rice from the patrons of the school, were now reappointed at regular salaries of $10.00 each. The amounts named are in Mexican money.

The twenty-four appointees returned to

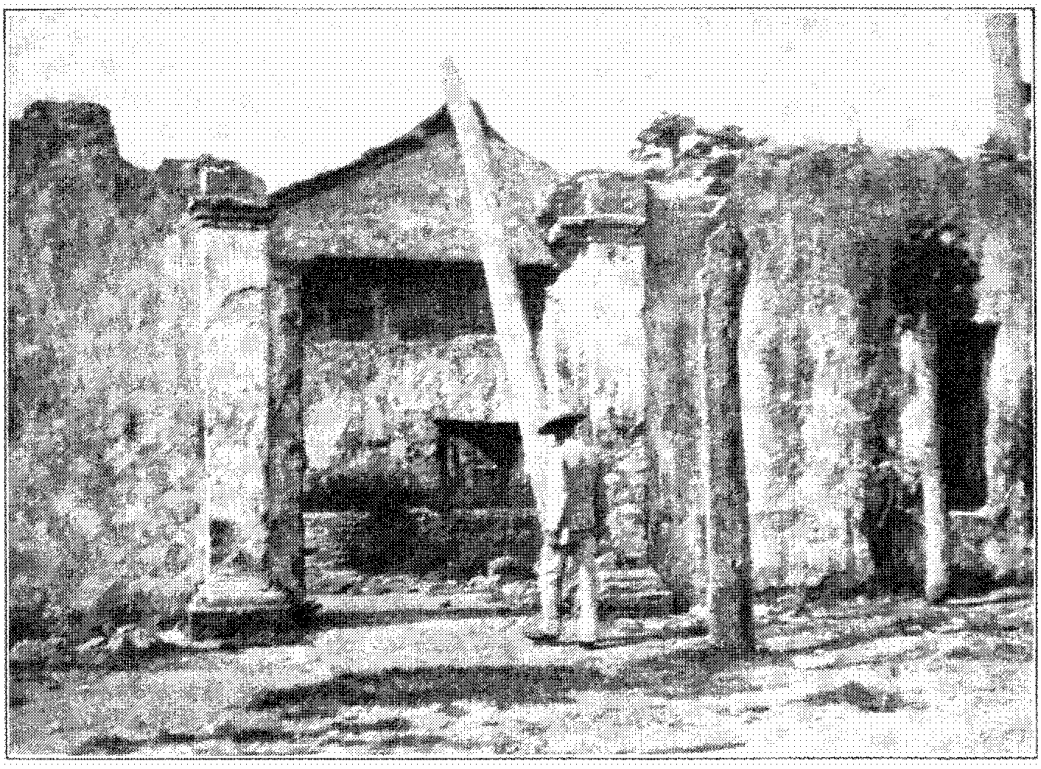
their homes, and each school having been supplied with an American flag, a reading chart, blackboard, books, slates, pencils, papers, etc., we all went hopefully to work the following Monday morning. Little short of astonishing is the immediate success achieved by young Filipinos who go out to teach for the first time, poorly equipped as they now are and for some time must be. This results from their ability to imitate closely the methods which they have seen used by their instructors. Where the young and inexperienced American would partially fail by reason of his independence and originality, the little-schooled Filipino succeeds by virtue of his faithful imitation of the ways of others, so that his ability in this respect works to the advantage of the Philippine primary schools.

Henceforth, the work of the American teachers in Nueva Vizcaya was chiefly supervisory; practically all of their time was spent in the school-rooms taught by the natives, observing their work and making an occasional memorandum; and then, after the session, offering suggestions and kindly criticisms. If perchance the native made a considerable error it might be necessary to correct him tactfully on the spot; or the American might take the

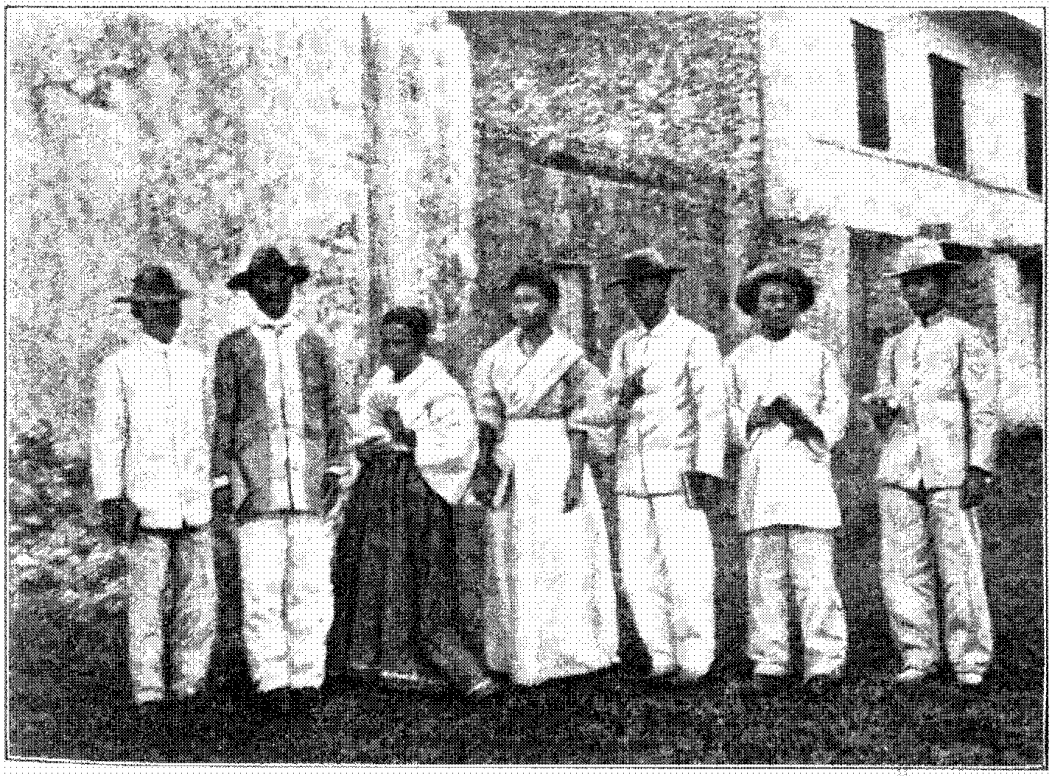
class for a few moments, or for the remainder of that period, and, correcting the error, teach the lesson then under way properly, the while the regular teacher observed the difference between the two methods. Thus the American was free to do as much or as little personal teaching as the circumstances might seem to require. Besides the work in the central school, he visited each of the *barrio* schools once a week, and oftener if necessary. Because of the distance of the *barrios* from the *población,* ranging from two to eight miles, it proved to be altogether impracticable for the *barrio* teachers to join the daily teachers' class; hence it was arranged to discontinue the latter and to give the children five hours' instruction instead of four, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, and then to dismiss them until the following Monday morning. On Friday mornings, however, the *barrio* teachers came into the *pueblo* and received instruction with the teachers of the central school for five hours, or a little more. In these Friday classes the work begun during the normal school was continued and amplified, and applied to the lessons which were to be taught to the children during the ensuing week. Thus the work of the American teachers became more difficult at the

same time that it increased in diversity and interest.

Seven o'clock in the morning usually found me on the road to one of the Solano *barrios*—Ibung, Bintauan, Aggub or Bascaran. Imagine a man once white but now bronzed by the sun stepping briskly along a dusty tropical road in the fresh morning air, with a stick in one hand and an open De Tornos's Method in the other, mumbling the conjugation of an irregular Spanish verb; a big army revolver in leather holster suspended from a regulation belt filled with cartridges—these to retain the respect of possible head-hunters; faithful Domingo following a few paces behind, with a long staff to defend his bare legs from the attacks of dogs, and on his back a good-sized basket of Igorrote manufacture containing our lunch and a bottle of boiled drinking water. As we approach the school there appears above a clump of bamboo a burst of color which sends a thrill through my veins, and we see floating in the breeze the beautiful Stars and Stripes. About the same time a sharp-eyed Brownie spies us down the road and immediately runs in to notify his companions, who, although the signal has not yet sounded, rush to their seats in the school-room and, with



Ruins of Convent at Solano; Schoolhouse in Background.



Native Teachers of Solano and Barrios.

their teacher, assume an air of expectancy. Upon our arrival Domingo sits down by the door, where he waits like a great, good Newfoundland dog until the session is finished. I go in and the children, rising simultaneously, salute me with a noisy but well-meant "G-o-o-t m-o-r-n-i-n-g." I return, "Good morning, children," shake hands with the teacher, place my stick in a corner, hang my revolver and belt on a post, and wipe the perspiration from face, head, neck, arms and hands. The teacher looks at me inquiringly, whereupon I direct him to seat the children and go on with the daily work just as if I were not there. This he finds very difficult until he has become more used to the weekly visits; somehow he feels that it is not right that he should devote himself to the children when so important a personage as the *maestro americano* is by. However, somewhat embarrassed, he calls the first class and begins to hear the recitation. Within a few moments the *teniente* of the *barrio,* having heard of my arrival, appears in the doorway, and the children needs must rise again, sing out another "Goot morning," and watch the proceedings between the *teniente* and myself. We shake hands, and I insist on his taking a seat by my side; he

offers me a cigarette, and very probably a little servant appears in the doorway with a tray bearing a large glass for drinking, a bottle of export American beer and a corkscrew. All think it odd that I decline the cigarette and the beer until the close of the session; surely the ways of the Americanos are strange. Presently the children are again settled and proceed with their reading lesson, the *teniente,* teacher and pupils all watching me for signs of approval or possible censure. For ten minutes I listen to the recitation, occasionally correcting some more than ordinarily gross error of pronunciation; and then I take the class myself to drill its members on the weak points, and incidentally to give the teacher an object lesson in the handling of the class.

In those early days many of the *barrio* schools were necessarily conducted in the dwelling of the teacher or of the *teniente,* in which case the household occupations went forward simultaneously with the school work. For example, a woman may be seen squatting on the floor weaving cloth at her loom, the while her baby lies asleep on the floor beside her; the dog comes sneaking into the room seeking a place in which to lie down, but, his tail between his legs, he is immediately hissed out; on the por-

tico, to one side, the old grandmother is cleaning the rice for the coming meal by skilfully tossing it into the air from a large pan-shaped bamboo basket so as to separate the grain from the chaff, adroitly catching the former as it descends and allowing the latter to fall to the floor. The game-cock stands in one corner of the room, pecking at the thong which secures him to the wall; and, although unsuccessful, stopping occasionally to crow lustily. A hen under the house cackles up through the open slat floor the news that she has laid another egg. The babe wakes and cries, but is soon hushed by the sweet solace of its mother's breast. And, meantime, the Brownies go on with their lessons entirely unconscious of these interruptions. I remain the entire session of two hours, or more if there be no clock in the house by which the teacher may time himself, and hear the children recite, observe the teacher's manner and method, watch the calisthenics, and hear the oftentimes funny attempt at singing a new song. After the dismissal, I point out in detail several particulars in which the teacher may improve his work, encourage him with a bit of praise, drink the warm beer that has been awaiting me these two hours, take a cigarette, shake hands with *teniente* and teacher, say

good-by to a few lingering children, and Domingo and I set out on our way.

Supposing the morning's visit to have been made at Bintauan, we now cut across the country toward Aggub; it is eleven o'clock and the sun is hot. Shortly before twelve we come to the remains of a house, abandoned because the troublesome hill-men committed too many depredations upon its former occupants. The roof and floor remain, permitting us to sit and lie down a safe distance from the ground and shielding us from the shafts of the sun. With my holster for a pillow I lie on my back and enjoy full ten minutes' relaxation; and then, spreading the lunch on the floor before me, devour some cold chicken, a hard-boiled egg, several cold boiled *camotes* and a banana or two, after which I have a drink of the smoke-flavored water with which Clemente habitually supplies me, and am satisfied. While Domingo eats his lunch, I settle myself for an hour's siesta; he remains by my side, awake and alert. It was not, I think, until after we had taken our siesta at this ruined house three consecutive times that Clemente and Domingo approached me diffidently one evening after our arrival home, and begged that I should not again stop there; Clemente

explained that Domingo had *miedo;* and when I questioned Domingo, he said that it was a bad place; that dangerous Igorrotes ranged the mountains near by, and that some day they might attack us. It was close by, they said, that the girl had been beheaded and the *carabao* stolen. I made light of their fears at the time, but on sober second thought heeded their request. After that we ate our lunch nearer the settlement; sometimes under a spreading mango tree and again beneath the feathery bamboo. In either case we were pretty sure to have an audience of from six to fourteen interested Filipinos, who gathered around, not in the least troublesome or impertinent, to see how an American might devour his food. One day, just as I had finished my lunch, the *teniente* of the *barrio* came walking up very fast and entirely out of breath, with an invitation to eat and rest at his home; he appeared to think it was a reflection upon himself and his *barrio* that I should eat my meal sitting under a tree. So I spent the remainder of that noon-hour peacefully dozing on the floor of his dwelling, the while his favorite game-cock near my head arranged his plumage and answered the challenges of his neighborhood rivals.

The road between the *barrios* of Ibung and Bintauan was believed by the natives to be the most dangerous; as we traversed those four miles, Domingo continually looked toward the range of forest-clad hills to the east, for it was thence that a descent of the dread head-hunters might be expected. Fortunately for us, but unfortunately for my tale, nothing of the kind occurred. Sometimes I purposely arrived at a school during the session without announcement, and only in one case in Nueva Vizcaya did I find a teacher unfaithful; that was the morning the *maestro* of Bintauan overslept.

This sketch pictures the *barrio* school as it was early in 1902. From the first, the schools improved steadily in efficiency. Although there were no public funds for the purpose and the people were very poor, schoolhouses of light material were constructed by voluntary labor in several *barrios*. Some men donated cocoanut timbers for the frame; others the bamboo, or the *bejuco* for tying the structure together; others, *nipa* for thatch for the sides and roof. The very poor donated one, two or three days' labor each. With the consent of the town officials, the Solano central school was permitted to occupy the convent adjoining the church, which had been constructed

originally, and restored after the fire, by the towns-people. The *presidente* called for volunteer laborers to put it in order and whitewash the walls; and for several days more than a hundred men worked at it. At a short distance, the scene bore a marked resemblance to Mr. Cox's Brownie pictures. The increase in attendance was so great that it was found necessary to employ five teachers, each of whom taught a room filled with children. New benches and desks were made and others were borrowed; even then many of the children were obliged to sit on the floor. An excellent spirit animated pupils, teachers and patrons alike everywhere in the province. The attitude of the people will be partly appreciated when it is stated that the attendance upon the schools organized by the government was greater, in proportion to the Christian population, than in any other province in the archipelago, not excepting Manila.

CHAPTER X

DEPARTURE FROM SOLANO

Orders for Transfer—Departure—Illness—Back to Dupax—Generosity of the *Presidente*—Lack of Physicians—Their Place Supplied—In Solano Again—Arrival of the Superintendent—The Second Departure—Difficult Travelling—The Return to Manila.

As THE time passed the schools continued to thrive. Much there was that was crude and imperfect, particularly where the native teachers had no American instructor to counsel and guide them; but we consoled ourselves by reflecting that our schools were much better organized, equipped and taught than any the province had before known. Our division superintendent had promised to make us a visit at the earliest time possible, to which we began to look forward. Dupax, Bambang and Aritao were without American teachers, and an additional American was needed in Solano so that I might be able to visit all of the schools of the province. These additional teachers were

promised us and we anticipated their arrival with enthusiasm, planning for the extension and perfecting of the work already well begun; but as we planned, though I did not know it, my Solano days were rapidly drawing to a close.

One day a telegram arrived directing me to report in Manila for assignment to a supervisory position in southern Luzon; and the following day the new teachers arrived; two of them were to succeed me—one as supervising teacher of Solano and the other as deputy division superintendent of the province. A week was required in which to turn over the public property in the various schools and make other preparations for departure, after which, having taken leave of my American associates and Filipino friends, I rode down the green-turfed street and across the thatched bridge, turned in my saddle to wave a final *adios* to Solano, and whipping up the little pony, set my face toward Manila and the future. That afternoon I did not think of the saying about "the best-laid plans o' mice and men," but I had ample opportunity to recall it during the following weeks. An account of the illness that overtook me as we camped one night on a river bank under the

stars may not be without interest. I had been ailing for two weeks, but believing the derangement was only slight, I had accepted the invitation of the governor to travel with him and his party as far as Dupax on my way to Manila; he was going there to supervise a municipal election. At Bambang, half the distance, I was obliged to avail myself of the hospitality of the *presidente* and go to bed, while the governor went on. The next morning I followed to Dupax, where again I was so ill that I was forced to go to bed at the home of the *maestro*.

Nevertheless, toward evening, in company with a fellow American who was himself ill, I set out on the next stage, the difficult two days' journey to Carranglan. That night I was seized with a violent illness and high fever, which by morning had so weakened me that I could neither walk nor sit my horse. At dawn my companion returned to Dupax for assistance, leaving me with our *cargadores*. Five or six hours later he came back with four men bearing a litter—a hammock strongly woven of rattan, supported by two stout bamboo poles, the ends of which rested on the men's shoulders. Into this litter I crawled, and was carried the eight miles back to Dupax. The

trail was hilly and the task laborious, particularly after the rain began and the road became slippery with mud. The four men removed their *camisas* and plodded along faithfully, the rain beating down upon their bare shoulders and backs; every few minutes they were obliged to stop and rest, supporting their burden meanwhile on the four stakes they carried for the purpose. A canopy of a piece of oilcloth had been improvised so that I kept tolerably dry. I arrived at Dupax shortly before dark, where I was the sole American, since I had insisted that my companion continue his journey to Manila; he was in need of medical attendance, which at that time could not be had in Nueva Vizcaya. The *presidente* came immediately to see me; he not only offered his services, but ordered me carried into a vacant house—the best in town—of which he was the owner. Into this he had a bed moved, which he sent a servant to dress with *petate,* sheets and pillows; then came a *muchacho* to remain with me and do my bidding, and later there arrived a *caldo* or broth of rice and chicken. In the morning the *presidente* came again to inquire concerning my condition and needs, and he was followed by the *maestro.* As the day progressed I grew gradually worse. I wished to

send a note to the governor, who had returned to Bayombong—the nearest American—asking for help, but I had not sufficient strength to write it. As night fell I determined to make another effort, when by sheer force of will I pencilled in a trembling and uncertain hand a brief statement of my condition; and having sent for the *presidente,* requested him to send a messenger with the note immediately.

At eleven o'clock it was in the governor's hands; he despatched it to my successor, B——, at Solano, who with the Bagabag teacher started on horseback at midnight to come to me, a distance of twenty-one miles. In fording the Magat, a mile south of Bayombong, they missed the ford, both were swept from their horses and the rapid current carried all down stream toward the dangerous rapids. The weight of their army revolvers and ammunition belts did not make their struggles to reach the bank any easier; besides, B—— clung tightly to the hand valise containing medicines, which he carried. He touched bottom several times, but each time he sprang toward shore. The two men presently found themselves exhausted but safe on the bank of the stream toward Dupax; and as fortune had it their two ponies had landed on the same side. They

remounted and rode the remaining seventeen miles in their wet clothing, arriving at my bedside at five o'clock in the morning trembling with cold. That day the governor telegraphed north and south for physicians; none were nearer than three days' journey and they were not able to leave their posts. B—— had partially completed a course in medicine in the States and had had practical experience in nursing as well. My ailment was stubborn and refused to yield—continuous high fever, great weakness, nausea, dysentery—the most miserable time I ever knew or can imagine. I could take no food; if I drank water it tasted of smoke; the taste of smoke was always in my mouth, its odor in my nostrils—my system seemed impregnated with it—the identical taste and odor of the boiled water that I had been drinking for six months (but poor Clemente was not to blame—we had had no teakettle).

After the third or fourth day B——'s treatment began to take effect, and in a week I was able to crawl into another litter and travel back to Solano. That week I lost thirty pounds; and convalescence in the tropics is so slow that I was more than four months in regaining my normal weight. During the

month which elapsed before I was able to start again on my journey I was the guest of my successors in my former home. My indebtedness to them is very great; to him who endangered his life to come to me, and to whose intelligent and tender care I unquestionably owe my preservation, it can never be repaid. And that was the way my plans went "agley" and the last week of June found me still in Solano.

That week our division superintendent of schools arrived on the long-expected visit of inspection. Though I was very impatient to be off again to the new field of work, the slowness of my recovery had prevented my departure. One day, as a test, I had ridden three miles on horseback, and returned completely exhausted; and the superintendent would not hear of my leaving then. But a week later we departed together, taking with us three pack-ponies and their owners to transport our effects. We made the usual daily stages with a long rest each noon—the first night, Dupax; the second, a camping place in the wilderness called Santa Clara; the third, Carranglan. For the first few days I was so faint upon dismounting for the siesta or for camp at night that I fell into a heap on the ground, where I remained while my friend, the superintendent,

prepared the meal of fried bacon, Irish-Igorrote potatoes boiled and mashed in their jackets, soda biscuit, canned fruit and coffee. The savory food revived me sufficiently to enable me to spread my blankets on the ground, after which sleep restored my strength for the next stage. I should certainly not have been able to get through without being carried had it not been for the patient, considerate and kindly help of my superintendent. In pursuance of the general policy of concentrating the troops in large centres, the American soldiery had left Carranglan and its place had been taken by a company of constabulary, and here we slept on the floor of the barracks. The following day, accompanied by a party of native officials, we again forded those twenty-three streams and duly arrived in San José. Thence, my friend continued south to Talavera while, after dismissing the men and pack-horses, I travelled westward by army wagon and *carromata* to the railroad at Bautista. The hardships were then past; but that advantage was offset by the fact that, my system still very weak, I was in the midst of the Asiatic cholera, which had been raging in the Islands for several months, but which, because of the remoteness of Nueva Vizcaya, had not yet arrived there. A score of

new cases and more than a dozen deaths a day was the tale in Bautista at that time. But the American in the Philippines, like his Filipino brother, soon becomes something of a fatalist, and while he understands better how to take necessary precautions he soon loses his nervousness.

That night I slept in a *nipa* dwelling owned by the American proprietor of the canteen where I was obliged to take my meals. Six feet from the open window on the east was a dwelling abandoned a few days before because of a fatal case of cholera therein; directly opposite, across the street, there had been a case the previous week, and a few doors to the west was a third dwelling vacated for the same reason. But the surroundings did not prevent my enjoyment of slumber that night, and the following day I arrived in the metropolis. Dear old Manila, with its hothouse temperature and moisture, its familiar smells, its everlasting stream of *carromatas* and *quélises* crossing the Bridge of Spain and jogging up one side of the rough-paved Escolta and down the other; uncomfortable, delightful Manila, with its beds much too soft and warm, its feasts of rich, juicy beefsteaks and sweet, yellow butter spread upon toothsome bread, and, best of all

to the man from the provinces, its delicious ice-cream—as much and as often as you care to eat; altogether a royal treat, and yet how soon do we provincials tire of it and how gladly do we again set our faces country-ward!

More than a year after my final departure I received a letter from a citizen of Solano, a patron of the school and a student of English in the adults' class. It said that, in response to petition and as evidence of the appreciation in which my services were held, the municipal council, by enactment, had paid me the compliment of naming one of the principal streets of the town for me. So appreciative are the Filipinos.

CHAPTER XI

CONDITIONS IN SOUTHERN LUZON

In Quarantine—En Route to Camarines—The Bicol River—Nueva Cáceres—The Bicol People—A Peaceful Province—The Causes of Ladronism—Different Dialects—Rinderpest and Surra—Other Evils—The Asiatic Cholera—Invocations for Delivery—Malignant Malaria—Difficulties During Cholera Times—Isolated Americans.

THE old Bolinao lay at anchor behind the breakwater in Manila Bay, hardly more than a stone's throw from the Luneta; yet, in obedience to quarantine regulations, we had had no communication with the shore for five days. We were now awaiting the arrival of the medical inspectors to give us a clean bill of health, and the customs officials with clearance papers, before proceeding to ports in Masbate and Camarines. These delays were due to the fact that in Manila, too, the cholera was rampant; but, thanks to American activity, the mortality was much less than in previous epidemics. In view of the fact that hundreds of my fellow-

beings were laid low each day, I had not much minded, while at the hotel, a severe three days' attack of the *dengue,* accompanied by an eruption like measles over my entire body. When partially recovered, having received my instructions, I had gone aboard the Bolinao; and we were impatiently awaiting the expiration of quarantine. The fifth day we secured our permit from the health officials, but our patience was further tried by the customs people, who did not come out until the day following. But at last we weighed anchor and steamed toward Corregidor.

While the Bolinao sailed under the American flag, her officers were Spaniards, as were also two of the passengers; one of these was returning south after a visit in Manila, accompanied by his Filipina wife and *mestizo* children, and the other was bound for Nueva Cáceres, where he purposed opening a furnishing store. There were six or eight other passengers, Filipinos and Chinese, who travelled second class. Filipinos composed the crew. Such a situation was somewhat akin to a journey in Spain, since Castilian was the language of the ship, only Spanish food and wine were served and Spanish customs prevailed. Thirteen days after embarking and seven after sail-

ing we found ourselves steaming up the Bicol River, a typical stream of the tropics, with a wide extent of flat country covered with a beautiful carpet-like green on either side, and fine tropical foliage growing on the banks. Mt. Isarog looms skyward first to one side and then to the other as the river bends and winds; the vessel sometimes brushes against the overhanging boughs of trees, and once actually runs its bow into the soft bank in the endeavor to make a sharp turn. The wash disturbs the grasses at the edge of the river and constrains the dusky occupants of the various *bancas* we meet to hold tight to the overhanging bushes to avoid taking water aboard. Children run out from cottages half hidden in banana and cocoanut groves to witness the miracle of steam power and no doubt to wonder if they will ever be wealthy enough to voyage on a vessel so grand. In a little more than four hours we have covered the twenty-five miles to Nueva Cáceres, and our vessel ties up at the wharf.

Nueva Cáceres, known among the Bicol people who inhabit it and the surrounding country by the name of Naga, was until lately the largest, most important and most prosperous city of southern Luzon. The capital of the

provinces of Camarines Norte and Camarines Sur, which were recently combined by the Spaniards for more economical administration, it has a number of solidly built government buildings, a large cathedral and bishop's palace, and church colleges for both sexes; the present population is about 18,000. Besides being a port and the seat of a bishopric, it lies in the midst of a rich agricultural section, which in times past produced large quantities of rice; but the cultivation of this crop has been practically abandoned during the last six or seven years, owing to the loss of the *carabao* by successive epidemics of rinderpest, followed and interspersed by many other evils, so that the *sementeras* have become barren and the people poverty-stricken. The combined provinces under a single administration are known as Ambos Camarines and cover an area of 3,279 square miles—as large as Delaware and Rhode Island together; of this one-eighth is classed as agricultural land, the remainder being mountainous and valuable only for forest and —a small area—for mineral products. Certain sections produce *abacá* or Manila hemp, the tree being so similar in appearance to the banana that inexperienced observers cannot distinguish between them. San Miguel Bay

on the east coast yields large quantities of fish during the southwest monsoon. Of the civilized population of 233,500, all are Bicols as far north as Talisay in Camarines Norte, where the Tagalog population begins. The uncivilized people number only 6,000.

The Bicols are naturally a peace-loving people. Because of this fact and the wisdom of the American governors of Camarines, the entire province had been orderly ever since its pacification following the insurrection. It was not uncommon for hemp merchants to ship silver specie to the hemp districts by river, in a *banca* rowed by two or three men without a guard. When, on rare occasions, disorder was reported from remote districts, it was always found that the marauders came from other provinces. In the adjacent Province of Albay, indeed, there were numerous bands of *ladrones* led by shrewd adventurers of other tribes, most often Tagalogs, who committed so many depredations upon the Bicol residents that the latter were virtually obliged to aid them, by threats of punishment the direst, often carried out; and for months the conditions were disorderly. But travelling was safe in Camarines. During more than two years spent in that province, travelling two-thirds of the

time and frequently alone in the most remote and unsettled districts, I was never molested.

My knowledge of the character of the people and observation of the conditions in various provinces presently taught me that after the surrender of the leaders of the insurrection of 1898, the continuance of disturbances in Albay and some other sections was due to a small number of shrewd and lawless men, who took advantage of the fact that the masses of the people had become habituated to disorderly conditions during years of resistance to Spanish misgovernment, and that these were so densely ignorant that they could be gulled into belief in any tale which such leaders might wish to invent. These robber chiefs found it easier and more to their liking to pose before the *taos* as patriots, "popes" and leaders inspired by Heaven than to settle down to peaceful life and industry. Gathering a number of benighted men about them, they went into the hills and mountains, where, in the most inaccessible places, they built temporary *cuarteles;* thence they issued from time to time, usually in small bands, to propagate their "cause" and levy contributions of rice and other provender for their subsistence upon the peaceable Filipinos. If, perhaps, these demurred, it was

easy to plan and execute a raid upon such *barrios* or households, sometimes carrying off only the family *carabao* and a supply of rice, but at others killing and burning as well. The *ladrones* being armed with a few firearms, the peaceable people in the remote districts were not able to defend themselves, and, before the forces of the constabulary could overtake it, the band was either hidden in the mountain fastnesses or scattered through numerous hamlets in the guise of laborers. There they would remain until another favorable opportunity presented itself, in the meantime playing upon the credulity of the simple-minded people by telling them that the American troops were about to be sent home to the United States in order to repel a threatened invasion, and that soon they would have an opportunity to rise and drive the few remaining Americans from the Islands, and thereafter enjoy that vaguely understood but magic condition of *independencia*—or some similar tale; and so, during the interim of comparative inactivity, by dint of persuasion or open threat, they advanced their propaganda until they were ready, with an increased number of deluded followers, to take to pillaging again. In view of the insurrection habit and such con-

ditions of ignorance and isolation as now obtain in the Islands, it can hardly be thought strange that the *tao* is sometimes so easily deceived and persuaded into disorder. On the other hand, it is surprising and creditable alike to government and people that there has been so little disorder as has actually occurred.

As I went from town to town in southern Luzon, I learned that the Bicol dialect varies much. There is what is called Nueva Cáceres Bicol, which is quite different from that spoken in Albay; and in Sorsogon, farther south, the speech is still different. Even in Camarines Sur, the language differs in adjacent towns; the Iriga Bicol is not the same as that spoken at Nueva Cáceres, so that untravelled people of one town have difficulty in comprehending the like class in the other; in Buhi, ten miles from Iriga, again the dialect differs; and so it is all through the Bicol country. No other fact that I know so strongly emphasizes the necessity for good roads, schools, newspapers and railroads. In addition to the ignorance, the superstition and the brigandage which have been mentioned, amazing is the catalogue of evils suffered by the Filipino people during recent years. The ravages of the rinderpest reduced the number of *carabao* in

Camarines from 37,769 in 1891 to 7,428 in 1903; of other cattle, from 17,682 to 493 during the same period; and the surra* had, in 1903, killed all the horses in the province except 821, as against 21,906 owned there eight years before. Men who once numbered their cattle by hundreds and thousands now count themselves fortunate if six or eight remain. The loss of the *carabao* has put back the agriculture of the Islands for twenty years; mile upon mile of country which formerly produced rice now lies idle because of inability to plough it; and it is impossible to prepare it for seeding by hand labor except in very small tracts. An educated and practical Filipino gentleman once told me that the rinderpest was the cause of greater and more irreparable damage to the Philippines than all other evils combined, including the war and the cholera. The disease continues to appear in different localities from time to time, notwithstanding that there is so little material for it to work upon. Government officials are studying it and doing all in their power to stamp it out, but with indifferent success up to this time.

* It is said that the surra was not known in the Islands previous to 1900, having been brought from China in that year by the American cavalry returning from the China campaign.

The locusts are a constant menace. In some years they destroy the little acreage of rice that the people succeed in planting, with the consequent loss not only of the prospective crop, but of the seed which they can ill afford to buy. Add to these pests the cholera, which in 1902 carried off many of the people; malignant malarial fever, which the following year was even more fatal than the cholera in Camarines, causing a death-rate in Nueva Cáceres during the months of June, July and August, of 310 per 1,000, which is to say that if the same rate of death had continued for a year, nearly one-third of the inhabitants would have died; smallpox, which always exists; and famine, which, notwithstanding the distribution of rice by the government, caused many deaths, and one can realize in part the misery of the people.

The worst of the cholera epidemic had passed in Nueva Cáceres before my arrival, but sporadic cases were still very common. A boy of eighteen, who had recently arrived to attend the Provincial High School, was taken with the disease during my absence, in the house occupied jointly by myself and two other teachers, one of whom remained by his side and faithfully nursed him until his death. Occasionally, passing along a street, one came

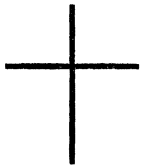
upon the remains of a dwelling which had been torn down after a cholera death and was being carried away piecemeal to be burned. One rainy evening at five o'clock an American negro volunteered to take my official mail to a departing vessel, and the next morning I was informed that he had been taken with the cholera and died at midnight. An American woman was so indiscreet as to use river water for cleansing her teeth, and was taken with the disease. She lived alone in a small town five miles from the provincial capital; she received daily visits from an American physician and was faithfully attended and nursed by her Filipino servants. Fortunately, she recovered. There were frequent cases and deaths in the barracks, notwithstanding the strict oversight of the officers; for the American soldier in the tropics usually displays no more discretion respecting eating and drinking than a young child. Deaths among the poorer classes of natives were frequent, in spite of much that had been done to teach them how to avoid contagion.

The custom of the populace to safeguard itself against insidious attack of the cholera was to march through the streets in procession each night from dusk to eleven o'clock to

sacred music, bearing effigies of the Virgin and various saints, illuminated crosses and other transparencies. These processions, very common among the Bicols, are made up of men, women and children, each person carrying a lighted candle and all joining in chanting prayers for deliverance, accompanied usually by volunteer musicians. As they come near, the people in the houses set lamps in the open windows in token of their sympathy, or if very devout, arrange a shrine upon the sill—a crucifix or a chromo with lights and sprays of flowers. Those marching stop here and there at temporary shrines erected in the streets, gaudy with bright-colored decorations and brilliant with candles, before which they kneel, reciting prayers and singing alternately, after which they take up the march, chanting their way to the next shrine:

> Perdón, Ó Dios mío, Dios mío, perdón!
> Perdón, Dios mío, perdón y piedád!

The faith of the people in prayer is very great, as was evidenced by the placarding of the doors of their dwellings with invocations against the cholera. The following I copied from the door of a house:



Ave Maria puríssima, sin pecada concebida,
Santo Dios, Santo Fuerte, Santo Immortál,
Líbranos, Señor, de la peste y de todo mal.
Por vuestras llagas, por vuestra cruz,
Líbranos de la peste, á tú divino Jesús.*

The prevalence of malignant fevers in 1903 was attributed by the people to the long drought which destroyed the growing crops. The death-rate in the smaller towns was only slightly less than in Nueva Cáceres, where, as before stated, it was 310 per 1,000. Since the decline of agriculture the masses of the people are ill fed, and when attacked by disease they succumb quickly because, already weakened by hunger, their power of resistance is not sufficient to withstand the ravages of fever. The condition of famine prevailed, notwithstanding that the government gave rice to all who would labor and to some who could not.

* Hail Mary, most pure, who conceived without sin.
Holy God, holy Strength, holy Immortal,
Deliver us, Lord, from the pest and from all evil.
By thy wounds, by thy cross,
Deliver us from the pest, thou divine Jesus.

A school child in Magarao wrote to her former teacher: "I write these lines because I cannot see you. Now, my teacher, my town is very hungry. Is your town hungry?"

It is little short of astonishing that, with such a train of misfortunes, the *carabao* and horses dead, the fields uncultivated, the cholera, the locusts, drought, famine and fever, with reconstruction and a new system of taxation, which, though light, is not understood by the people—it is, verily, little short of astonishing that there should be so great a degree of order and progress.

As explaining some of the difficulties of school work during cholera times, let me relate the experience of a teacher in one of the southern provinces. Although he had a particularly pleasant and sympathetic way with children and with all with whom he came in contact, and was a very capable teacher as well, there was a marked decrease in his attendance. The cause was due partly to the town *fiesta* in honor of the patron saint, celebrated during the greater portion of one week; the people of that town were more than ordinarily given to the enjoyment of such festivities, for which the active preparations took up the entire preceding week, and the week following was

required to rest and recover from the celebration. But in addition to this cause, the cholera was working its way through the province, and not only threatened the town, but had actually appeared therein. The attitude of the parish priest toward the public school was not friendly, and he used his powerful influence to persuade children to leave it and enter the parochial school carried on under his direction. He told the people that if they wished to be delivered from the cholera, they must attend strictly to church affairs and send their children to the church school, where at that time the principal attention was given to the preparations for the religious processions which paraded the streets twice during each day and once at midnight, singing and praying for deliverance. In these processions the children were the principal participants. If, in such cases, the question of which school should be attended were left to the children, or even to the free desire of the parents, there is no doubt but that they would prefer the public school. But when no less a personage than the parish priest ordered otherwise, and at a time of evident danger from the cholera, all the attractiveness which the American teacher was able to throw into his work was of little avail.

Another incident will give an idea of the inconvenience and hardship to which one is subject at all times, and especially during cholera times, in a town remote from medical attendance. The American teacher in a coast town had been suffering from tropical ulcers, which are caused by exposure to wet and mud and usually occur on the legs below the knees. He left his station in a *parao* or native sail-boat one Saturday morning for Bulan, another town thirty miles down the coast, where there was a garrison of United States troops and a physician. The wind was unfavorable, and the *parao* did not arrive off Bulan until Sunday morning. As they approached the shore to disembark, they were warned off by a native guard, who informed them that on account of the appearance of cholera a strict quarantine was maintained and that they would not be allowed to land. The physician presently came down to the beach, however, and having learned the ailment, prescribed for it and sent the medicines out in a *banca;* and the *parao* beat back over the homeward course. That afternoon, in passing the entrance to Sorsogon Bay, a severe squall capsized the craft, and passenger and boatmen were thrown into the water. The boat turned completely over, and

to it they clung hour after hour during that night, until the tide washed them upon a small, uninhabited island, where they remained without shelter, food or water until the following morning, when they again embarked and set out for home.

In other respects, also, isolation was often trying. Another friend and co-worker, the only American living within a radius of fifteen miles, appeared somewhat depressed at the time of my visit, though he maintained that he was both well and contented. But before leaving I learned that he had received no letters from his home people and friends for almost two months, surely a sufficient cause for depression of spirits. When next I saw him, months after, he told me how, one Saturday morning, a few weeks after my visit, a messenger from the *presidencia* had taken to him his mail which had just arrived there, though it had been somewhere in the Islands for months. He received more than a score of letters, which, sitting by the window he hungrily devoured. Oblivious of everything but the messages from the home land he read and read; and when he finally finished and his thoughts returned to his surroundings, he discovered that the day was closing and that he

had been without food and drink since early morning. Only then did he begin to realize how cast down he had been.

Happily, American teachers are now seldom called upon to endure such privations, owing to improved means of communication, to extended postal facilities, and to the assignment of English speaking Filipino teachers to the remoter stations.

CHAPTER XII

THE AWAKENING IN CAMARINES

First American Schools—Soldier Teachers—The Provincial High School—Educational Revivals—The Daet Schools—Pili's Experience—Bula—Congressional Relief Fund Rice—Ideas of the Degradation of Labor—Industrial Teaching in the Schools—Other Lessons—"A Fatal Defect"—Religious Instruction.

FREE public schools had been established by the American military authorities in many of the Philippine provinces as soon as these had become pacified. It appeared from the records that, before the establishment of civil government, all of the important towns of Camarines had possessed American schools, superintended by a first lieutenant of infantry and taught by soldiers, some of whom had had previous experience in the country schools of the United States. For the first time in history did an army thus convert the implements of warfare into school-room paraphernalia for the benefit of the subdued people. The first

professional teachers arrived in Camarines early in the summer of 1901, and soon after, the administration of the schools was taken over by the civil government. That most unique expedition of more than five hundred teachers which sailed from San Francisco on the transport Thomas, in July, 1901, reached Manila in August, and thereafter the organization of the insular school system progressed rapidly, so that, when I arrived in Camarines a year later, there were flourishing primary schools in all except the more remote towns, taught by thirty American and fifty native teachers.

The Provincial High School organized at Nueva Cáceres in the early fall of 1902 was most successful from the beginning. Starting with a handful of young men and women students in one of the primary buildings, it soon occupied a separate structure leased and fitted up by the province, and the attendance increased daily. During the second year, the school was obliged to move to a much larger building, the students, all above fourteen years of age, numbering over two hundred and fifty and coming from all parts of the province. Knowing but little English, they were first organized in preparatory classes, taking up

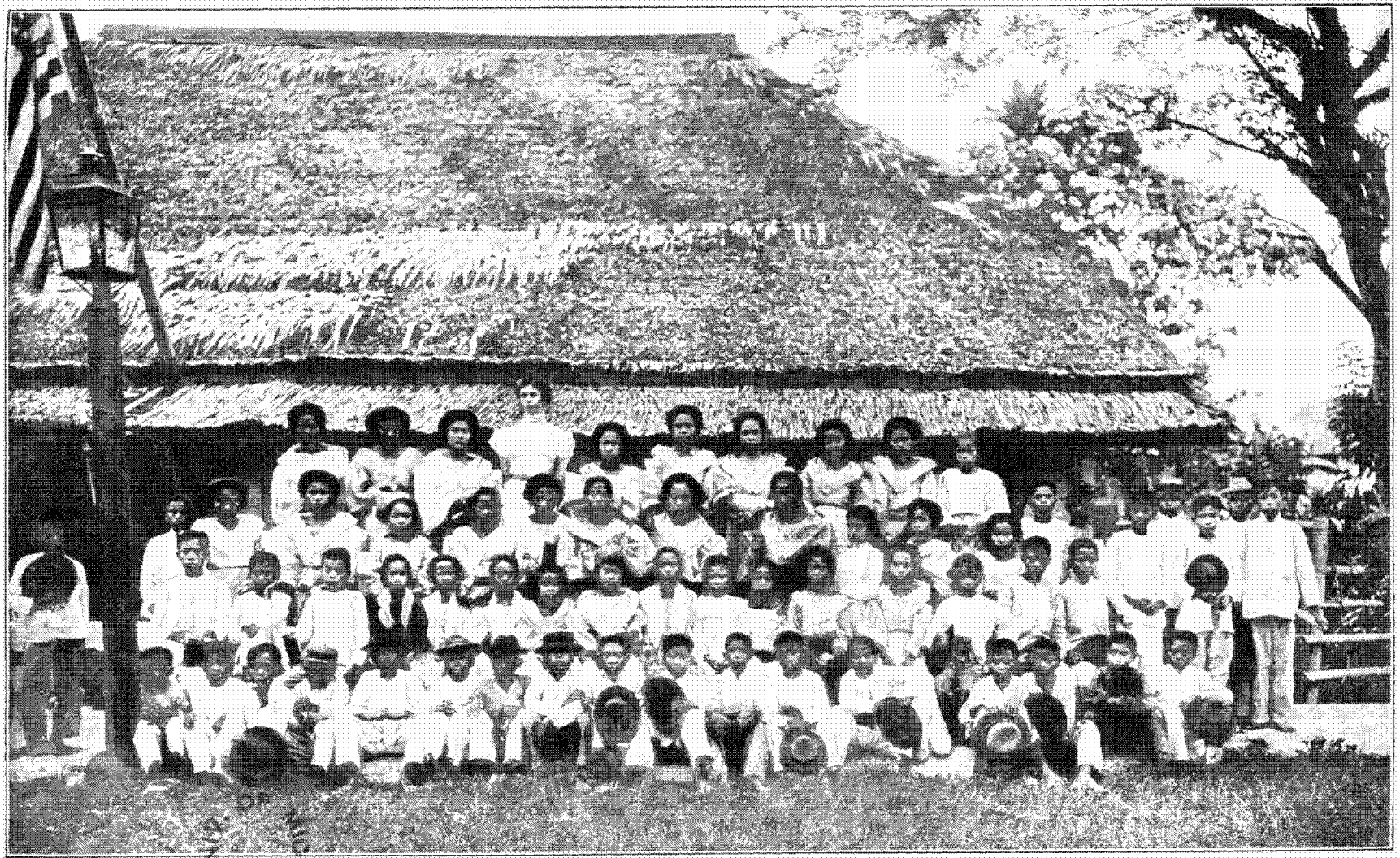
the regular course of study as soon thereafter as they might be able. Due to the strong desire of the native people for schooling in English for their children, to the interest and coöperation of the governor and other officials of the province, and perhaps, most of all, to the tactful and whole-hearted work of the principal and his assistants—Americans all—the school proved very popular and efficient.

One of its pleasant features was the delightfully cordial spirit that existed between the members of the faculty and the students, which was apparent at all times. Often, a teacher entertained the members of one of the classes at her home, usually in the afternoon of a Saturday or a holiday. Sometimes a group of boys, with mandolin, guitar and violin, went serenading the teachers, and at other times extempore musicals were held at the homes of the principal and the superintendent. But the most joyous parties were those occasional ones at the end of the week, when the faculty gave a *baile* to the students in the *casa-gobierno,* or the student-body repaid the compliment with a like function. Cartloads of palms were brought in and a committee of the older boys spent the afternoon in arranging them, together with numerous large American flags—

always effectively and tastefully. Of bright lights, sweet music, smooth floors and simple refreshments there was no lack. The teachers and officials of the province and of the town attended and joined in the dancing; and it seemed that never did young people enjoy themselves more thoroughly and more wholesomely than did the students of the Provincial School. Those occasions will be long remembered by the Americans who took part; and by the Filipino students they will always be recalled as the merriest and happiest times of their young lives. Such relations bore good fruit in the class-room, where a spirit of earnestness and helpfulness always existed. Occasions for discipline were so infrequent as to require practically none of the teachers' time or attention. The individual and combined labor of the members of the faculty for and with the students made particularly for character building and the diffusion of those influences which are counted best in western civilization; and the result was felt throughout the province. By 1904 the number of pupils had increased to three hundred and the teachers to seven, one of whom was a Filipina.

In some of the municipalities of Ambos Camarines the growth of public sentiment in

support of public education and the development of the schools amounted to an educational revival. Daet, formerly the capital of Camarines Norte, was the leading town in the interest and support given the schools; from a single one in the *población* with two American teachers, two inefficient assistants and two hundred pupils, in two years the number of schools increased to three in the *población* and three in the *barrios,* with five American and nine apt and earnest Filipino teachers, and almost nine hundred pupils; and additional school-houses were building. The town devoted a large part of its income to improving school buildings, manufacturing desks and benches, and putting the schools upon the best possible footing as to housing and equipment. There were also two large night classes for adults. The teachers, both American and native, were devoted to their work and, as at Nueva Cáceres, the most excellent feeling animated the pupils, the people generally and the officials. Of the new schools, one was the Daet High School, for pupils above fourteen years of age, established as the result of a specific demand from the people of Camarines Norte and particularly the citizens of Daet; these had found the Provincial School at Nueva Cáceres



The Advanced Primary School, Daet.

too distant for their children, since there is no wagon road between the places, and the inter-island vessels which ply between the two ports are too infrequent and irregular for easy communication. As is to be expected, young Filipino men and women who are beginning the study of English dislike to place themselves on the same footing with eight and ten-year-old children by entering their classes, hence the age limit was established as a requirement for entrance; but an exception was made in favor of those slightly younger pupils whose previous attendance upon the primary schools enabled them to pass a prescribed examination. The Filipinos set much store by a name, so, as in the provincial capital, the name High School was given to the institution, although it might be several years before the students would be able actually to take up the studies of the high-school grades. During the first year the attendance reached two hundred and sixty.

The small town of Pili, eight miles from Nueva Cáceres, was another which experienced an awakening. Situated in the district where the main dependence of the people was the rice crop, when that languished because of the loss of the *carabao,* no recourse remained, and during the succeeding years the town

went from bad to worse, until it counted not more than half the former population and dilapidation became general. The *presidente* and his assistants were weak officials, and failed to do the little they might have done to improve the conditions. But finally the time came for the new election, and the ablest and most progressive man in the town was chosen *presidente* for the new term of two years. Notwithstanding that the municipality was so poor that the combined salaries of the officials were less than forty *pesos* (twenty dollars) a month, the new *presidente* began a campaign of improvement. By means of twenty sacks of rice donated by the government from the relief fund voted by the United States Congress, the large frame *presidencia* was reroofed, repaired and divided by a partition, making two rooms of equal size; one of these was for the school, which up to that time had been kept in a dwelling-house, and the other was for use as the town hall. From municipal funds, sixty *pesos* were appropriated for the construction of additional desks and benches for the school, and twenty *pesos* were set aside monthly for the salary of an efficient *maestra*. The insular government assisted by employing and paying the salary of an active and able

maestro at six hundred *pesos* yearly. Many of the towns-people were employed in road and bridge work in the vicinity, receiving their pay from the province in rice. The small crop of rice, which for several years previous had been eaten by the locusts, escaped destruction, and the people took heart. The school filled to overflowing, still more furniture was built by means of government donations of rice, the new teachers were active and helpful, and Pili was a new town, in spirit at least. The following year an increased acreage of rice was planted and harvested; and if there be no serious backsets the town will soon again be on its feet.

The neighboring town of Bula, small and somewhat out of the way, had remained without a school since the insurrection, owing to the absence of a specific demand. But soon after Pili's awakening, the Bula people petitioned for a school and for aid in building a schoolhouse. In response, fifty sacks of congressional relief fund rice were apportioned, and the active old gentleman who occupied the position of *presidente* made plans for a well-built and roomy school. The quantity of rice donated would not be sufficient to carry the undertaking to a head, even taking into ac-

count the dozen good *molave harigues* saved from the former building which had been destroyed; therefore the men of the town who were able brought in hardwood poles for the frame, great stacks of *nipa* for the thatch roof and sides, and bundles of *bejuco* with which to tie the building together, used in place of nails. From his pulpit the parish priest animated the people. Laborers gave several days or a week's labor each to further the undertaking; and under the wise management of the *presidente,* Bula soon had as well built a school-house of light materials as could be found in the province, including equipment of desks and benches similar to those used in this country in the time of our grandfathers. The insular government then performed its part, which was to send a liberal supply of school-books and materials; even more, it supplied a *maestro* paid from insular funds, as at Pili. The salary of the *maestra* was paid by the town itself from its nearly empty treasury. On the opening day, the American flag floated from the staff planted in the school-yard, and the towns-people gave a dinner to the two hundred and odd children who presented themselves for admission. Thus did the poverty-bound people of Bula show their mettle, and so was their

life quickened by the establishment of a public school on modern lines.

By means of congressional relief fund rice more than thirty school-houses were constructed in as many different places in Camarines, most of these being too poor to build unassisted. The interest and public spirit of the people were proved by their voluntary donations of labor and material, as at Bula. In Minalabag, a young man, of his own accord, deeded gratuitously a lot in the central part of the town for a site for the school. So great was the demand for the establishment of new schools in towns and *barrios* that teachers and materials could not be supplied fast enough. Additional teachers were required in the older schools to meet the constantly increasing attendance. The success of the schools was assured; the experimental stage had been passed.

Among other lessons taught by the Spaniards to the too-willing Filipinos was the one that it is beneath the dignity of a well-to-do person to carry a package or a bundle in the street, or indeed at any time. Hence, those natives who can afford it—and where, in the towns, is one who cannot?—invariably take or send a servant, more often than not one of the child-peons, when they go to buy in the mar-

ket or the stores, or whenever any article, however small, is required to be transported. So at first many of the students of the Provincial School, and especially the young women, were accompanied by children, walking a few paces behind, carrying the bundle of school-books, and the sun-umbrella when not in use. But the example of the American teachers, who insisted on carrying their own books and belongings, was before long effective in the unlearning of the lesson by a majority of the students. Likewise in the early days of the school the young men looked on askance while the principal himself unpacked the boxes of textbooks and other supplies and carried them to the supply cupboard; but soon there were more pupil volunteers for this task than were necessary, who thereafter refused to allow the teachers to do any part of the work. This attitude toward labor on the part of the well-to-do people was one reason (though it may not have been considered by the educational authorities) why it was unwise to attempt to introduce industrial teaching generally in the Philippine schools too early in the scholastic campaign. It was necessary that the people's sympathy should first be won for the school-system as a whole, their confidence and co-

operation secured, and themselves enlightened as to the educational worth of manual training and the economical value of industrial and trade teaching to their young; otherwise, in all probability, they would have misunderstood the plan and declined to make use of the facilities. But the occasion is now ripe for the general introduction of such industrial instruction as has been given at the Manila Trade School for several years; and this is now taking place in the two or three intermediate schools in every province and in all provincial schools. This instruction comprises teaching in gardening and agriculture, carpentry and iron-work, and housekeeping, the latter including cooking, sewing, sanitation and the care of children and invalids.* In the Manila Normal School young women students of wealthy families, who a short time ago would have

* "The Filipinos are a sentimental, almost a poetical, but scarcely a practical people. They will freely sacrifice life itself for an abstraction, and at the same time turn aside from the prosaic work of commonplace preparation which would make the sacrifice unnecessary and give form and substance to the abstraction. Their temperament predisposes them to dwell too much on their expectations of the future, and too little on the live, exigent problems of the present. Great emphasis is, therefore, laid on the severely practical by the bureau of education, and but little attention is paid to classical studies."—Report of the Philippine Commission, 1904. Vol. iii., p. 823.

spurned to engage in any such undignified proceeding as soiling their hands with earth, now think nothing of planting and cultivating flowers and vegetables in the school garden. So that, by degrees which appear slow, but in reality are very rapid, ideas and customs taught by the Spaniards are being supplanted by those of Anglo-Saxon origin, not only to the benefit but to the satisfaction of the people.

In the primary and intermediate grades, in addition to the common branches, the teaching includes easy science lessons, taking for their subjects familiar Philippine plants, animal life in Malaysia, and physiology and hygiene, including a study of epidemic diseases.*

* "Larger place is given to science work than is usual in the public schools of America. . . . Education in the Philippines is concerned with a people whose lack of exactness, especially in their mental processes, is a conspicuous racial fault. The Filipino has an instinctive and intense reluctance to admit ignorance. This characteristic has often earned him an otherwise undeserved reputation for unreliability or dishonesty. He fails to appreciate the desirability of accuracy. Training in science, properly given, will develop a new respect for exactness and a conception of the inexpediency of misstatement, proving, perhaps, a better corrective than methods which meet this fault by more direct attack.

"The plant and animal studies place emphasis upon economic values. They give to all students information fundamentally related to the improvement and expansion of agriculture in the islands. . . . Their pedagogical purpose on the other

Much emphasis is placed upon the study of civil government. In the sixth year a study of the government of the Philippine Islands is taken up, including the municipal and provincial codes, the instructions of President McKinley to the Philippine Commission, and the Act of Congress of July, 1902. The young citizens composing the class are organized successively into a municipal council, a provincial board and a legislative assembly, and in the last debates on public questions take place from time to time.*

hand is to induce accurate first-hand observation and reasoning about facts observed. Especial difficulty lies in overcoming the tendency of the Filipino pupil to learn merely by rote. The science studies largely eliminate the use of this method in that they require answers as the fruit of reasoning rather than of memory. Filipino boys and girls are quite alike in their enthusiasm for work which is out of doors, away from the printed page, and concerns things which they can handle, which they have seen every day, and which have very considerable economic importance for them."—Report of the Philippine Commission, 1904. Vol. iii., pp 866–7.

* "If we are to look forward to the time when the Filipino people are to be, at least in large part, self-governing certainly the obligation exists to supply the best possible training to that end. Hence, special emphasis is placed upon the teaching of methods and ethics of government, of the social relations and obligations of the individual, of fundamental political economy, and especially of the rights and right use of the elective franchise. There are in the public schools at present 12,000 male pupils, who, within the next three years, will reach the age of twenty-three and will attain elective franchise through possess-

Physical exercise and the training of character receive attention in all grades throughout the courses.

While the American system of schools pleased the Bicols from the first, there were many good people among them who believed that there was one fatal defect, and that was that the regulations prohibited the teaching of the doctrine and catechism of the Roman Church. While the parish priests are charged very strictly with the duty of instructing the youth in their religion, and warned that they must not leave this duty to be performed by others, express instruction, up to the time of the American occupation, had been given only in the public schools. The people were slow to appreciate the fact that the employés of a free government must limit their teaching to secular and moral as distinguished from denominational religious teaching; and many resented what they deemed to be an unnecessary inhibition. Naturally, the priests, altogether unaccustomed to exert themselves personally in the doctrinal and catechetical in-

ing the educational qualifications. Within six years upward of 60,000 will similarly attain the franchise. The necessity for giving these pupils, without delay, adequate instruction in civics and politics is manifest."—Report of the Philippine Commission, 1904. Vol. iii., p. 869.

struction of the youth of their parishes, were slow to realize their increased responsibilities under the new conditions; and but few availed themselves of the special provision of the school regulations to overcome the difficulty. This was that any priest of a parish might give religious instruction in the public school three half-hours each week to those pupils whose parents petitioned the school authorities to that effect. Some said that the time allowed was not sufficient; but that was evidently a pretext, because in two parishes in Camarines the priests did avail themselves of the provision and evidently found it satisfactory. The real reason must have been the difficulty of weaning themselves from the old idea, and of rising to meet their responsibilities under the new arrangement. If this be true, the trouble will rapidly disappear; the people themselves are coming to understand and approve the reasons for the prohibition of denominational teaching; and it should not be long until children's Sunday-schools are organized and conducted as they are in the United States, thus providing the necessary religious teaching for the children.

In only one town in Camarines was any hostility displayed by the clergy against the pub-

lic schools, and there it was the result of a factional quarrel between the *presidente* and his henchmen on one side and the native priest and his following on the other. There had been a large attendance at the school the previous year; but after the quarrel the efforts of the *presidente* in behalf of the school were resisted by the priest's party, who adopted that means as one of several to score against their opponents. In time the school regained its prestige, and to-day it is one of the best, as the pro-public-school sentiment in the town is of the strongest.

In view of the need, and of the eagerness and coöperation of the people in the upbuilding of a system of free public schools, it is not surprising that most American teachers believe that Philippine school work yields a greater percentage of profit in the way of enjoyment and satisfaction than any other labor that they could undertake.

CHAPTER XIII

A JOURNEY TO THE RINCONADA

Methods of Travel—The Trotting *Carabao*—Mt. Iriga—Iriga Municipality—The Local Market—Difficulty of Supervising *Barrio* Schools—The Town of Buhi—A Tangle in a Jungle—Naming and Placarding the Streets in Minasbad.

METHODS of travel in the Philippines are the most diverse that can be imagined. Because of the scarcity of horses I was frequently obliged to avail myself of the indispensable *carabao* for transportation purposes. While this animal is sluggish by nature, it is sometimes trained to trot at a slow pace, so enabling one in a country where rapid transit has never been known nor dreamed of, to get over the ground with reasonable satisfaction. The animal is hitched in a *carromata or quelis,* the shafts of which are supported by being tied with a piece of rope to the neck-yoke. The single rein of rope or *bejuco* is fastened in the beast's nostrils and pulled to the right or left to indicate the direction. If the signal be not obeyed, as is frequently the case, the driver

jumps to the ground, and pushing or pulling the animal around by sheer strength, starts it off in the new direction, jumping to the seat while the vehicle is in motion. After a mile or two the creature is more than likely to stop in the middle of the road and lie down in a mud-puddle, unless the driver is watchful and pulls sharply on the rein; even then he is often unable to prevent the action. In any event, it is necessary to stop presently, unhitch the *carabao* and lead it to a stream or ditch at the side of the road to bathe. Here it lies down in the water; the driver wades in and with his hands throws water on the *carabao's* head and back; and then he washes its head, neck, back and flanks. Five minutes' bathing is sufficient, after which the beast, again in the shafts, trots on for another two or three miles, when the proceeding is repeated. In this manner I usually travelled the eight miles to Pili.

To the left of the Pili road rise the gently concave slopes of Mt. Isarog, while to the right, in the distance, is seen Mt. Iriga—both of these extinct volcanoes. Beyond Iriga looms the beautiful Mayon, from its peak a streamer of light-colored smoke floating northward. A continuation of the journey fifteen miles along this road brings one to the district known as

the Rinconada, a group of five municipalities,* from the midst of which rises cone-shaped Mt. Iriga to a height of four thousand feet. The sides of the mountain nourish rich plantations of *abacá* owned by several Spaniards, and shelter several hundreds of the Philippine aborigines, the Negritos, who are now employed on the plantations. Because of the production of *abacá* the town of Iriga ranks third in importance in Camarines, being outclassed only by Nueva Cáceres and Daet. Numerous springs of pure water pour out from the base of the mountain; there the people go to bathe, and thence they fetch the water for household use in great, hollow sections of bamboo. Trees of the sweet *ilang-ilang* grow in the forests of the mountain side, from the blossoms of which perfume is distilled for commerce. Shady cocoanut groves constantly bestow their abundance, and the bright green rice paddies occupy the spaces between. Don Santiago, who lives near the middle of the town, has in his back yard a spring of pure, cool water, enclosed in a little bath-house; so deep is it that one is able to immerse himself completely—a treat which the owner's hospitality always places at the disposal of passing Americans.

*Iriga, Nabua, Bato, Baao and Buhi.

Now, supposing that we have bathed away the dust and perspiration of our journey, and donned fresh suits of cool linen, let us visit the market.

The customs with respect to the local markets vary in the different towns; in some, market is held every day, in the morning, afternoon or evening; in others, twice or three times a week. The Iriga market is held on the plaza in the open air each evening. The people may be seen every afternoon toward sunset coming along the country roads carrying their produce in baskets balanced on their heads. The more prosperous bring an assistant, who perhaps carries a mat on which to display the merchandise, and a stool-like table with drawers for a counter. By dark hundreds of petty merchants have ranged themselves in long parallel rows, forming lanes, each person squatting on the ground with his stock-in-trade spread before him. Every seller has a torch, consisting either of a quantity of hard pitch wrapped in dried palm leaves, or of a bottle containing kerosene oil with a rag for a wick. All who sell vegetables are in one portion of the plaza, the fish-dealers in another, the rice venders in a third, and each class of merchandise has its designated place.

Of some the stock-in-trade is pitifully small; perhaps a dozen *camotes* will comprise that of one person; of another, it will be a quart of diminutive green peppers, arranged in little piles to give the effect of abundance; a third will offer three or four cocoanuts, while a fourth will spread out a pint of peanuts arranged in piles of three. The transactions of some of these poor peasants do not aggregate more than a few *centavos* a night; but they attend regularly, drawn partly, no doubt, by the desire to pose as *commerciantes*—to them an occupation symbolical of means and position, partly because the nightly gathering satisfies the craving for association with their fellows, but principally because they need the few *bilogs* they may receive for their bit of produce.

On the other hand, a profit of several *pesos* a night is made by some, notably the rice dealers; standing about these there is always an admiring throng watching the ostentatious manner in which the rice is scooped up from the pile, measured and dumped into the cloth spread to receive it, the while the vender counts in a loud tone the number of measures: *"Saro, dua, toló, apát, limá,"* and so on. In case of rain, the principal merchants place portable

shelters of bamboo and *nipa* over their wares; the smaller ones raise their umbrellas, while the poorest either sit in the rain or, if this be too copious, flee to shelter. From the plaza rises a continuous buzz of conversation and traffic which can be heard more than a block away, but this ceases upon the tolling of the eight o'clock bell from the church steeple near by. Instantly all traffic is suspended; the men uncover; the devout stand facing the church, repeating their prayers silently; there is no sound except the deep tone of the bell, no motion but the flickering of the torches. The tolling ceases—the silence can be heard. A moment after there is a rustle, a movement of the mass, a buzz gradually augmented, and the bargaining and gossip are resumed and immediately swell to the former volume.

Iriga was the first town in Camarines to establish *barrio* schools. Don Santiago was *presidente* at that time, and to his interest and active efforts it was due that the six most important outlying *barrios* made ready schoolhouses of light material. A *maestro* and a *maestra* were appointed for each school at salaries of fifteen *pesos* per month each, and though these were poorly equipped as to English and knowledge of methods of teach-

ing, a beginning was made. As in Nueva Vizcaya, the plan of the Friday teachers' class was adopted, which gave the pupils three days at home each week, an arrangement popular with the parents, as the children's labor was thus available. The greatest obstacle to the supervision of these schools, each of which received a weekly visit from the supervising teacher, was the all but impassable condition of the roads from October to March. His pony often went belly-deep into the mud and water; occasionally it slipped and fell. He was unable to ford the river after heavy rains without wetting himself to the thighs. Nearly always during the winter months he arrived at the school in wet clothing, bespattered with mud from head to foot, and in this condition he was obliged to make his inspection and serve as "guide, philosopher and friend" to the teachers and pupils.

The town of Buhi is most picturesquely situated at the southern base of Mt. Iriga. From it may be seen that which is most peculiar about the mountain, which is a great wide cleft reaching from peak to base, evidently the result of some terrific convulsion in past ages. Huge piles of débris—earth and rock—now covered with verdure, lie scattered over the country

thereabout. From the beautiful Lake Buhi, at intervals of a year or two, rise sulphurous vapors, and at such times quantities of dead fish float to the surface. The town itself is built on a great pile of cinders, plainly distinguished when excavations are made. Spread on some of the streets I saw freshly excavated volcanic cinders as black and clean as if they had but just been raked out of a locomotive fire-box. A dozen miles to the east are the celebrated hot springs of Tiuí. Off of the main route of travel, the Buhi people have but little contact and communication with the outside world, and lead their own lives untroubled by occurrences elsewhere.

It was while returning on horseback from Buhi to Iriga over the eight miles of indescribably bad roads that, in order to avoid an immense and very deep mud-hole, I thought to make a detour through the jungle at the side of the road. Dismounting, I led my pony in, and we worked our way half of the distance around. By that time, the pony's legs were so entangled with creepers that he could move neither backward nor forward. I took off the saddle and then freed one foot at a time, but at the next step the entanglement was worse than before; and after fifteen minutes' work,

the animal was so nonplussed that he refused to make further effort to move, while I was as wet from perspiration as if I had walked out of a river. There was nothing to do but to go for help; and fortunately I met a barefooted *tao* with a *bolo* in his belt a short distance down the road. Pointing to the jungle, I said, "My horse is in there and cannot get out. Will you help me?" Of this he understood only the word *horse* and the gesture. He shook his head and said "*Mayo caballo*" ("There is no horse there"). I insisted that my horse was there, at which he regarded me as if he thought my mind unbalanced. But I demanded that he should go with me, which he finally did; and when he saw the situation he labored willingly and diligently, cutting the creepers which held the animal with his *bolo* and clearing a passage-way in front. He then tugged at the reins before while I whipped from behind, and presently we all emerged in the road again. Imagine my astonishment when this *tao,* though evidently a very poor man, repeatedly declined to receive the good-sized silver piece I sought to press upon him with my thanks.

It was upon this journey that I observed in the town we will call Minasbad a most in-

genuous system of naming and placarding the streets. As I walked about I found newly painted street signs on nearly every street bearing the names McKinley, Taft and Manuel Roble. If the last name be a strange one to the reader, let me hasten to inform him that Manuel Roble is the *presidente* of Minasbad. Walking several blocks along McKinley Street I turned to the right into a cross street; but soon, to my surprise, I read that I was still on McKinley Street. Continuing a couple of blocks without turning I was astonished to see that I was then on Manuel Roble Street, but shortly rounding a corner I found that Manuel Roble Street changed direction also, and later merged itself into Taft Street. Taft Street I found in every portion of Minasbad, sometimes trending east and west and sometimes north and south. "This must be the work of boys on some sort of an All Hallow E'en lark," I said to myself; but then I recalled the fact that Filipino youths have not yet progressed so far in civilization. Presently my mind cleared, and I saw in imagination the patriotic *principales* of Minasbad gathered to choose from the score or more of bright fresh street signs adorned with scrolls of different patterns—this one selecting a McKinley sign,

that a Taft, and a third honest admirer that bearing the name of the local celebrity, and so on until all were taken, and this without regard to the location of their several places of residence. It was evidently only a matter of patriotic sentiment somewhat influenced by art; for I remembered that in Philippine towns the people always describe localities by districts and never by streets.

CHAPTER XIV

PARTIDO SKETCHES

Mt. Isarog—Moro Watch Towers—By Trail to Tinambac—A Philippine Hamlet—To Caramoan by Sea—John Chinaman and His Opium — Military Spirit — Human Brotherhood — A Teacher Physician—Small-pox—The *Padre* of Camagon — The Aglipayanos — An Impoverished *Barrio*—Visit to a Negrito Village—A Leper Hospital.

THE extinct volcano Isarog rears its bulk midway between the Nueva Cáceres district and the section known as the Partido de Lagonoy, forming a barrier around which travellers must make a detour either to the north or south. So far as known, the mountain was first ascended* in 1903 by two American teachers of Camarines, who found it to contain an immense funnel-shaped crater, so deep that the trees growing in its depths appeared like bushes, and so wide that several seconds elapsed before rifle cartridges struck the oppo-

*Mt. Isarog is 6,634 feet in height.

site side. One side of the tremendous crater-wall is cleft, and through this opening gush the waters of a river which empties presently into the Seno de Lagonoy. Comparative prosperity is brought to the five Partido towns,* having a combined population of thirty-eight thousand people, by the plantations of *abacá* growing everywhere on the sides of the mountains and hills. Two of these towns have their own ports for the inter-island vessels which carry the hemp to Manila. At Sabang, the port of San José, as at many other coast settlements in southern Luzon and the Visayas, there is an old stone watch-tower, perhaps fifty feet high, where, in times before the era of steamboats, an outlook was constantly on guard during the southwest monsoon to give the alarm in case of the approach of Moro pirates. The Moros, of Mohammedan faith, although of the same stock as the Christian tribes, formerly ravaged the coasts of Luzon and Mindoro, and of all the islands south of these, plundering, murdering and carrying captives by the hundreds to slavery in Mindanao and the Sulu Islands. They ceased their depredations only after steam vessels began plying in Philippine waters, about 1850.

* Goa, San José, Tigaon, Sagñay and Lagonoy.

Having travelled around the northern base of Isarog, I found myself one Sunday morning in the *barrio* of Payatan, and not due in the *población* of Goa, twelve miles distant, until the following morning. Therefore I determined to ride my pony over the trail to Tinambac, on San Miguel Bay, to learn how the people were getting along with the new schoolhouse building with government rice, and incidentally to spy out the trail for the provincial board. The day was pleasant and the journey enjoyable, at least until the last quarter lengthened out to double. The tropical forest contained the most curious specimens of plant life—huge tree-ferns, tangles of rope-like vines, great bunches of air-plants and parasitic growths, strange blossoms, fruits of the brightest colors and seed-pods of the most curious forms. Animal life was but little in evidence. I saw only the small green paroquets that flew overhead, and heard nothing but the raucous call of the large-beaked *calao*. Toward the last the trail degenerated into a muddy and stony brooklet, which the pony traced with slow and experimental gait. But the end finally came, and then I found myself travelling by the side of the pleasant river, and heard, from just around the bend, the shouts

of children bathing and playing like river-sprites in the clear and tepid water.

The day had become hot as noon approached, and the hospitality showed me at the home of the town treasurer, one of the three or four men in the town who knew Spanish, was a welcome relief from the saddle and the burning rays of the sun. I paid a call of respect to the *presidente,* but our conversation was not very satisfactory, from the fact that he did not understand Spanish and I did not know Bicol. Desiring to call also upon the *padre,* I was informed that, mass being finished, he was enjoying the diversion afforded by play. The game of *burro* is very popular with the lesser Filipino ecclesiastics, who, in common with their lay brothers, have never been taught to look upon gaming with disfavor.

On the return, a few miles from the town I took the wrong trail, one, I found, that eventually led to Payatan, but by a longer route. However, I had gone too far to turn back, and besides I was not sorry to make new explorations. The path advanced through acres upon acres of hemp plantations, little cleaned or cared for in recent years. Shortly before dark I came upon what appeared to be a stage setting for a village scene. The wide street of

the hamlet was swept clean and occupied by groups of natives, some standing chatting and some seated at small tables set with bottles and glasses. Approaching one of these groups I dismounted and inquired my way, and, finding a man who understood a little Spanish, asked for a man or a boy to go with me with a torch and show me the trail. The people flocked about, anxious to know whence I came, what brought me by that unusual route and what my business might be. They invited me to rest, unsaddled my pony, put him to graze, and brought wine and cigarettes. There had evidently been a neighborhood celebration in the hamlet, for a would-be Merry Andrew came up and offered his felicitations and friendship in the most exuberant way. The others immediately apologized for him, tapping their heads and saying that he had taken too much *vino.*

The man who spoke broken Spanish told me that he had two sons in school at Goa; these boys I remembered by name, which created an additional bond of sympathy between guest and hosts. I asked for eggs or other food, and several went immediately to search, but presently came back saying there were no eggs in the *barrio.* However, they brought biscuit,

bananas and wild honey, which my friend impressively described as *miel de las abejas*—"bee honey." While I ate, a boy was brought who said he would light me to Payatan, for which service I agreed to pay him a *peso;* and he forthwith set about preparing his torch of pitch taken from a *pili* tree, wrapped in dried palm leaves. Then bidding my friends and hosts *adios,* we set out, the boy preceding on foot. The flaring light made grotesque shadows and the aromatic smoke trailed streamer-like; the tall grass on either side struck against my pony's flanks and wet my legs with the dew that had already fallen; the path meandered now through the *abacá* and again through the forest, turning and twisting, always revealing its intricacies to the light, but concealing its mysteries on either side in the darkness. When we reached Payatan after eleven o'clock, we entered at the side opposite to that I had gone out of that morning.

The journey to Caramoan was always interesting, as the route was mostly by sea and not unsafe during the northeast monsoon. Usually I left at ten or eleven o'clock at night so as to voyage in the coolness and gain time as well. It was my custom to stretch myself at length on the bamboo slats in the bottom of the boat

and sleep, while the four men pulled or, when the breeze was favorable, managed the sail. If there were no delay, morning broke when we were still an hour's journey from Guijalo, the port of Caramoan; and there was then an excellent opportunity to watch the brilliant and varied forms of coral growing on the sea-bottom. No flower garden had ever seemed so beautiful. Seven o'clock usually saw our *baroto* ground on the shelving beach an eighth of a mile from dry land, when the men carried me ashore. Then in the freshness of the morning a sea bath, a lunch of soda-biscuit and tinned sardines, and I started on the three-mile walk to town. Caramoan is built on a small plain surrounded by low, jagged hills, giving the appearance of an old, worn volcanic crater. It is one of the most inaccessible towns in the Camarines, and the lack of intercourse with the outside world is shown by the habits of the people. Thus, the use of opium is more general than elsewhere; numbers of men and women are said to use it openly; in one case, father, mother and one or two sons were addicted to the habit. Our friend, John Chinaman, must be charged with the introduction of this vice into the Philippines. The retail commerce is in his hands everywhere in the

archipelago. In all the time I was there the number of stores that I saw in the provinces owned and conducted by natives could be counted on the fingers of the hands; and along with his other merchandise, John imported opium into the Islands and taught the natives its use.* But, before we condemn him too severely, let us recall the history of the opium traffic and the part the English bore in it in China.

Caramoan is the town of which a tale is told that, after the establishment of civil government, as an American official, the deputy provincial treasurer, approached unexpectedly one day on official duty, a company of the men was engaged in military drill togged out in *insurrecto* uniforms. The deputy did not see them himself, but they espied him and immediately scattered to the four winds; and a few moments later the *presidente,* who was commander of the organization, met and greeted the deputy without having had time or opportunity to change his attire. The American, believing the *presidente* was only wearing out an old suit, thought little of the occurrence, transacted his business of checking over the

* The vice is not general among the Filipinos, but without legislation undoubtedly it would have become so.

local treasurer's books, received the proportion of taxes collected due the province, was hospitably entertained, and departed in safety. The story leaked out afterward. Evidently the warlike instinct of the men of Caramoan was quite satisfied by military regalia and company drill.

Departing for Sabang at night, a storm came up and the sea rose so that about one o'clock we were obliged to run upon the beach and take refuge in a shack a few rods back from the water's edge. In answer to the halloos of my men, the inmates blew the embers of their fire into a glow, slid open the door and invited us to share their home with themselves—a man, woman and babe. The floor space was limited, for the shack was no larger than a respectable kennel. Feeling around in the darkness the woman found and lighted the lamp—a small sea-shell containing a cotton wick lying in cocoanut oil. Its rays seemed only to emphasize the darkness. The child, disturbed by the movement and light, stirred uneasily on the *petate,* opened its eyes and raised its voice in infantile lamentation. The mother lay down beside it, snuggled it in her arms and offered her breast, upon which all was right again. The man tended the fire

in the diminutive earth-floored portico, accepted a cigarette, lighted it with an ember, and leaned against the wall in quiet enjoyment. The storm raged outside and the dog changed position to the lee side of the fire; the babe slept; the men smoked; little was said, but the brotherhood of man was manifest.

Because the restricted floor space did not allow of our lying down to sleep, we left in a half hour during a lull in the storm, and embarked again in the *baroto;* but we sailed only as far as the next beach, where the stress of wind and rain again obliged us to interrupt the slumbers of a household. Numbers of times have I been obliged to ask night hospitality of strange natives in the Philippines; and never have they failed to give cheerfully the best they had, without thought of recompense. The dwelling at which we now applied was larger than the first, and as soon as a lamp had been lighted and our situation explained, the members of the family moved their *petates* closer together on the floor and laid a fresh one for me, upon which I immediately stretched myself and slept. My men were similarly accommodated in the same room. Shortly after daylight, the storm having passed, I thanked our host, remembered

the children with coins, and for the third time we embarked for Sabang.

The American teacher of the town which we will call Camagon, besides being a most tactful and sympathetic man, possessed a fund of experience in medical practice and nursing, and in addition, he kept a good supply of medicines. Daily, before and after school, ailing people of the town and the region round about came to him for advice and treatment and he was frequently called to their homes. This service he always gave most gladly and gratuitously as well; his patients were truly appreciative and took him offerings of eggs, fruit, a chicken, or whatever was most convenient. Upon my first visit to Camagon I found that the small-pox was epidemic therein. This disease is never entirely absent from the Philippines, but so many generations of Filipinos have experienced it that it does not, as a rule, go badly with them. But woe to the American who contracts the disease. He invariably suffers severely, and the malady usually takes the most malignant form, that known as "black small-pox." Such cases are nearly always fatal. Repeated vaccination, both before arrival and frequently during the sojourn in the Islands, is the only safeguard. Upon the

Camagon teacher's invitation, I accompanied him as he went on his round of visits to the small-pox patients one Saturday morning. He took as interpreter his young *protégé,* a boy who lived with him and attended school. We were careful not to touch doorways, furniture or anything whatever in the infected houses, with person or clothing, and washed the exposed portions of our bodies with a disinfectant when we arrived home. We visited eight different dwellings where the disease existed in all stages, from cases two or three days advanced to those convalescent; all were children except one man of perhaps twenty years; his was a "beautiful" case, the features being all but unrecognizable. The treatment directed by the teacher was simple—the administering of a laxative, anointing with vaseline to allay the irritation, advice as to ventilation, cleanliness and care; but together with the medicines which he left, it meant much to those poor people, adding to the comfort of many and saving the lives of some.

When in Camagon on another occasion I received a call from an old white-haired man, who brought me an invitation to act as *padrino* or groomsman at a wedding to take place the following day. I declined, pleading igno-

rance of the duties incumbent upon a *padrino;* but the old man pressed the request, saying there would be but little for me to do, and that not difficult. I was to have a *compadre* or fellow groomsman, a native official from a neighboring town with whom I was already acquainted, and there were to be two *madrinas* as well. We were to stand up with the bride and groom during the ceremony, and again the following morning at the mass, and lend our presence to the festivities. The young people and their families were not known to me personally, but that seemed to make no difference; and finally I consented to act.

So the next afternoon, between five and six o'clock, I wended my way to the home of the bride. The friends of the family were already gathered, the barefooted musicians were waiting in front of the house, and the final adjustment of the bridal veil was being made by the attendants. Shortly after dusk we descended to the street and took up our straggling march to the church. First, went the band with the drums beating and horns blaring; the bride and her immediate family, and we four, who were to assist at the ceremony, followed. Behind us came the neighbors and friends; where the groom was I did not know.

Here and there, on either side, bearing flaming pitch torches, traipsed little brown cherubs like conventional Cupids, except that they carried no bows and arrows and wore neither wings nor sashes. As we passed along in mid street, some faster and some more slowly, the members of our party became mixed with the band. Presently I observed that the bride was in the midst of the players, and myself I found marching beside the bass drum. The young man whom, from his spruce appearance, I took for the groom, walked at the head in front of the cymbals. If the volume of sound be a criterion, the musicians were doing themselves and us proud.

As we entered the churchyard, the five bells began to ring most vigorously and the band played louder than ever; and in another moment we had arrived at the church door. Here we stopped before entering to rearrange the bridal party; the groom being called for, I found that I had been mistaken in my identification, for a meek-looking young man whom I had not before observed pushed through the crowd and took his place at the side of the bride. The rest of us formed behind them, and all entered the church. At the same moment the priest, with his crucifer, candle-bearers and

acolyte left the altar steps, and the two parties met in the middle. Immediately the ceremony began, in the native dialect. When the bride was asked if she would take the groom to be her husband, she hung her head and did not reply. The priest repeated the question, and, without response, the girl's head went down lower. The third time the question was put, and the woman carried her handkerchief to her eyes.

By this time the *madrinas* and the bride's mother had stepped up behind and begun whispering in her ear. "What is this?" said I to myself. "Is it possible that I am a witness to a forced marriage? This will never do. But what is to be done?" Then I reflected that the priest, whom I knew very well and in whom I had the utmost confidence, would not allow anything of that kind; and I decided to wait and see. In the meantime the whispering admonitions had continued, and the question was being put for the fourth time. The silence was intense. At length the bridal lips uttered a subdued "Yes," and the ceremony went on.

Later I inquired what had been the cause of the bride's hesitancy, and learned that it was simply a childish disinclination to do what she was desired to do at the moment, and that she

had wished to marry; and it appeared that she had no idea whatever of the awkwardness of the situation as affecting the ceremony. When the groom wedded her with the ring, he used a property ring handed him by the priest an instant before for the purpose; and when he endowed her with his worldly goods he used as a symbol a string of half-a-dozen copper coins strung on a wire, also a property kept by the church for such occasions. Presently, the ceremony finished and the priestly blessing given, the bells jangled again and the musicians almost burst themselves in honor of the event.

Immediately we returned to the house, which, during our absence, had been illuminated for the night's festivities. An orchestra was present from a near-by town, and dancing at once began with a *rigodón*. At ten o'clock supper was served in a back room of the house under a canopy of shredded banana leaves hanging suspended where the ceiling should have been. For a little while my friend, the priest, honored the gathering with his presence. After supper some of the party favored the company with native dances; among them was a very pretty one danced by a man and woman, intended to represent the courtship of a pair of turtle-doves. This dance consists of

a series of graceful approaches and withdrawals on the part of the wooer as he is alternately encouraged and repelled by the other. The action, mild at first, becomes more and more pronounced until the suit is won. At half-past one I took my departure, first being desired to return the following morning.

At nine o'clock the next day we again marched in procession to the church to hear mass. The bride and groom knelt together in front of the altar, their union being symbolized by a heavy silk scarf, which was so draped over them that it formed a graceful headdress for the bride and a mantle for the groom at the same time. We four knelt at the rear, my *compadre* and I on the right and the two *madrinas* on the left. Behind us, on the brick tiling, alternately sitting and kneeling, were the women neighbors and friends and some regular worshippers. A few men stood or knelt. After the mass we went again to the house to continue the dancing and feasting. When the orchestra played itself out in the middle of the afternoon, and was ready to return to its own town, I discovered one of the additional duties of a *padrino* that had not been mentioned, which was to pay his share of the musicians' fees. But the dancing was not in-

terrupted, as other musicians immediately stepped into the places of those departing.

Having complied with my duties as well as I was able up to four o'clock of the second day, I asked to be excused from further attendance, and, bidding the bride and groom, my *compadres* and the remaining guests *adios,* I went home and resumed the normal life, wondering at the endurance which enables the Filipino to devote thirty-six consecutive hours, and more, to dancing and feasting.

My friend, the *padre* of Camagon, was one of the most able and conscientious clergymen I met in the Islands. He was a real pastor to his flock and ministered to it in a way that won the respect and love of every member. During my visits I frequently saw him leaving the convent seated in a *talabón* borne on the shoulders of four stout *taos,* to extend the comforts of religion to some remote parishioner. Stating as his reason that the Pope declined to appoint Filipinos to bishopries, he gave allegiance to the Aglipay movement, the schism organized by the Ilocano priest of that name, resulting in the establishment of an independent Philippine Catholic church; and his parishioners followed his lead. They contended that inasmuch as the church building and convent

were erected by the people of the town voluntarily and gratuitously, and for their own use, it was their own property and not that of the Roman Church, and that they had both the moral and the legal right to use it as they saw fit. This claim was opposed by the Romans and the matter was carried to the courts. In the meantime the *padre* and his flock remained in possession. The Aglipayanos have the same organization and observe the same customs and ritual as the Church of Rome, and make little distinction of doctrine or creed, except that they decline to recognize the Pope. As the *padre* expressed it, the Roman Catholic religion is their religion; but as long as the Pope refuses to recognize the Filipinos, they will refuse to recognize the Pope. The movement was strong in certain provinces in the north, but in southern Luzon only one or two parishes gave their adherence.

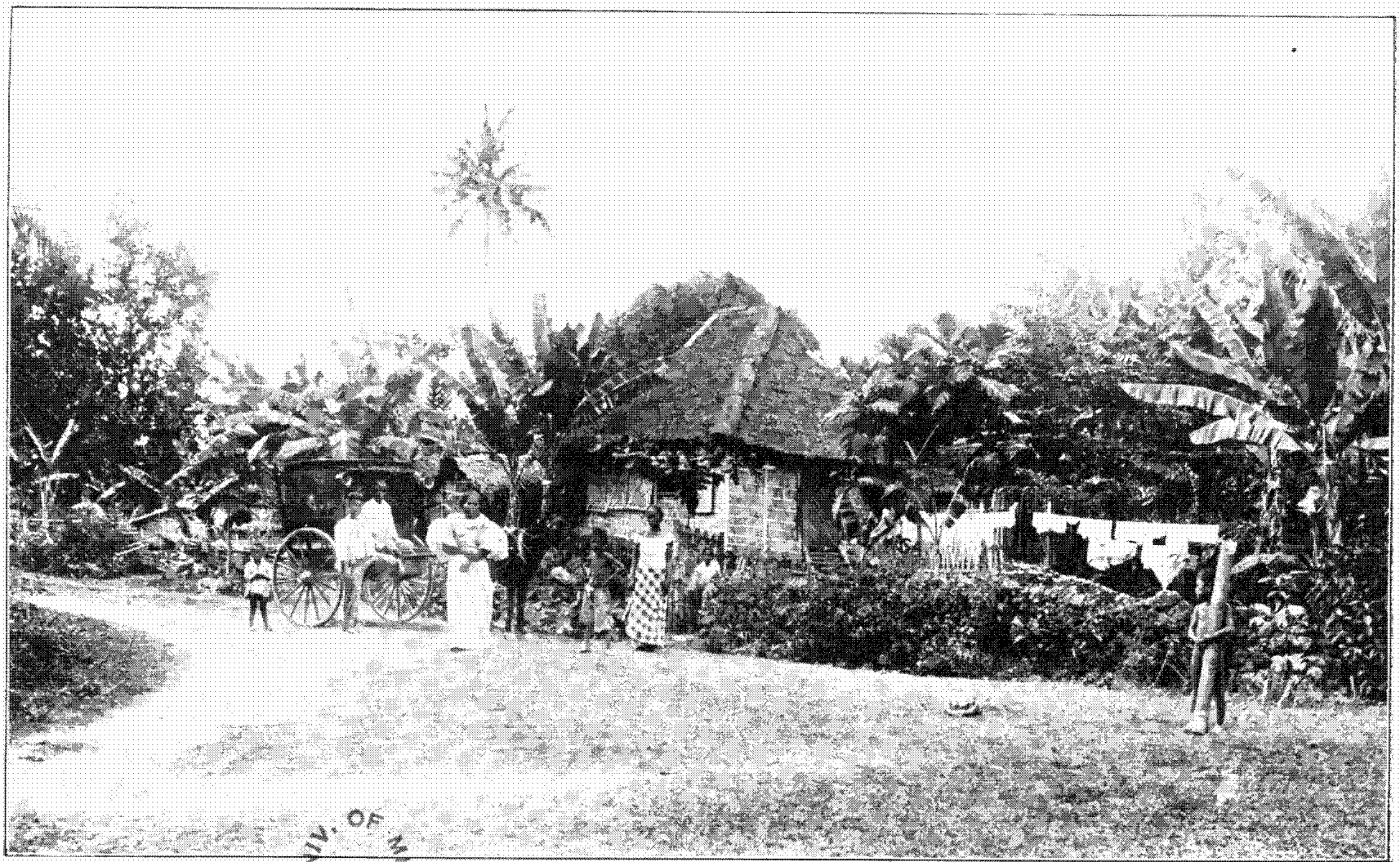
The *padre* was educated in the *seminario* in Nueva Cáceres; while he had never been in Manila he took a keen interest in the world's affairs and discussed them intelligently. He was very fond of chess, and was particularly interested in the United States and things American. He took an active interest in the public school and from the pulpit encouraged

his parishioners, who comprised the entire population of the town, to send their children to it. He himself visited it frequently, and as permitted by the regulations already referred to, instructed the children in their religious duties.

Upon the return journey to Nueva Cáceres around the southern base of Isarog, I passed through a village which, before the decline of rice culture, was a thriving town; its name is Ma-bato-bato, which signifies "the place of many stones." Abandoned by all except the most timorous peasants, the village has fallen into decay; the priest moved to another town, the church is in ruins, and the dilapidated convent is occupied by the very poor family of the *consejal* who represents Ma-bato-bato in the municipal council of Pili, to which it is now attached as a *barrio.* Arriving one afternoon about four o'clock, I unsaddled and tethered my pony and expressed a wish to visit the Negrito village lying at the base of the mountain, in which my host, the *consejal,* acquiesced. After tracing a well-worn footpath for a couple of miles we came upon one of the little blacks building a house of bamboo and *cogon,* the tall, coarse grass that grows everywhere on Philippine plains. A few words of explanation from my companion, and the builder

placed his working *bolo* in its sheath and started ahead of us at a rapid pace toward the hamlet, presently losing himself to view. As we approached the settlement a mile further on, two Negrito men, attired in "citizen's" clothing, came out to meet us. These, I was told, were the head-man and his principal assistant. They wore their clothing awkwardly, and very evidently had donned it but a few moments before; the head-man carried a black cane with silver handle and silk tassel, according to Philippine custom, as an emblem of his authority. By way of greeting, I thrust out my hand, which they took in turn; but my handshake met with no more response than a wooden hand might give, from which it was evident that though not ignorant of the custom, they were not used to it in practice. Then we all turned and walked toward the village.

These people, I was told, had only recently come down from the mountain with the resolve to become civilized. They had built twelve or fourteen small houses, which stood out in the brightness of fresh material on the two sides of the wide street. Other dwellings were in course of building. At the edge of the settlement, an old man and woman were just coming down from the mountain, whither they had



UNIV. OF MICH.

A Typical Barrio Scene.

gone in the morning for a supply of food. The woman carried a large basket of wild *camotes* on her back, supported by a strap passing around her forehead in identically the same manner that the Indian squaws of northern California carry their similarly shaped baskets of acorns. As we approached, the old couple squatted to rest; and I stopped to talk with them with the *consejal* as interpreter. We were a polyglot group; the Negritos used their own dialect and knew also the foreign Bicol; the *consejal* spoke Bicol and Spanish, and I, Spanish and English; so that, in the process of framing our thoughts and communicating them to each other we made use of four languages.

The aged man carried in his hand the hind quarters of a monkey, which he had brought down from the trees with bow and arrow. I asked him for a small piece, and he cut off and gave me one of the quarters. In rural districts monkey flesh is not uncommon as an article of diet. My old friend wore a small purse or reticule suspended from his neck by a stout string. With his permission I examined its contents, finding the customary betel-nut, leaf and pulverized lime, some dried tobacco leaves and a sharp tooth—a bicuspid.

"What is this?" went through the line of communication from English to Isarog Negrito. "A monkey's tooth," was the answer. "And what is it for?" "To cure the toothache." "And how do you use it?" Going through the appropriate pantomime, the Negrito answered, "You place it against the aching tooth, between the tooth and the cheek." And if the reader doubt the efficacy of the treatment, I can only repeat what the old man telegraphed me with his eyes as I looked at him searchingly —"If you doubt the virtue of the remedy try it yourself." Who was the happier as we parted, myself with the purse and its contents and the hind quarter of the monkey, or the Negrito patriarch with a new silver *peso,* I shall not attempt to say.

Our party then went on to the dwelling of the head-man, not different from the others in size or architecture; here we sat upon the bench of slats built around two sides of the room. The host took down from the rafters within easy reach a bottle of vile native wine, of which I partook as sparingly as possible without seeming to dishonor his hospitality. Several of the neighbors, dressed for the most part like poor Christianized Filipinos, came to the house. It was explained that as soon as the

community had finished the house-building, the principal men wished to visit the provincial capital and present their respects to the governor, telling him at the same time that they had left the mountain, made a permanent settlement and proposed to lead the civilized life. They desired that I might present them to the governor on that occasion, which I promised to do. Before leaving, I purchased several bows and arrows as a memento of my visit. That evening we enjoyed the gamey flavor of roast monkey at the *consejal's* supper table.

Sometimes as I passed back and forth on my journeys I stopped at the Palestina leper hospital near Pili to rest and chat with my friend the superintendent, a gray-haired and -whiskered *mestizo* gentleman of advanced years and benevolent mien. In the rambling, dilapidated building used for many years by the Spanish government as a leper hospital, administered by the friars, the good doctor received his friends with generous hospitality. Upon the occasion of my first visit, in company with a friend, we partook of refreshments, and then went to view the hospital and inmates. First we passed to the little chapel, beneath the floor of which members of the doctor's family lie buried. On either side of the altar are

rooms with open gratings of iron, where formerly the patients assembled to witness the sacrament of the mass; but in these later years no member of the clergy troubles himself to minister to them. In the large ward for men occupying the wing of the building hangs a painting representing Saint Lazarus ministering to lepers. The dozen or more patients lined up at the request of the doctor, that he might distribute the cigars which we had brought for them. Several cigars were handed to each of the men, who expressed their thanks as we left the room. In the women's ward a patient was nursing her young infant; here cigars were likewise distributed and thanks returned.

The condition of the people was pitiable; their faces were swollen and blotched, the bridge of the nose was usually sunken and sometimes lacking, arms and legs were withered and deformed and all had raw sores. Many had lost fingers and toes, the scars having healed over; some had their feet tied up in bandages, evidently to prevent further loss. There had been one inmate whose entire body was covered with protuberances; on the occasion of this visit I missed him and inquired what had become of him. In reply I was told

that after he had been a year in the hospital it was discovered that he did not have the leprosy, and not having become infected meanwhile, he had been discharged and allowed to return to his people. From this occurrence, and the further fact that the superintendent's twelve-year-old grandson habitually went about the buildings and grounds in bare feet, it would appear that the malady is not necessarily contagious. In spite of watchfulness an inmate sometimes escapes; but as there are lepers yet at large in the country one more or less makes little difference. It is understood that upon the completion of the new colony at Culion the Palestina hospital will be closed and the lepers transported thither.

From Palestina to Nueva Cáceres the distance is short and the road is good, but after a two weeks' absence each mile lengthens to treble. . . . Shall we never get in? . . . Ah, there is the *casa-gobierno* at last. . . . Hello, fellows! has there been any mail from the States?

CHAPTER XV

THE WEST COAST

Philippine Hospitality—By *Talabón* to Pasacao—Dalupaon—A New School—Voyaging in the Rain—Up the Ragay River—Refuge and Refreshment—Second Effort Successful—Arrival at Ragay—Municipal Poverty—A Struggling Teacher—Similarity of Names—An Astonished *Medico*.

LEAVING Nueva Cáceres one day at noon in a *banca* rowed by three men, we pulled down the Bicol as far as the confluence of the Pamplona, then up this stream against the current to the town of the same name. Never was I allowed to pass through Pamplona without being urgently invited by the *juez de paz* to stop at his home for refreshment. His was the only place in that section where I could be sure of getting a drink of pure water, which he caught from the clouds on a galvanized iron roof and stored in large earthen jars. Frequently must the traveller in the tropics go thirsty if he would escape the risk of dysentery—until he

arrives where a green cocoanut may be had, or at a canteen; for he is sometimes even obliged to drink export American beer, which, however injurious the preservative chemicals it contains, is free from dangerous germs. So that I was always more than willing to accept the hospitality of the *juez*—a warm greeting, a cup of chocolate with biscuit, and a friendly smoke. It is such men as he that make life tolerable for us itinerants of the Philippines. May they receive their reward.

Inspection of the map will show that this portion of Luzon is very narrow, the distance between tidewater on the east and west coasts being little more than eight miles. To make this journey from Pamplona to Pasacao I engaged a *talabón*—a chair supported on two stout poles borne upon the shoulders of four men. The motion is similar to that of riding a camel, and where the road is good one prefers to walk. The carriers find the work laborious and must rest frequently. One wonders that four Filipinos find the labor arduous when two or three Chinese coolies in their own country carry a passenger with ease; but a little reflection shows that the Chinese are larger and stronger, better fed, and more accustomed to the labor, since with them it is a daily task.

When the standard of living among the Filipinos is raised as a result of general enlightenment and by means of the simple culinary lessons now taught in the public schools, they will be a more vigorous people.

At Pasacao the native teacher had been very successful in teaching his pupils to speak English; though his own knowledge was limited and he did not speak idiomatically, his boys conversed with complete readiness. They came around that evening and sang their schools songs for me—a repertoire of eight or ten pieces, including "America," all of which they rendered melodiously from memory. "How many American children," I asked myself, "are able to sing the national hymn through without the printed words before them?"

North of Pasacao, two hours by *baroto,* lies the *barrio* of Dalupaon, a Tagalog settlement of timber cutters and boat-builders, employés of a Manila lumber company. Thither I went to establish a school at the request of the company's manager, who volunteered to pay the teacher's salary from his personal funds, in view of the poverty of the municipality. I took with me the young man who was to teach, together with some supplies; and

the following morning the school opened in the little chapel which the generosity of the company had provided for the people. Within a week there were forty children in attendance, learning to use English conversational phrases, to read the first lessons of the chart, to count and to sing, and associating these esteemed privileges with the handsome American flag which floated above them. The hospitality dispensed by the gentleman who managed the company's affairs was something long to be remembered, as also were the pleasant and picturesque surroundings of the settlement. Squared logs of the beautiful hard woods from the neighboring forests were lying in the water ready to be loaded on the bark soon to arrive to transport them to Manila; so heavy were they that they sank in the water like steel girders, and would have to be buoyed up as they were towed out to the ship.

Leaving Dalupaon in one of the company's boats—a real boat, like a ship's lifeboat, and not a dug-out canoe—manned by five Filipinos, four to pull and one to steer, we voyaged along the coast of the Gulf of Ragay. An hour after starting a cold rain began. For this I was well prepared with raincoat, oiled lap-cloth and umbrella; but the boatmen had

nothing of the kind, and it was only a few moments until their thin clothing was saturated. Their constant exercise kept them warm for the first hour or two, and after that they took an occasional draught from a bottle of *vino* brought for the purpose, and smoked cigarettes. Of these, one of the boatmen would light three or four at a time, holding all together in his mouth so as to make one match answer, and then pass the extra ones along to his fellows. The wind was contrary and we made slow progress. About noon we arrived at a narrow-necked peninsula, where the steersman and I landed and crossed afoot to the other side, while the four men, shaking with cold, went to row the boat around—an hour's pull. My *compañero* built a fire in an open shed at which he, and later the other four, tried to dry their clothing and warm themselves, but, since fagots were scarce, with scant success. For shelter I made use of an abandoned and dilapidated dwelling, little better than the shed, for no fire could be built in it, refreshing myself with a lunch of sardines, soda biscuit, bananas and tansan mineral water, after which I dedicated myself to the perusal of a novel of Philippine life. Meanwhile the boatmen extracted what comfort

they could from their fire and the food I shared with them. After a half-hour's rest the strongest oarsman waded through a hundred feet of shallow water to the boat with me on his shoulder. This method of embarking and disembarking on a shelving beach is common, though it is sometimes varied by two men interlacing their hands and arms so as to form a seat for the passenger. The others followed and we were soon on our watery way again. Notwithstanding occasional swallows of *vino* and almost constant recourse to that sovereign Philippine remedy for cold—the cigarette—the men's teeth chattered audibly, only stopping at intervals to allow of the ejaculation, "*Malilipot.*"

As I sat hour after hour in the wide stern-seat of the boat, gazing at the dismal view, clothing wet in spite of protective coverings, I tried to imagine that I was thoroughly uncomfortable and unhappy; but I could not. There was a joyousness in action, a zest in travel under those strange conditions, that was exhilarating; and particularly so when I remembered that I was having an active, even though a small share, in so magnificent an undertaking as the building up of an efficient school system for an unenlightened but receptive and capa-

ble people; and though wet and hungry I was glad I was there. The downpour continued; the wind blew so strong that my umbrella had to come down, and it was four o'clock before we reached Binajian, a small settlement of the lumber company's employés. Here, also, I was heartily welcomed by the agent of the company, a Filipino, and his family. Soon, in dry clothing, I was seated at table devouring savory rice and fish that moment from the sea, with bananas and guava jelly for dessert. Another product of Binajian is the oysters which attach themselves to the roots and trunks of trees growing on the beach which are submerged at high tide. The men, having secured the boat and brought in the portable articles, speedily made themselves comfortable in dry garments, which they had brought with them tied in pocket-handkerchiefs and stored in the lockers of the boat. They, too, had rice and fish; and after, in the kitchen, relaxation, betel-nut and cigarettes, accompanied by chat with their acquaintances and each other.

The next day promised clear and we were off again by seven; but at mid-morning it began to rain. By noon, the rain still falling, we entered the mouth of the Ragay River on our way to the town of Ragay, twenty miles up

stream. After an hour's pulling it was apparent that the river was much swollen by the rains, and the boat was heavy. Notwithstanding, the men worked with vigor, and we ascended slowly. In another hour it became plain that we could not continue; the men had become weak from lack of food since morning and from long exertion; and when the boat stood still for five minutes, notwithstanding the continued effort of the men against the current, I gave the word to turn around and go back to a *barrio,* a mile inside the mouth. Travelling with the current, we arrived in short order, and upon explaining our predicament, were hospitably received in the dwelling of a *tao,* whose family eked out a living by manufacturing salt from sea-water. My men were soon scouring the neighborhood for rice, *camotes,* eggs and bananas; presently they came back with some *camotes* and a bunch of plantains, but eggs and rice were not to be found. The women of the house, though having previously said that they had no rice, brought out some that was unhulled; this the men pounded in a wooden mortar and cooked at the same time with the other food. By half-past five, having changed our wet clothing for dry, we ate our meal with our fingers, Philip-

pine fashion, and soon again saw the world through rose-colored spectacles. That was the time I discovered the palatability of boiled plantains.

While we were eating, a *tao* came in and announced that an Americano had just landed from a small boat; he proved, a few moments after, to be a constabulary lieutenant who had arrived from Pasacao on a *parao* with a cargo of rice for the detachment at Ragay. He consented to accompany us, leaving the *parao* in charge of a guard until the river should fall; and at dusk we left again for Ragay, the men well heartened by the food and rest. This time we made steady though very slow progress, successfully pulling through the swift place which had proved impassable on empty stomachs. At midnight the lieutenant and I stepped upon the bank a mile below the town, and walked the remainder of the distance through dripping cocoanut groves while the men pulled the lightened boat up at their leisure. Ragay had been the scene of an attack by *ladrones* a few weeks before, and, as we went by, the lieutenant pointed out the spot by the river bank where the mutilated body of the *presidente's* wife had been found. She had been cruelly murdered because her husband

had stood out against the demands of the *ladrones,* not only refusing to aid them but taking the offensive against them.

After a moment's stop for identification in response to the challenge of the constabulary sentries, we made our way to the lieutenant's quarters, where his cook soon had supper under way, to which we devoted our attention at one o'clock in the morning. Ragay had been razed to the ground during the resistance to American occupation, and I found not a single stone or frame building in it, except the ruined church; in this the sessions of the school were held until a good *nipa* school-house was built with the aid of the government rice. Without this aid the town would have had no school-house for years; the extreme poverty of many of the small municipalities in the Islands is almost beyond belief. In such a town as Ragay, for example, the salary of the *presidente* is ten or fifteen *pesos* a month; the secretary and the treasurer receive about the same; the teacher a little more—fifteen or twenty *pesos;* the six or eight men composing the police force receive six or eight *pesos* monthly, each. Miscellaneous expenses of administration, repairs to roads and bridges, etc., amount to fifty or one hundred *pesos* annually. Allow-

ing the maximum salaries named and one hundred *pesos* for general expenses, it will be seen that the total annual expenditure is about sixteen hundred and fifty *pesos,* Philippine currency or eight hundred and twenty-five dollars of United States money; and I have known of several towns of from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred people which were obliged to confine their expenditures to half of that sum.

The next day I found the Filipino teacher manfully struggling single-handed with a daily attendance of over two hundred children, without desks or benches, and with an insufficient number of text-books and other materials, an attendance much greater than had been anticipated when the school was established. The problem was partly solved by the appointment of a bright young man who had had several months of English schooling as assistant teacher, and by ordering additional supplies. Since the municipality was unable to pay two teachers, the insular government came to its aid and thereafter paid the principal teacher's salary.

It was at Ragay that I observed what appeared to be a remarkable similarity in the surnames of the school children. "What is

your name?" I asked a boy. "My name is Juan Ceciliopo," he replied. "And yours?" to another. "Matias Teodoropo." And I found Alindadapo, Mendozapo, Ramirezpo and many others ending in the same syllable. The puzzle was solved presently by my recollecting that *po* is Tagalog for *sir,* and that the little fellows had only been using the customary title of respect. It is said that in some towns all of the family names begin with the same letter of the alphabet, as Abella, Alba, Alcazar, Almazan, Amador, etc. This arrangement is due to the fact that in 1849 alphabetical lists of Spanish surnames were sent out from Manila to the different provinces, from which the Filipinos, who up to that time had possessed but one name each, were to make their selections. These lists were apportioned among the respective towns, and each head of a family then chose that name which pleased him best.

It was near Ragay, I believe, that a physician representing the insular health board had been impressed with the rapid spread of English speaking. Heated and thirsty from mountain travelling, by the side of a river he came upon a little girl whom he asked in Tagalog for a drink of water. She went up the bank to the house, and returned directly with

a large glass filled with clear water. After drinking, the doctor returned the glass with a polite "Salámat," upon which the little one, coyly looking up into his eyes, returned, "Don't mention it," which so astonished and delighted the good doctor that he was never able to finish telling about it.

CHAPTER XVI

AMONG THE CAMARINES TAGALOGS

The Daet and Indan Roads—Hardships of Travel—Supervisory Duties—A Twelve-hour Day—One Christmas Eve—A Chagrined *Tao*—Affairs in Matango—By Water to Paracale—The Old Ferryman—The Paracale Mines—Journey to Mambulao—An Iguana—Events in Mambulao—A Voyage by *Banca* on San Miguel Bay.

WHILE Ambos Camarines is known as a Bicol province, there are six towns of Tagalogs in Camarines Norte. The Bicol race flows over the geographical boundary between the former provinces and meets the Tagalog in Daet and Talisay, where the tribes mingle and both dialects are spoken interchangeably. Reference has already been made, in a preceding chapter, to the wide-awake town of Daet and its schools.

The roads about Daet and Indan, the next municipality north, are, during the rainy season, the worst it has ever been my fortune to pass over, so that it was an actual hardship for the supervising teachers of the Daet and In-

dan districts to perform their duty; but this they nevertheless did, with loyalty and patience and as great cheerfulness as could be expected of any optimist. Eating his breakfast by lamplight, the Indan teacher, mounted on his pony, with packages containing his lunch and a fresh suit of clothing tied to the saddle, was away by seven o'clock. For any vehicle but the rude two-wheeled *carabao*-cart the roads were altogether impassable, and even these made detours through the paddy to one side or the other at frequent intervals. Their wooden axles skimmed the water or scraped the mud. Almost daily a cart became stuck in a *bache* and had to be unloaded and dug out; wrecks of those buried and abandoned were sometimes to be seen. No animal but the semi-amphibious *carabao* can be worked on such roads. Going to Daet they haul hemp—two bales; with good roads, six or seven might be carried. On the return, they bring rice or general merchandise, or come back empty. To the unaccustomed traveller the experience of traversing these roads is like a nightmare. The teacher's pony sinks knee deep into the stiff mud and can hardly withdraw its unshod feet. Going through the water and soft mud of a large puddle the animal is immersed to its flanks, and

the rider is obliged to draw up his feet to keep them clear of the water. Occasionally the beast becomes mired and sinks exhausted until the rider relieves him of his weight and, himself wading through the mud, pulls him to his feet. Splash, splatter, carefully feeling each step, now down into a hole, then upon a small knoll, again along a slippery ridge, pony and teacher work their way. Mayhap it rains, if so, no difference; that is a part of the life; for protection the teacher hastily unties his *poncho* and slips it over his head, but, being impervious to air as well as to water, it is so warm that he is glad to slip it off again even before the shower has ceased—better to be wet than suffer such heat. The down approach to a stream is so boggy that the pony refuses to proceed until he is switched severely, when he plunges in in sheer desperation; so laborious is the ascent on the opposite side that he must stop at the top to breathe.

At the beginning of the second mile is a wide pool, with vertical bank, which the pony refuses to enter; no amount of urging prevails; then the teacher plunges in almost to his thighs and attempts to drag his mount in by the reins; the beast still refuses to leave the solid earth until a *tao* comes along and whips from behind

while the teacher tugs at the reins; the plunge is made, after which progress to the other bank is easy. Now they make a detour through the rice-field to avoid a still worse hole, where the remains of a cart give warning, then through a succession of *baches,* some of soft mud, some of stiff, and so on, spatter, spatter, squash, until the second mile has been covered and the teacher, looking at his watch, finds that he has been a half-hour on the way. Two additional miles of similar travel remain, so that it is after eight o'clock when, covered with mud, he arrives at the *presidencia.* The policeman on duty unsaddles and tethers the horse; while the teacher changes his wet and muddy khaki suit for the one of immaculate white, and puts on a pair of dry shoes he keeps at the *presidencia* for the purpose, he hears the childish melody of "The Mango Tree" coming from the school-house opposite, where he arrives at the close of the opening exercises.

Here he remains through the session; he listens to the recitations, aids the native teachers, makes suggestions for the improvement of the seating arrangements, inspects the register, inquires why Paz has left school and what is the cause of Moises's absence for the last three days, and himself teaches the first class

in arithmetic. During the noon hour he examines the teachers' outlines for the lessons of the ensuing week, assists them with the report of attendance, interviews the *presidente* on the subject of the new seats which are required for the accommodation of the twenty odd children who now sit on the floor, and finds time after lunch to visit Ricardo, who has been ill with fever for a week. At the close of the afternoon session he dons his muddy clothing and wet shoes, and, mounting the pony, turns his face homeward and again flounders through those interminable mud holes. He arrives at dark. During the twelve hours of daylight he has been momentarily busy; and this is his programme four days of every week, the term through, except that some days he visits two schools. Little wonder that he has won the confidence and good-will of the people and the coöperation of the officials; that his schools are thriving; that the little Filipinos enjoy coming to school and are making rapid strides forward, so that their outlook upon life will be much wider and their understanding of its problems much more intelligent than that of their forebears.

My occasional journeys over the Daet and Indan roads were made sometimes on horse-

back and sometimes afoot. Being called from Daet by telegram one Christmas Eve, I started on horseback on the four-mile trip to Mercedes, the port, but my pony floundered so and made such indifferent progress that I concluded I could do better afoot. Sending the animal back I walked ankle deep in the mud. I was able to pass around a huge hole of soft mud and water so deep that the *carabao* became two-thirds submerged in its oozy softness. Darkness fell rapidly, as it does in the tropics, and soon I was unable to see where I stepped. The mud became deeper, sometimes reaching my knees, sometimes going above them. When at length I arrived at the beach I waded into the sea thigh deep so as to wash the worst of the mud from my clothing before going aboard the ship.

At another time when the roads were partly dried I walked from Indan to Talisay, accompanied by a barefooted *tao* who carried my valise. Coming to a *bache* too long to go around and too wide to leap I asked my companion to carry me across—a custom frequent in the Philippines. He acceded readily, picked me up in his arms bravely and started in, feeling his way with his feet. Apparently my avoirdupois was more than he was accustomed

to bear, for I felt myself slipping from his grasp. As I clung to his neck he continued his cautious way until we were in the deepest part of the pool two-thirds of the way across, when his strength gave out completely and he dropped me where he stood. The situation was so amusing that I could not help laughing heartily, which seemed to assure the much chagrined man that he was forgiven. In such manner I travelled among the towns of Indan, San Vicente, Labo, and Talisay and their *barrios,* having recourse at times to *banca* or *carabao*-sled if more convenient.

These Tagalog towns gave generous support to the schools. Of the *barrios,* even Matango, an impoverished hamlet lying at the head of one of the sloughs which form a network at the mouth of the Labo River, wanted a school. The people said they would willingly pay a teacher by private subscription if the government would but establish and supervise the school. So, soon after, instruction was begun in a poor *nipa* structure, which on occasion served as an *ermita* or chapel; the young man teacher struggled along with a small, old blackboard left over from Spanish times, a few pieces of crayon and a chart, until we could get supplies to him—an uncertain undertaking at

that time of year. As I foresaw, the people were unable to raise sufficient money to pay the teacher's wage; there were very few men in the *barrio* who handled ten *pesos* a month, and the great majority saw not one-fifth of that sum. So the municipal council of Indan, of which Matango is a *barrio,* came to the rescue of the school and engaged to pay the teacher from the scant municipal funds. Soon after, the provincial board awarded fifty sacks of the government rice to build a school-house; and the next time I arrived I found one of the neatest little *nipa* school-houses which it has been my fortune to see. So that Matango, with its new school of beautiful brown *nipa* and a new flag floating above, is looking up in the world. As an edifying influence within its own sphere, the *nipa* school-house of the Philippines bids fair to outdo its prototype, the "little red school-house" of the United States. Now, when the superintendent stops at Matango over night, as he is usually obliged to do, he sleeps on the floor of the school-house. To circumvent the mosquitoes which infest the place in dense swarms, he suspends a mosquito-net from ropes or strands of *bejuco,* and carefully tucks the edges under the *petate.* Some of the neighbors creep under the building and

make a smudge which stupefies the pests long enough to enable him to eat his meal and drink the water of a green cocoanut; then he crawls under the net and goes to sleep. Though it is not a pleasant place in which to stop, even for one night, the simple hospitality of the people makes one glad.

From Matango to Paracale the distance is twelve miles. There had been heavy rains and the trail was under water. Horses were scarce, and besides there were two sloughs impassable except by foot-bridges of bamboo poles. For half-mile stretches we waded in water knee-deep; at times it came over the knees and the commotion produced by walking wet us to the thighs; but happily the earth underneath was solid. Arriving at the river bank, according to custom I beat a hollow piece of bamboo with a stick to call the old ferryman from the opposite side; but he evidently thought there could be no occasion for haste and did not appear. Then, upon the advice of a native, I discharged my revolver, thereby conveying the information that an American and not a Filipino desired transportation, for the latter is not permitted to carry firearms;* and instantly

*Except under bond. The prohibition applies to Americans as well.

the old man emerged from a hut and shoved off in his *banca,* well knowing that the prospective fee would be double or treble the ordinary sum. Another mile over the mountain, the trail slippery with mica, over the long bridge across the estuary where the school-boys swim, and we had arrived in the *población* of Paracale.

This town is delightfully situated on a narrow plain between coast and mountain; the sea-breeze tempers the heat and drives away the mosquitoes, and the mountains supply the purest water. An old wooden watch-tower recalls the perilous times of the Moro pirates. The mountains round about are pierced with both perpendicular and horizontal shafts made by the native miners of old, who dug gold until they penetrated the earth as far as their crude appliances for pumping water permitted. The mines must have existed before the arrival of the Spaniards, for in 1572, the year following the founding of Manila, Captain Juan Salcedo went with a party to inspect them. Many stories of their former richness are told by the people. I talked with the parish priest of Indan whose family formerly owned the famous Tumbaga Mine near Mambulao. Many vessels of gold were owned by them, the last

of which remained until the present generation. It is related that the family caused to be manufactured by native goldsmiths a hen and a flock of chicks, all life-size, of the pure gold, which they sent as a gift to the Queen of Spain. Even to this day, it is said, the children of Paracale wear necklaces and crosses of gold instead of the cheap ornaments in vogue elsewhere. The history and romance of these mines would make a theme worthy of a Rider Haggard. Whether sufficient of the gold remains to pay for the exploitation of the mines with modern machinery is best known to those now in possession.

On the occasion of another trip to this section I took with me a young man from the Provincial School to install as teacher of Mambulao, sixteen miles north of Paracale. Mambulao is so poor that it cannot pay the salary of even a single teacher; so that, as in other similar cases, the insular government met that expense. We took with us a box of school supplies which required six men to transport. The journey was pleasantly varied—most of the distance along the beach, where, the tide out, we walked on the firm, hard sands. We waded, thigh-deep, a stream which the natives said contained crocodiles; but none appeared.

Resting under a tree was a native who had some leaves of a curious pitcher plant; he showed us where it grew so that we might procure some on the way back; but we missed the place.

The last third of the walk was over the Mambulao Mountain, a stiff climb at mid-day. In the forests through which the trail twisted I found strange forms of seed-pods and new kinds of fruits. Descending, I strode in advance; happening to look up the mountain side I saw what appeared to be a group of boys running this way and that and evidently pursuing some animal; they advanced and retired, meanwhile picking up large stones and casting them at something on the ground; immediately I realized that they were our *cargadores*. Going up to them as quickly as the precipitous mountain side would allow, I found that they had attacked and disabled a large iguana, which, however, was still moving. After I shot him we straightened his body and tail and found him to be a good six feet long. The men were overjoyed; that night they feasted on iguana flesh.

The *presidente* being absent, the secretary made me his guest, while Narciso, the new teacher, found a friend whom he visited. My

first request was that a *bandillo* be published announcing to the citizens that a teacher of English had arrived and that school would begin the following day. My second was to be directed to the cool mountain stream from which the people supply themselves with water, and having found a suitable pool, I enjoyed a bath such as the lowlands seldom afford. That evening we paid a call of respect to the parish priest, an old man whose countenance portrays great strength of character; he has ministered to two generations of people and is now serving the third. He is the owner of the only horse in or around Mambulao, upon which, at rare intervals, he rides over the mountain to Paracale. As we went home, the town-crier was beating his drum at a street corner and announcing the opening of school. Though the Filipino is averse to doing things on short notice, more than thirty children presented themselves for enrollment the next morning at the *presidencia,* which was temporarily converted into a school. The new building had already been begun; the huge *harigues* were in place and the roof was finished; materials for the walls and floor were on hand, some donated by citizens, but the larger portion purchased with the government rice. Within a

week the attendance increased to sixty, and it was not long after until Narciso was asking for an assistant. He kept me informed of the condition and needs of the school, and related how he took his pupils to walk on the beach where they sometimes rested and sang "America"—"a song," he said, "which they had not hitherto known."

My visit to Mambulao took place soon after the Fourth of July. The secretary recounted to me how the town officials and members of the council had formed a procession, and with the Stars and Stripes at the head, marched through the streets to the music of the town band. With *vivas* and shouting they marked the day. "What," said the secretary, "must have been the animation in large places when the enthusiasm in Mambulao was so intense?"

Upon my rearrival at Daet the *presidente* telephoned the *teniente* at Mercedes to engage canoe transportation for my return to Nueva Cáceres; so that when I arrived at the port I found a barefooted fisherman, an American ex-soldier, about to depart in his little *banca,* rigged with a light sail, for his home on San Miguel Bay near the mouth of the Bicol; and with him, although I did not altogether fancy

his outfit, I took passage. The swells coming in from the ocean, though house-high, offered no danger to our craft, for the water was smooth; up, up, up she rose and then seemed to fall like a rapidly descending elevator—this without a ripple on the surface. But we soon turned south between Canimo Island and the mainland, where we no longer felt the force of the swell. Then, too, what little breeze had been blowing was shut out; and upon the crew of two Filipinos—old Tom, who was almost blind, and a young man who knew nothing about boats—devolved the labor of pulling. Slowly we advanced, hour by hour, until we made a small island, where we landed and refreshed ourselves with draughts of cool cocoanut water, and a little later a meal of boiled rice and fish, which the men cooked on the earthen floor of a structure which only by courtesy could be called a house.

After we embarked again we progressed so slowly that the sun went down before we arrived off the mountainous point jutting into the bay just north of Lalauigan. From the *nipa* houses standing along the shore from two to five miles distant, the lights beckoned us on, but the *banca* seemed to stand still. It was evident, then, that not only the outgoing tide was

checking our speed, but that there was an unusually strong current as well bearing past the point out to sea. The bay was smooth and we were not the least apprehensive until, without warning, several long breakers arose in quick succession out of the darkness and tumbled their crests into our little *banca,* half filling it with water and wetting us to the skin. Seizing a small piece of hollow bamboo kept for the purpose I went to bailing, but I might almost as well have used a spoon. It was so dark that the steersman could not see to keep the boat at right angles to the long crests; and therein lay our danger. Removing my shoes and most of my clothing to be free of encumbrance should we be thrown into the water, I bailed again. In five minutes, when we began to feel a little security, several more of those awful, silent swells arose and broke into our little craft before its bow could be pointed aright. "Stick to the boat," the American cried, "in case we fill completely."

Sitting in the water, I bailed with all the strength I was able to command, reflecting meanwhile that we were a mile from the shore, that there was a strong current flowing away from it, and that the beach was so rocky that, even if we should reach it by swimming we

should in all probability be dashed and torn on the rocks. The steersman peered into the darkness in an effort to discern the lights and keep the craft at right angles to the swells. Blind Tom and the youth pulled with all their might while I kept on bailing. The third time the swells rose and emptied what seemed to be the greater part of their volume into the boat; but there was nothing to do now but keep cool and bail, bail, bail. I wondered if the *banca,* made of heavy wood, would continue to float if filled, whether there were any sharks in the vicinity and if not how far off they might be. The period of peril and apprehension must have lasted an hour; in that time we made scarcely perceptible headway. But the danger, if not the suspense, was now past. The boat was kept pointed aright and the mysterious swells ceased to surge. Presently the tide turned, which lessened the rapidity of the current; and lights from some shore houses came again into view. I kept up the bailing until most of the water was out of the boat, by which time I was glad to rest. We were now past the treacherous point and pulled toward the shore, luckily being able to discern the light color of a sandy stretch of beach upon which we glided.

For the firmness of the earth beneath my

feet after such a fright I was thankful, and I resolved never again to trust myself on the sea in such a diminutive boat manned by a worthless crew and captained by a none too careful skipper. Making our way toward a blur in the darkness, which proved to be a dwelling, it being almost midnight, we awakened the sleeping family, who arose, lighted a torch, and simultaneously opened their hearts and their home; and I was soon asleep on the floor. Early the next morning the three men launched the boat and went on to the fisherman's home, while, as had been arranged, I walked along the shore of the bay. Arriving at the home of my fellow-countryman, I was informed by his native wife that he had gone out to fish his traps. While awaiting his return I explored the neighborhood, made friends with some children, and lay down upon the floor of the dwelling to read a soiled copy of the *Manila Times* of the previous month. Presently my host returned with his catch and before long we enjoyed a feast.

After this, in spite of my resolution of the previous night, I sat again in the small *banca* (there was no other means of getting away), and we skimmed across the end of the bay to Cabusao, propelled by the stiff breeze which

dotted the green water with white-caps, by and among the great fish-traps which yield such large quantities of fish, over the bar into the Bicol, and ashore again for dinner before pulling up the river to Magarao and home.

CHAPTER XVII

LIFE IN NUEVA CÁCERES

Our Household—Mosquitoes—Ants and White-ants—The Chaplain's Lizards—Monkeys and Their Ways—Our New Mess—Short-lived Enjoyment—The Fire—The Great Bicol Festival—Nuestra Señora de Peña Francia and Her Devotees—Homage Paid to the Bicol Patroness.

In Nueva Cáceres the methods of housekeeping do not differ materially from those of Solano, since the stoves, the beds and the bathing—the three essentials to civilized comfort—are the same. Variations in other respects are due to the greater size of the Bicol city and to its easier accessibility from Manila. For more than a year a large roomy house leased from the *presidente* made the home for myself and two American companions, our *protégés** and our servants, our pets and our pests. In the latter classification the mosquitoes easily take the lead in most seasons. Lacking any sort of screens at doors and windows, at such times the dwellings are always infested, and only the

*School-boys; see page 279.

lighting of the lamps is required to start the swarms into noxious activity. The most usual refuge is the bed, where one can lie under the mosquito-proof canopy and read, with the lamp on a chair at the side.

Ants instantly find their way upon kitchen and dining-tables and into cupboards unless the legs of these stand in cans of water topped with kerosene, or are wrapped with bands of kerosene-saturated cloth. Few materials withstand the ravages of the diminutive white-ants. They bore their way through every obstacle—paper, books, the hardest of woods, and even plaster and cement; while by means of an acid which they secrete they pierce tin cans containing provisions. When they have once taken a house it is impossible to exterminate them; the family is eventually obliged to move out. As to scorpions, I saw but few; centipedes are more numerous, and it behooves one to shake his shoes well and peer carefully into his garments before dressing.

Forming a connecting link, as it were, between the pests and the pets are the chirping lizards, from two to four inches long, which run about the walls and ceilings of Philippine dwellings after the lamps are lighted in pursuit of gnats, mosquitoes and other insects.

Houses of the better class are the most infested, because the more light the more insects and lizards. These small saurians are entirely harmless, and cause little bother except an occasional fright to the timid American who sits quietly reading during the course of an encounter on the ceiling, when one is knocked off by his opponent and falls upon shoulder or plumps into lap. Their pursuit of insects is amusing—the stealthy approach, the momentary pause, the disappearance of the gnat and the huge gulp and wink of the lizard. Sometimes a larger moth is seized, whose rapidly fluttering wings make swallowing difficult; occasionally two lizards pursue the same insect from opposite directions, when the one that fails to seize the prize chases his successful rival half way across the room. As many as twelve, fifteen or twenty may sometimes be counted on the ceiling of a single room.

Our countryman, the chaplain, became so attached to these little creatures that the night before he moved his family to a newly renovated dwelling, during the absence of his wife he took a broom and colander, and, with the help of the *muchacho,* carefully secured the score of lizards from the ceiling of the *sala* and carried them to the new domicile, where he

gave them their freedom. There they continued nightly their amusing pranks, to the great enjoyment of the chaplain if not of his wife.

Continuously varied entertainment is afforded for us of the tropics by those fellow-creatures which are only half brute—the monkeys. When you come here to live, by all means procure a monkey—one of a good disposition, for monkey personality differs greatly. Place a long, stout bamboo trunk between two trees with a box for shelter at one end. On the bamboo put a ring of heavy wire, large enough to slip back and forth easily; to this fasten the monkey's chain, and the little animal will be able to run back and forth between the trees, climb into them or into the box, and hang or swing from the pole. When the chain becomes tangled it will go back and unfasten it. Feed the monkey with bananas and boiled rice, and do not forget water. As often as you can, take it for a walk and let it clamber up the banana trees in search of spiders, of which it is very fond. It will keep your dwelling clear of these if you take it where they are. When you would entertain both yourself and the monkey give it a small mirror to peer into and clutch behind in search of its mate. Or into a pint

bottle thrust as large a stone as will pass through the neck, and see your pet spend hours trying to solve the problem of extracting the stone, until it happens to fall out. If your simian be a female, gratify its maternal instinct by giving it a kitten to hug and fondle; if you attempt presently to take the kitten away the foster-mother will scold you severely, at the same time attempting with one hand to drag it into the tree. Upon more mature acquaintance the kitten will become fond of the monkey, and they will lie down and play together. Such was our experience with these pets. Besides them I owned, for a time, a pretty pony, which I kept under the rear portion of the house and used in my journeys; and also a fine fawn presented to me by a friend, which lived on *camote* leaves and bounded up the stairs and into the house like a rubber ball when it became frightened. So that, altogether, our dwelling was well filled.

The Americans who, for a change, went to board at the restaurant of Mendoza, the Spaniard, liked it very well at first, though there was an excess of meat food and not enough vegetables and fruits. But the proprietor's activity waned, and both food and service be-

came so poor that we three householders determined to mess at home. So we bought a new cook stove, laid in a generous supply of staple foods and canned provisions, purchased table linen and a new supply of dishes, hired a cook, and bid Sr. Mendoza a glad farewell. The stove was set up and Van stood over the cook three times that first day, so as to start him in right. We ate our meals in our own house, served by our own boys, and delicious meals they were. That was a red-letter day; it was the most homelike I had experienced in the Islands and we were jubilant.

Shortly after midnight I was awakened by loud crackling and a bright light. Rushing out to the kitchen I saw that the *nipa* roof directly over the stove was afire. It was too high to reach from the floor or from any object in the room; there were no ladders, water was scarce and there was no fire department in the town. I roused the household, sent one boy to alarm the policemen at the *presidencia* and another to waken our landlord, the *presidente,* who lived near by. The fire crawled up the roof rapidly, and when I had drawn on my shoes and clothing I saw that the building was doomed to destruction. The people who first arrived on the ground were as

helpless as we, for there was no way to mount the roof and beat out the fire; and by the time ladders were brought it had spread too far to extinguish. First I went under the house to rescue the pony, which I turned loose and drove away; then returned upstairs to carry out my belongings. By this time the constabulary officers had arrived with a detachment, also many of the neighbors. The officers entered the house and helped to remove the furniture; the others stood about and looked, for there was little else that could be done. Soon the military officers came with a large squad of soldiers, whom the colonel directed to pull down the two *nipa* dwellings opposite the burning house, the occupants having meantime fled with their belongings.

By this time the frame dwelling adjacent to ours was burning, and the *presidente's* house, which stood next, was threatened. With the help given, we had saved as much of our furniture and as many of our personal effects as was possible before the roof fell. Over these some of the soldiers mounted guard, while others gave their attention to an attempt to save the *presidente's* dwelling by organizing a pail-brigade, the men carrying the pails up the ladders and dashing the contents against

the steep thatch roof. The painted sides of the building were already blistering; the family and their friends rushed wildly about, not knowing what to do first. Some persons entered and attempted to carry out the piano. By this time the crowd was very large; the governor and provincial officials arrived; our house had become a smouldering ruin with no part of the structure remaining except the burning *harigues;* several small buildings opposite had been pulled down so as not to provide additional fuel for the flames. The adjacent dwelling was half consumed, and the heat was great; the people were still striving with the desperation born of impotence to save the house of the *presidente;* if it once burst into flame it would be gone, but in a few seconds more the danger would be past. How we watched—how we hoped! The fire gradually became less; yes, the building was safe.

Then we breathed sighs of relief and sat down to rest and talk. How did the fire begin? That a spark had smouldered in the *nipa* roof above the stove from seven o'clock until past midnight did not seem possible, yet, how else? Reluctantly we admitted that in some way our attempt at housekeeping had been the cause. Deep was our chagrin. We had lost much of

the furniture, many personal belongings, our new stove, the supply of provisions, and the housekeeping outfit. A valuable heirloom belonging to one of my companions had been burned. The *presidente* had lost two good dwellings; three small ones, opposite, belonging to others, had been demolished. Our sympathy went out to those who had lost more than we. But what of the pets? The cook had rescued the fawn, the kitten had escaped, two paroquets in a cage had been consumed. And the monkey? Poor thing; it had been left chained for the night to one of the bamboo posts of the platform at the back of the house, and there, after the fire, still chained to the stump, the boys found it, terrorized and severely burned. For several days it drooped and refused food, and then its wounds began to heal over, it gradually recovered its spirits and before long it was its former self, none the worse except its memory of the horror and its scars. For the remainder of the night we found refuge with friends, and the next morning we went back to Mendoza's for our breakfasts.

At the time of our fire preparations were making by the towns-people of Nueva Cáceres

for the celebration of the great annual Bicol religious festival, in honor of Our Lady—Nuestra Señora de Peña Francia. Of minor festivals there are many, and at no time of the year is there lack of homage to the Virgin. A very pretty ceremony known as *Las Flores de Mayo* takes place during the first days of May. Altars in the homes of the leading families are prepared and prettily decorated. Before these in the late afternoons, after family prayers, little girls dressed in white stand in line and repeat eulogistic verses addressed to the Mother of God, and throw bright-colored flowers at her statue at the end of each stanza. Resplendent altars are erected also in the streets and differently dressed on successive evenings, before which the people congregate for prayer and praise. No home is so poor but that it has at all times something that represents a shrine, before which the family prayers are repeated. A crucifix or a religious chromo on a shelf, set off with a candle or a sprig of artificial flowers on either side, may be sufficient for the purpose. The well-to-do families have permanent altars, with a statue of the Saviour or a saint surrounded by many vari-colored embellishments. But the *fiesta* of Peña Francia eclipses all others of southern Luzon.

During the nine days preceding the great *fiesta,* which takes place in the second half of September, the pious wend their ways daily along the highway called Bagumbayan Grande to adore Our Lady at her own shrine in the Peña Francia church. The chapel in which her image reposes, visited comparatively little during the remaining portions of the year, then becomes daily the objective point of hundreds of worshippers; for the honoring of Our Lady is not solely a religious duty—besides that she blesses those who pray before her image and even endows the latter with power to heal. The history of the building of the shrine is as follows: A devout Spaniard, a devotee of the cult of Our Lady of Peña Francia in Spain, having been healed of disease by praying to a stamp of the Virgin, was minded to erect a shrine in her honor. Receiving in book form an account of the miracles wrought in Spain, he kept this constantly by him, even during sleep. By applying this book to the seat of pain he immediately cured it. Grateful for these continued blessings he vowed to erect a shrine in honor of his benefactress that she might be worshipped in the land of his adoption and her healing powers made known to the natives; and he carried out

his design, building a chapel near the right bank of the Naga River a mile above its confluence with the Bicol. From wood an image of the Virgin was carved; dog's blood being required to paint it, a dog was beheaded and its blood caught. The animal, with legs tied, was then thrown into the river, at which the devout Spaniard observed, "Since you have given your blood to the Virgin she may revive you." The bystanders laughed, but were immediately dumfounded to see the dog swim ashore, climb upon the bank and run to its master's home. This first chapel of straw was built in 1710. Thirty years later it was replaced by one of brick; and in 1863 the present church was erected.

At the close of the *novenario,* or nine days' prayer, and the evening before the *fiesta,* the sacred image is taken by the priests from the church to the cathedral, a distance of nearly a mile. There it is placed in a position of honor in anticipation of the festivities of the following day. Among the people preparations have been making for weeks. Relatives, friends and strangers arrive from every portion of Camarines and even from the neighboring provinces of Albay and Sorsogon. They come by *banca, baroto, carromata,* on

horseback and afoot. Every family, high and low, has its guests. Many of the visitors sleep in their boats or camp under portable shelters of *nipa*. The public buildings and better residences are adorned with palms and foliage, bunting and lanterns, and the humblest dwelling has its spray or its banner. Fresh banana trees are planted in the principal streets, making wide avenues of graceful foliage. Triumphal arches are set up here and there, under which the Virgin and her procession will pass. Men are seen going about the streets with long, stout poles dressed smooth and ornamented at the small end with bells. These are the *bogadores* or polemen. Others, members of the *comparsas,* wear gay uniforms with trimmings of many colors. Some are rehearsing for the last time their orations, their songs and their dances. Excitement fills the air.

During the morning of the eventful day solemn high mass is celebrated in the cathedral, the clergy of the neighboring parishes, as well as some from a distance, assisting. Bands play in the vestibule and the bells ring frequently. The finishing touches are placed upon the barge on which the image is to be taken back, up the river, to its own chapel. It may rain; indeed, it is very likely to do so; but no matter

how much water may fall during the day, say the faithful, the skies are sure to clear when the Virgin leads her procession from the cathedral. The *comparsas* parade the streets in military formation; the men are brave in gaudy uniforms and the officers valiant with swords of tin, their artificial mustaches and goggles supposedly lending them a distinguished air. Presently they come to a halt in the plaza, and present themselves, one company at a time, to the *presidente* and judges occupying the bandstand. With each is a speaker, sometimes a man and sometimes a precocious youngster, who indulges in spread-eagle oratory accompanied by more or less affected gestures in eulogy of the occasion. The oration is followed by a dance by selected and drilled performers, by a chorus by the company, or by some other exercise, which, together with the general appearance and the manœuvres of the *comparsa,* is made the basis of the award of prizes. During the day and evening these performances are repeated in the streets in different portions of the town for the benefit of the appreciative citizens.

By five o'clock in the afternoon the banks of the river are lined with masses of humanity standing and sitting, from the point of em-

barkation to the Peña Francia church. Dozens of huge *barotos* with their crews, each man with his pole, are moving hither and thither in the river, preparing to take their positions ahead of the great barge, in order to tow it and its sacred burden. The bells clang out, from which it is known that the image is leaving the cathedral; the skies have really cleared. The procession is made up of a score of priests and another of acolytes; of choirs and bands of music. The sacred banner of the Divine Face is borne in front, while farther in the rear are the boy students from the seminary and the young ladies and girls from the college, with other silken banners. Thus is the image of Our Lady escorted through the principal streets and under the arches to the barge of state at the river bank. Upon this it is placed; all may behold it and acquire virtue commensurate with their faith. The clergy occupy seats behind the statue, after which the principal citizens go aboard and find room where they may, and immediately the barge is crowded.

The people shout and the *bogadores* stretch taut the strong ropes reaching from their several *barotos* to the barge. Into the mud at the bottom of the river they dig their poles, throw their weight upon them and push with might

and main, thus slowly towing the barge into the stream. Scores of men jump into the water and wade or swim to the side of the barge to aid in propelling it. *"Viva! Viva Nuestra Señora de Peña Francia! Viva el Divino Rostro!"* is shouted by hundreds, thousands of throats. The greatest enthusiasm is manifested. The people on the banks add their cheers to those of the devotees in the boats and the water. The incense burning before the image and the sacred banner sends its smoke aloft. The barge moves up the stream, the various crews vying with each other in the labor of drawing it. At intervals men spring out from the shore to take their places beside the barge, so that a fringe of wet humanity two or three deep surrounds the float; for if a man be ill, he will be cured by such act of devotion. Some of my neighbors told me that, notwithstanding the hundreds of men and boys in and upon the water on these succeeding anniversaries, no accident had ever occurred; the Virgin protects those who thus serve her, hence nothing of the kind is possible. This afternoon a man was drowned; but the faithful say, "He died of very joy."

Darkness falls; but, with the aid of the torches there is light enough to make out the

course of the narrow stream. In a short half-hour the ornate and prettily lighted floating pagoda built by the Chinese merchants comes into view. Then the cries and shouts are redoubled; and as the foremost *barotos* arrive opposite the landing, their occupants jump into the water by twos and threes and fours, to be the first to assist in the labor of disembarking the statue. Happy is he who can actually place his shoulder under the pedestal and help to bear a part of the precious burden up the slope of the road cut through the river bank. Following the long line of ecclesiastics march the *bogadores,* by twos, each with his pole—an interminable procession. At the top of the ascent stands a tall, handsome Filipino, the *administrador,* who performs the functions of the bishop in the diocese; he is arrayed in magnificent robes and surrounded by service boys. As the statue approaches close he raises his arms; immediately the procession pauses and the confusion is hushed; all uncover; silence and solemnity reign. The *administrador* bows profoundly to the image, once, twice, thrice, making each time the sign of the cross. The scene is truly impressive. The statue is now borne into the church, the *administrador* and the procession following behind. The

façade of the building is brilliantly lighted by scores of cocoanut-oil lamps, which at a distance present much the same effect as incandescent electric lights, outlining the belfry, pinnacles, gable, the windows, pilasters and arched doorways.

The inside illumination is with candles. The image is replaced in its own niche by the altar, while the clergy chant a Te Deum and burn incense in its honor; all classes of people throng the auditorium, not the least in evidence being the wet *bogadores,* some of whom may be seen chattering with cold. The same evening the municipal *presidente* gives a *baile* worthy of the occasion in the town hall—a function seldom surpassed in elaboration of adornment, elegance of costumes, abundance of refreshments and animation of the dancers —the social *pièce de résistance* of the year. So, for almost two hundred years, have the people of the Bicol region rendered homage to their most excellent patroness, Nuestra Señora de Peña Francia. In some respects the Spanish friars did their work well.

CHAPTER XVIII

VACATION TRAVELS

Opportunities for Travel Abroad—Excursions in the Philippines—Mayon Volcano—The Ruins of Cagsau—The Wonderful Volcano of Taal—Crossing Lake Bombon—An Unsatisfactory Breakfast—Apprehension—Exploration of the Crater—Cruise Among the Southern Islands—Rizal's Handiwork—Cebu — Zamboanga — The Moros—The City of Jolo—A Call upon the Sultan—The Benguet Road—Twin Peaks—Quias Hill—The Pines—Rejuvenation at Baguio —Igorrote Lads.

To THE American in the Philippines, and especially to the American teacher with his annual ten weeks' vacation, a vast field of interesting travel presents itself near at hand. In a single week, at comparatively little expense, he can sojourn three days in the British crown colony of Hong Kong, two in the Chinese metropolis of Canton and two more under the Portuguese flag in the beautiful city of Macao, and make the triangular journey between these places. There are the trips for

hundreds and hundreds of miles away into the interior of China, up the Yang-tse-kiang and Si-kiang, on comfortable steamers. From Hong Kong one can take ship for Shanghai, for the German colony of Tsing-tau, and for Tien-tsin, whence Peking is easily accessible. The tour to Japan is in itself a liberal education. After these, there remain the north coast of Borneo, the Straits Settlements, Bangkok, Saigon and Hanoi, and many other interesting places rather off the beaten track, to attract those fond of unique travel and mild adventure. The Philippines themselves offer many interesting excursions, more indeed than the average American is able to avail himself of.

First among the beautiful sights of the Islands is the Mayon Volcano. This most perfect of cones rises to the height of eight thousand feet in the Province of Albay and gladdens the eye of the beholder from ships at sea both to the east and the west. Were it but covered with a mantle of snow, it would be even more chastely beautiful than Fuji, the sacred mountain of Japan; for Fuji San, being older, has a hump on its side which destroys the perfection of its symmetry. Mayon constantly emits a light-colored vapor, which trails to the

north or south as it is blown by the prevailing monsoon. Rumblings are heard frequently, and every few years there is an eruption, the last very strong one having taken place in 1897, when three hundred and fifty people and much property were lost. The most dreadful eruption occurred in 1814, when several towns at the base of the mountain were destroyed, in whole or in part; Cagsau was completely demolished. Twelve hundred lives were lost, and the ashes are said to have carried as far as the coast of China, while darkness covered the northern parts of Luzon. The image of Mayon appears on the Philippine coins. While the transport lay at Legaspi, a number of us walked out to the former site of Cagsau, passing through the towns of Albay and Daraga en route. The ruins that are now to be seen are those of the church, the *tribunal* and the school-house, evidently the only stone buildings possessed by the town. These were destroyed first by fire and then filled with lava and *scoriæ* to the depth of about ten feet, judging from the present height of the keystones of the arches above the ground. Bushes, creepers and small trees now partially conceal the ruins and soften their aspect. When the people rebuilt they chose a new site on the

other side of a low hill and changed the name of their city to Daraga. Six large municipalities still encircle the base of the mountain, all of which would be in imminent danger in case of a cataclysm.

Lake Bombon, containing an islet from which rises the active volcano of Taal, is but a day's journey from either Manila or Batangas. The most terrible convulsions have taken place here in times past, the accounts of which, written for the most part by the friars, form very interesting reading.*

From Batangas to Tanauan I travelled in crazy *carromatas* drawn by ill-broken and balky ponies. From Tanauan I walked to Bañadero, at the edge of the lake, and then went by *baroto* the short distance to Ambulong, where I made arrangements with natives to cross to the islet the following morning; and here, as usual, I slept with the family on the floor.

The next morning before five o'clock we arose and made ready for the voyage of six or seven miles to the volcanic island, pushing

* The most accessible condensed history of Taal is to be found in the report of The Census of the Philippine Islands, vol. i., pp. 228-236, which can be had at most public libraries.

off the large and heavy *baroto* at dawn a half-hour later. Though there were five men to row and one to steer, we did not progress rapidly. Besides being unwieldy, the boat sprang a leak and the water came in fast. One man stopped working his oar and attempted to push some cocoanut fibre into the crack with a stick; not accomplishing his purpose, another oarsman was obliged to stop rowing and bail, leaving but three to pull. I began to feel some alarm, especially as the awkward craft came around broadside to the waves and could not be brought right again. Having omitted breakfast because of the unaccustomed hour, I now bethought myself that if our craft capsized or sank I should be obliged to support myself in the water on an empty stomach; so I went to eating some dry biscuit I had brought along. But I was so frightened that the salivary glands refused to perform their function; the crumbled biscuit in my mouth was like so much sand and I was wholly unable to swallow. However, a part of a hard-boiled egg and a small banana proved less refractory; and taking off my shoes and rolling up my trousers I ordered the bailer to return to his oar, while I took the gallon tin can and went to bailing.

Though I worked rapidly the water came in through the crack as fast as I was able to throw it over the side, for a long half-hour; then I began to gain on it, the crack having been at length successfully caulked. With all hands at the oars the boat was now kept straight; but shortly I observed another leak at a new place. The proceeding was similar, and the trip proved to be one of constant apprehension. About nine o'clock we set foot on the island and I experienced anew the satisfaction of treading the earth. While the men ate their rice I observed a boat approaching heavily laden with men, who proved to be three Americans from Manila coming to visit the volcano in company with an escort of local police and six boatmen; and this party I was invited to join.

The grayish-white cone of Taal presents a bleak and barren aspect which becomes intensified as one approaches nearer. As we left the shore, shortly before ten o'clock, the desolation became complete, only a scraggly bush here and there struggling to live, and half way up these ceased altogether. Since the volcano is but a thousand feet high and the slopes are gradual, the ascent is not difficult, and shortly we stood on the top of the crater wall.

Below us spread an immense oval basin, the floor of which was diversified by considerable irregularities of surface. The size of this crater basin and the various features contained in it is much greater than appears,* since there is nothing of known dimensions with which to compare them. Almost in the centre was a small round lake of green water from which clouds of steam constantly arose; to the north, and several times as large, was another lake of a paler green; to the southeast, and therefore more in the foreground, lay a pond of dark russet brown. From the pale green and the brown lakes no vapor ascended. To the south of the central, steaming lake there was a cavity whose size we could not then determine, from the sides of which numerous jets of steam escaped. We descended into the crater by means of a very steep zigzag path, being then on the higher bench of the crater floor, more than four hundred feet below the rim. Walking toward the steaming lake, we climbed a gradual incline and then found ourselves on the edge of a second smaller crater with a perpendicular wall; this we walked around, and having reached the lower, second

* The lengths of the long and short diameters of the crater are given as 7,546 feet and 6,233 feet respectively.

bench of the floor, found that we had descended another four hundred feet or more.

We passed along the margin of the pale green lake, finding the shore to be of soft white mud, which stained our shoes as wet wood-ashes would do; the water was more than tepid, but not hot, having a sulphurous odor and a pungent taste. Large jets of steam escaped from rocks at the side of this lake nearest the central lake. The breeze was from us toward these jets, but notwithstanding, the smell of sulphur was so strong as to set us all coughing. Coming presently to the hot lake, we ventured as near its edge as we dared, and found it to be a round, seething caldron, perhaps the size of a small city block. The constantly rising clouds of steam were so dense that at no time were we able to see the entire surface, which was fifty feet below and covered with a light green scum continually disturbed by boiling. The sound of the simmering, seething water was plainly audible and occasionally there was a louder ebullition. The volcano was said to be quiet that day. This we were quite ready to believe, for everywhere about there were slight depressions in the soil, which, being examined, were found to mark the resting places of bowlders from the size of a man's fist to

that of a half-bushel measure, very evidently thrown from the crater during eruptions and buried by the force of the fall.

After a short rest we made a detour and climbed up a steep bank fifty feet in height, which we found to be a ridge between the floor of the second or inner crater already described and the cavity at first imperfectly seen from the outer rim. We now discovered that this funnel-shaped cavity contained another lake, smaller and at a lower level than the central steaming lake, and boiling more vigorously. The steam arose not only from the surface of the water, but from numerous small apertures in the inner slopes; from the outer slopes, also, thirty feet directly below us, the steam came out. On our return across the crater floor I discovered two newly formed miniature craters a short distance apart. These were the exact shape of inverted hollow cones, about two feet in diameter and two feet and a half deep. About their circumferences the sand and soil were piled four or five inches high. These caused us to realize that we were treading a very thin crust of earth. We reached the shore of the lake again at one o'clock, having been three hours in the crater, travelling practically all of the time. I dismissed my boat-

men, not caring to trust myself again in their unseaworthy craft, and returned to the mainland with my new acquaintances. That evening we arrived at Malete, on the shore of the lake, where as guests of the lieutenant of police who had accompanied us we spent the night. The next day we went to Calamba to take the boat for Manila, congratulating ourselves that we had been able to visit one of the world's most wonderful volcanoes.

With good weather and an agreeable companion I know of no more interesting and pleasant vacation journey for the resident of Luzon than that among the southern islands. Embarking at Pasacao we steamed south, stopping at Sorsogon in Luzon, Calbayog and Catbalogan in Samar, Tacloban in Leyte, and Surigao on the northernmost point of Mindanao. Skirting the coast of this island to Butuan Bay, we saw on the shore the monument which commemorates the landing of Magellan's party in 1521. Then we made a detour around the small island of Camiguin, upon the coast of which we beheld a young volcano. Again skirting Mindanao, we touched at Cagayan de Misamis, Iligan, the town of Misamis, and Oroquieta, going ashore at some,

but not all, of these ports. At Dapitan, the place of Rizal's banishment, we saw evidences of the industry of that martyr,* namely a drinking fountain of brick and tile, and a relief map, on a large scale, of the island, in the plaza in front of the parish church. He constructed also a reservoir a short distance from the town, which we did not have time to visit. On the voyage from Dapitan to Dumaguete the wind blew a gale so strong that it bent several of the heavy steel stanchions on the starboard bow, and the captain was lashed to the bridge; but the vessel was staunch and rode out the storm in safety. Stopping to let off passengers at Tagbilaran, we next made Cebu, where we spent several days. Here is to be seen the miraculous image of the Holy Child of Cebu, which was brought from Mexico by Magellan in 1521. The spot where this renowned navigator first celebrated mass on the island is marked by a large cross, enclosed with a commemorative tablet in a quaint kiosk.

* José Rizal, the Filipino patriot, was shot on the Luneta on Dec. 30, 1896, at the behest of the friars. The anniversary of his martyrdom was early made a legal holiday by the Philippine Commission. Each recurring year, the people meet in every town, and with song and speech recall the principles for which he died—the same principles which are now, as rapidly as practicable, being given force and effect by the government.

Here may be seen also the picturesque old Spanish fort, now used for storing military supplies. Among the fisher-folk, who comprise a large colony on the beach, I used my camera to purpose. From Cebu we again voyaged south to Zamboanga, the metropolis of Moroland, where the passengers were greeted by requests from chocolate-skinned Moro lads, sitting garmentless in canoes, for coins to be tossed into the water that they might exhibit their proficiency as divers. We were conducted through the native quarter of the city by a Moro youth who spoke broken English and called himself Mohamet. Pilar, the ancient Spanish fort, larger than the one at Cebu, is one of the interesting sights of Zamboanga. Upon its walls, according to legend, a statue of the Virgin was found one morning generations ago, when the people woke from their slumbers. The sequel of the mystery occurred the following night, when Our Lady's image was miraculously transferred to a niche in the walls, which is still exhibited. Nuestra Señora de Pilar is therefore the patroness of the Christianized Filipinos of the region.

The next morning we found ourselves in the old and very inviting city of Jolo. The afternoon of that hazy day I wandered about for

awhile in the grateful shade of the streets of the walled city. Finding the Moros very loath to have pointed at them the black, mysterious pocket camera I carried, I decided on a still hunt, and therefore, notwithstanding the real or supposed danger from *juramentados,** I betook myself to the native town outside the walls—in particular to the market-place at the edge of town by the tide flats. Here, standing by a palm tree, I used an entire film unknown to the passers-by. So far I had been unable to photograph a man on horseback, steadying himself Moro fashion by thrusting his great toes through the rope-stirrups on either side. One fellow had blankly refused to be taken, even spurning the piece of silver I offered him. So, when I met a youth who had learned a little English from our soldiers, I besought him to help me find a willing subject. To assist him to think I asked if he knew where there were any saddled horses, to which he answered that the Sultan's horses were in the next street. "The Sultan's horses," I replied; "and where is the Sultan?" "He is in that house over

* Fanatical Moros, who having taken a vow to die killing the enemies of their religion and thus enter immediately into the Mohammedan Heaven, arm themselves and attack as many foreigners as they are able until they themselves are killed. This proceeding is also called "running amok."

there," indicating with a gesture. An opportunity to see the Sultan's horses and perhaps also their royal master with so little trouble was not to be ignored. But when I arrived at the place I found the beasts to be very ordinary ones, without the gorgeous trappings I had pictured. However there remained His Majesty himself, now sojourning, if my informant was correct, in a dwelling which had nothing to distinguish it particularly from the others in the neighborhood, except that it was somewhat larger. "Do you think I could see the Sultan?" I inquired. "I don't know," with a shake of the head, was the response; "you can go in and ask." So I went through the opening in the bamboo wickerwork with which the lower part of the house was enclosed, and into a bare basement with a floor of hardened earth, from which a ladder led to an opening in the bamboo-stripped floor above.

I stepped up two rounds and knocked with my cane on a joist, saying immediately after, *"Buenos dias."* At this a dusky face peered from the room above. *"Buenos dias,"* I repeated; "may I enter?" "Enter," was the reply, and I crawled up the remaining rounds and stood in a large, barn-like apartment in the midst of six or eight dark-skinned Moros

with faces from which all expression of interest was absent. From each man's belt hung a finely carved sheath, containing a Moro weapon; some had *barongs,* others *campiláns,* one a straight *kris,* and he who had bidden me enter carried a serpentine *kris* with a very large and most beautifully carved ivory handle. Of sultanas I saw none, for they had been left at the palace a few miles out of town.

In reply to the questioning look of the leader, I said, "Hearing that His Majesty the Sultan was here I have taken advantage of the opportunity to come up and salute him and pay my respects." Then, without asking who I was or what business I might be engaged in, he took me immediately to the further end of the room and presented me to the Sultan, who, stolid and expressionless as the remainder of his suite, sat on a raised platform covered with a straw mat. His shiny skin was of the darkest brown; his teeth were stained red with the juice of the betel-nut, and he wore a bit of a black mustache. Naked to the waist, his sleek trunk evidenced that he fed himself well; his legs, crossed in Turkish fashion, were enveloped in the folds of a bright-colored *sarong,* from which his bare feet protruded—a right

sensible costume for a hot day. On the mat at his side was a highly ornamented brass betel-box, containing smaller brass vessels holding the various pastes which the Moros use with their betel.

We shook hands, and I said that I deemed it an honor and a great pleasure to meet His Majesty. To this the Sultan assented. (As he did not understand Spanish my remarks were interpreted by the retainer with the beautiful ivory-handled *kris.*) Then I offered him a cigar from my *buri* case, which he accepted, and immediately biting off the end like a mortal not born to the purple, thrust it into his mouth. Lighting a safety match, I held it at the opposite end of the cigar while His Majesty puffed, after which I utilized the remaining flame to light my own. The retainer bade me sit down, which I did in a bamboo chair near the dais. Only then did the Sultan honor me with an observation, which was to inquire how I had come to Jolo. My reply led him to ask if our vessel had come to take him to Manila, to which I replied that I knew nothing of such a plan. He said that he had indicated to the American Governor-General his desire for a conference at Manila, and that he was expecting that a vessel would be sent for

him before very long. Well might he be impatient for that voyage, for when it took place a month or two later it resulted, incidentally to the abrogation of the Bates Treaty, in the settlement of an annuity of $13,500 Philippine currency upon the Sultan and his official household.

I made as much conversation respecting our voyage and what I had seen in Manila and Zamboanga as I thought would interest my royal host; but this was a slow process, since everything I said had to be translated into the Sulu dialect, and a similar course was necessary for the responses when His Majesty deigned to make any. At length, our cigars being more than half consumed and the conversation seeming to lag, I bade the Sultan farewell; we shook hands again, and I took my departure. On the way to the ladder I stopped to bargain with the interpreter-retainer for his *kris,* but he wanted forty *pesos* for it, which I thought too much. So, bidding him and the other natives still squatting on the floor *adios,* I picked my way down the ladder, little wondering that a man of so little personal force as the Sultan had been almost wholly unable to govern his dominions of the Sulu Archipelago.

The Benguet journey is interesting and pleasant and, besides, enables one to enjoy a change of climate. The first stage is by rail, through the most highly developed agricultural section of the Islands to Dagupan, and the second by the newly completed government wagon-road to Baguio, the site of the government sanitarium and the summer capital of the archipelago. When we made the trip the road was open to vehicles only as far as Twin Peaks; from there on travel was by horseback or on foot. Twin Peaks, a populous construction camp built in the narrow cañon of the Bued River, appeared more cosmopolitan than Manila itself, and in habit and sentiment, if not in appearance, was like a mining camp in the western part of the United States. Being unable to secure horses, we made the remainder of the journey afoot, gaining a good idea of the immense obstacles which it was necessary for the government's engineers to overcome, and the necessarily great cost of the highway. Among the three thousand men employed on the road there were representatives of each of the five races of mankind, and of forty-six different nationalities, of whom the majority were Filipinos, Chinese and Japanese. Most of the foremen were

Americans. The employment here of large numbers of Filipinos was the first notable demonstration of the fact that, when understood and properly managed, the natives of the Islands will labor satisfactorily—a fact again proved in the construction of the Manila electric street railways. For the pleasure of the employés, the government maintained a band of music which travelled up and down the road, stopping a day at each of the half-dozen construction camps, but always returning to the headquarters at Twin Peaks to spend Sunday; the Filipinos must have music.

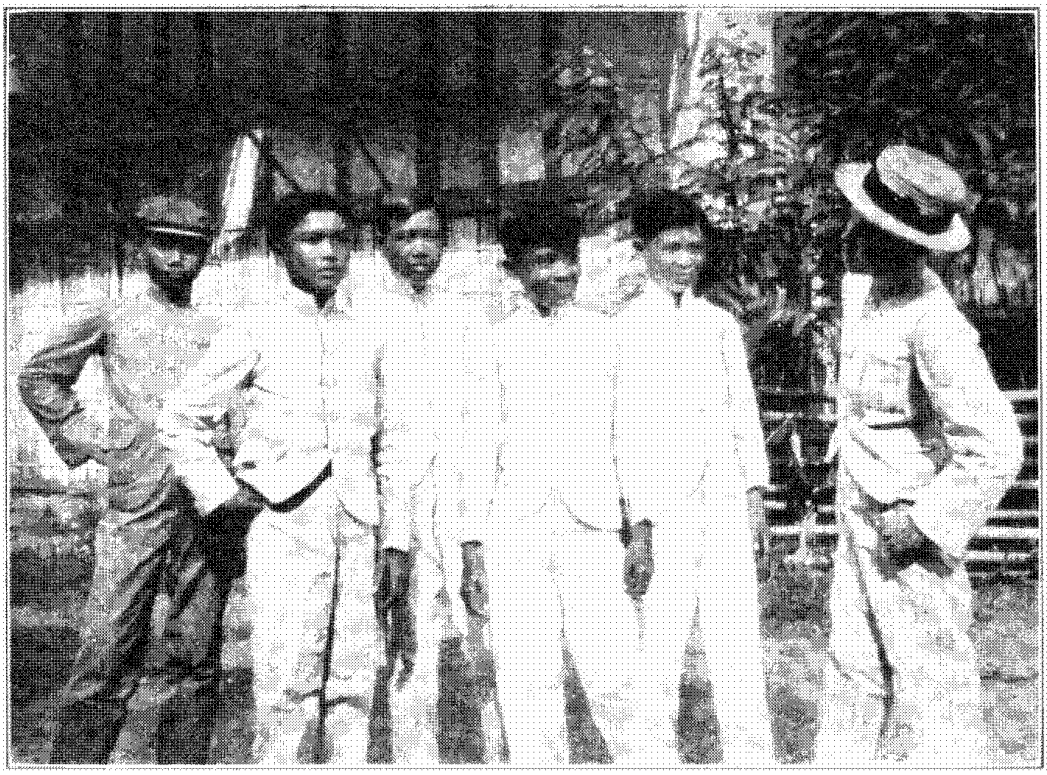
The ascent of the long and steep Quias Hill proved at mid-day to be rather fatiguing. While my companion and I laboriously worked our way up the zigzag path, stopping at short intervals to rest, a little Igorrote, who had attached himself to us, bounded straight up the slope like a fawn and then stood and watched us with an amused expression, reflecting no doubt upon the inferiority of the white man. Two-thirds of the way up we came among the pine trees. These, at first few, increased in number until when we arrived upon the summit, we found ourselves in a pine forest, free from undergrowth and carpeted with needles. The beauty of the pines, their soft

murmur, the cool, balsamic air, the pleasing lack of jungle growth, the green turf growing in the open spots—these repaid us many times over for the toil of reaching them. With a new zest in life we followed the smooth, wide trail, built by Igorrote labor, the fourteen miles to Baguio, where, being in the employ of the government, we secured accommodation at the sanitarium.

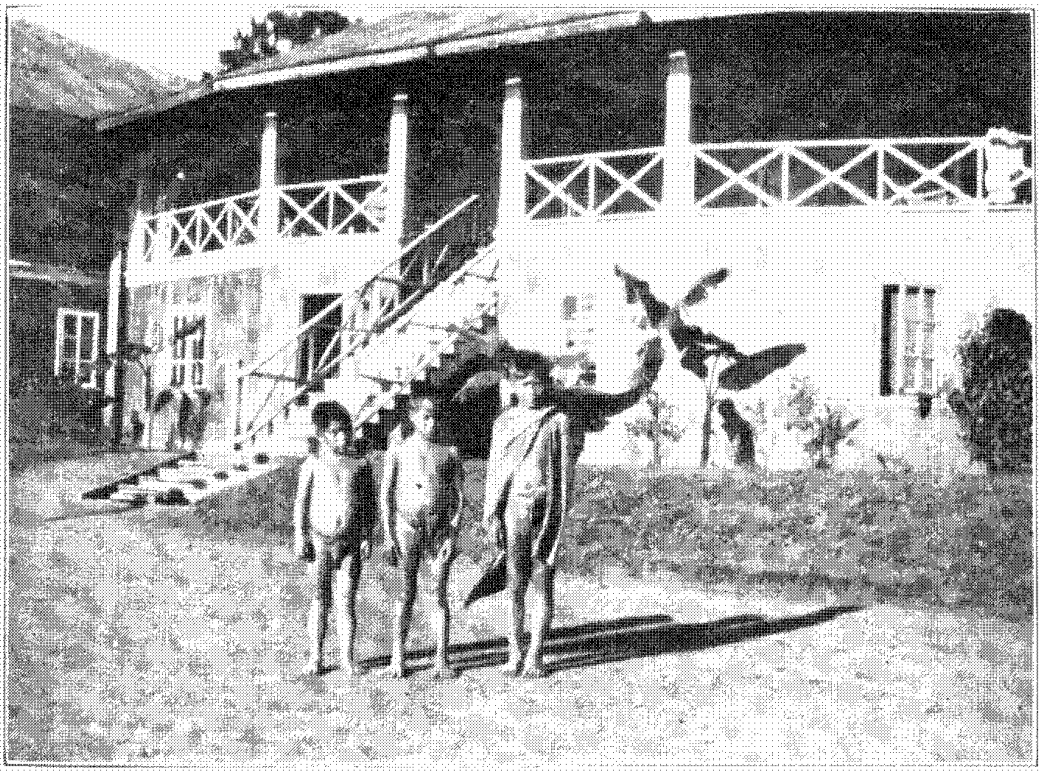
Here other new sensations were in store for us. That night I got *into* bed instead of lying upon it, and then slept under double blankets drawn snugly about my chin; in the morning I made my ablutions in cold water, and when I walked out beheld my breath changed to vapor. I wanted to run all over the place. Some of the little Igorrotes I met had red color in their cheeks. The Benguet people are of a different type from the Igorrotes I saw and knew at and near Solano, but equally picturesque and dirty. There are differences also in their dress, that of the women especially being more ample. We visited the interesting school, and saw, besides the classes in the school-rooms, a very good attempt at a game of American ball, interspersed with baseball phrases in English and Igorrote ejaculations. Before and after classes and on holidays the school-boys

play about the sanitarium, chasing the tennis balls for the boarders and trying otherwise to make themselves of service, and casually lending to the scene a local color it would not otherwise possess. Some sat under the trees and fashioned bows and arrows; others built fires and roasted and ate the chicken heads and legs secured from the sanitarium kitchen. We made a pedestrian excursion to La Trinidad, a town three miles north, and visited the government experiment farm on the way. Every moment of our few days' visit was restful and invigorating, and we felt better able to continue work in the rather enervating lowlands. No one who has visited Baguio can do otherwise than praise the government for making the place easily accessible.

Having now given the prospective or imaginary traveller a description of a few pleasant vacation wanderings I shall leave him to make further explorations alone, while I return to my own occupation in the schools.



Six Bicol Boys who Lived with the Author.



Benguet Sanitarium and Three Igorrote Schoolboys.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CHILDREN, IN SCHOOL AND OUT

Comparison of Filipino with American Indian Children—No Question of Discipline—The Grandmother Story—The Children's Sympathies—American Teachers' Households—Addresses of Pupils—Tagalog Superiority—Hungry Pupils—Games—Baseball—The System of Child Peonage.

It is sometimes asked how the young Filipino compares with the child of the American Indian in mental attributes. It may be said that at the beginning of his schooling the average full-blooded Indian is not anxious to learn, and does not appear to interest himself in his studies; though if he first attends the kindergarten these characteristics are less marked. While he is a close observer and absorbs much knowledge in certain lines he is dull at his books. If he has learned his lesson, as sometimes happens, he will not permit the fact to become too easily known. Whatever comes from him in the course of a recitation is drawn

out by laborious effort on the part of the teacher. As he grows and develops, these peculiarities are less noted; but he seldom becomes mentally active in the class-room or imbued with the desire to know.

On the other hand, the little Filipino is eager to learn, from his books and in all other ways. While somewhat indolent constitutionally, he nevertheless applies himself in school, and, when he has learned how to study alone, usually addresses himself to study diligently. If he knows his lesson he is so eager to recite that he uses every means he may to attract his teacher's glance. He is mentally alert and often consumed with the desire for knowledge;* moreover, he is now proving himself capable of sustained effort. There is as yet no evidence in support of the opinion that he early reaches a limit in the development of his

in regard to this:

* "Many cases of physical injury, at least of a temporary character, have resulted from over-zealous efforts on the part of students in preparing their class-work. The average high-school student, if required by his teacher to prepare more than a due amount of work, will deprive himself of a proper amount of sleep in order to accomplish it. This has been especially noticeable in the case of students in attendance upon vacation normal institutes. Young men and young women on these occasions have been found to be continuing their studies until one or two o'clock in the morning, resuming them at six."—Report of the Philippine Commission, 1904. Part iii., page 870.

mental powers. As has been pointed out by Secretary Taft, the problem of the United States in the Philippines is rendered infinitely easier of solution by the fact that the Christianized Filipinos, like the Japanese, are not only willing but eager to learn from the western nations. In this respect they differ from the Chinese, the Hindus, and their brother Malays of other religions.

Serious misbehavior on the part of the school children that I knew was so rare that the question of discipline was one that required very little attention. Like children everywhere, their natural activities sometimes brought upon them childish trouble; but they were universally respectful and obedient. The American who has any sympathetic feeling whatever for children soon feels strangely drawn toward them; their docility, gentleness, and the sense of their dependence appeal to him, and before he realizes it he forgets altogether the difference in race and recognizes only the kinship of humanity when he looks into their trusting faces; and "little brown brothers" they are to him more truly than he thought they ever could become. They, too, feel the relationship, in evidence of which Josefa presents her teacher with a *lukban,* Santos brings

some blossoms of the *ilang-ilang,* and Miguel draws from his pocket and offers an egg of doubtful quality. In the homes, while the children are never unduly repressed, they do not appear so much in the foreground as our American children, and the forwardness, pertness and lack of respect, which, alas, are frequently in evidence with so many young Americans, are never seen. In our tutoring of the Filipinos, let us hope that we shall not too completely "Americanize" their children.

The American teachers found that the youngsters possessed one trait, however, which demanded immediate correction, and that was the habit of falsehood. It is said that in the former schools there was but one reason that would be accepted to excuse absence, which was a death in the family. Hence when a pupil returned to school after being away, the statement invariably made was that some member of the family had died, usually the grandmother; and, since this reason justified the absence, it was accepted without question. So that before the school habit was well formed under the new *régime,* the American teachers were astounded at the fearful mortality of grandmothers in their respective districts. When the trick was discovered, after a shorter

or longer time, this excessive mortality ceased and the pupils began to learn to speak the truth.

There are few Camarines children who have attended the public schools, and thus for a year or two been thrown within the personal influence of the American teachers, who are not thoroughly pro-American in their sympathies and sentiments. In coming years these children, grown to manhood and womanhood, will exert a powerful influence for the enlightenment and upbuilding of their people along the lines of American civilization. Whatever the cause Filipino children are fond of Americans. From the time when our soldiers first began to coax the little Brownies with sweetmeats to the present day, when the teachers coach the larger boys in baseball and arrange match games between nines of adjoining towns, has their friendliness steadily increased. This may be explained by the fact that as a people Americans are wont to grant children more consideration, and, in a sense, put them more on a footing of equality than do either the Filipinos themselves or the Spaniards. Frequently and in all parts of the province I was importuned to receive school-boys into my house as servants without pay, for the benefit of the teach-

ing they might incidentally receive in English speech and American ways. I did not require a great number of servants; hence, though I received seven boys in this way, all of whom went daily to school, I was obliged constantly to decline similar requests. Other teachers had families of from two to seven or eight young Filipinos on the same footing; for it is no small satisfaction to be the means of aiding poor, ambitious and appreciative boys a step upward; and a diet of rice, fish and *gulay* is not expensive. Many were the boys who at one time or another asked to go to America with me; in the homes, on the streets, everywhere and at all times came these requests. If the young Filipinos could have their way there would be an exodus to the United States that would tax the capacity of the entire fleet of trans-Pacific liners; and *Las Filipinas* would be left sighing for the flower of her youth.*

As showing the appreciation of the school children I shall copy an address delivered in my honor upon the occasion of a visit to the Tigaon school. The address was prepared by

*The Philippine government now maintains in the schools and colleges of the United States almost two hundred young Filipinos, an act of generosity highly appreciated by the people of the Islands.

Lorenzo Perez, aged ten, with the help of his native teacher, and delivered from memory:

In the name of my school-fellows I come to express the gratitude that we feel for you, Mr. Supervisor. Yes, we are very much indebted to you for the labor which you have undergone for all the teachers, and these are they whose duty it is to open our eyes. Our eyes used to be shut, but now they are open, and we can see with them. Oh, I am sure that our dear Supervisor never sleeps and never rests. Every day he travels from town to town to see all the teachers and how they teach the children. He is the manager who sends us all the things we need.

Oh, when I think about his labor, my heart feels grief because he has left his country and his dear parent and relatives to educate us and to open our eyes to the light.

Tell me, my dear school-fellows, what is the thing that we can give him to-day? Oh, let us show him our studies which we have learned during this year, because they are the fruits of his labor and they are the things that can please him.

Our dear Supervisor, if you have heard me make some mistakes in my speech and in my pronunciation, please excuse me. You know very well that English is not my native language.

At the Paracale school another address was presented to me and the American teacher jointly in Tagalog, by four little girls, who stood up in a row before their mates. Each

sang a stanza accompanied by funny little wavings of the arms and hands and odd courtesies. The song ran as follows:

PAG PURI SA MAESTRONG.

(*Andrea.*)

Oh bunieng Mr. F——, maestrong marilag
sandali pong dinguin an samo cot onlac
ang calagayan namin cahiman ay capos
mag puri saiyo bagamat di dapat.

(*Luisa.*)

Sa bagay naito na pag cacapisan
tayong manga batang nasa escuelahan
pag puri sa Mr. F—— atin ñg punuan
numiyao ñg viva nanucul at bagay.
Viva!

(*Serafina.*)

At gayondin naman *teacher* Mr. W——
mulang dumating ca bayan Paracale
siang pag ca bucas ibat ibang lenguage
ingles at tagalog tinuturuan cami.

(*Celestina.*)

Na pa sasalamat camipu sainio
sa kinamtan saya ñg dumating cayo
at pinag tiisan caming taga rito
ñgayon poy tangapin ang puri sainio.

This was quaintly translated into English by a native teacher:

A Praising for Our Teachers.

Oh, Mr. F——, *maestro* benign,
Please hear our joy and strife;
Although our lot is less in kind
We join to praise your happy life.

For this good cause let the children here,
Who are in the school-room trim,
Arise to praise our Mr. F——,
To cry "Hurrah, much merit to him!"
And again "Hurrah for him!"

Also our teacher Mr. W ——,
Since you to Paracale came,
By several tongues we're not the same—
You make us Tagalog and English study.

We extend to you our many thanks
For having received a happiness;
And as you now are in our ranks,
Please accept our praising kindness.

One of the many reasons for teaching English in the Philippine schools is the lack of a common language, and the consequent greater or less degree of jealousy which exists among the different peoples which a common language would overcome. This condition is manifested by the recriminations and scrimmages which sometimes take place between

tribal parties of boys in the larger schools in Manila. The superiority which the Tagalog feels over other tribes, for example, is evidenced by an anecdote. José, a Tagalog boy, came to Camarines Sur with his American teacher, transferred thither from a Tagalog province. As a matter of course he was able to converse with his Bicol schoolmates only in English. During a few moments of leisure one day, his teacher jokingly said: "José, which do you think are the better people, the Tagalogs or the Bicols?" José answered never a word until several moments had passed; then, Yankee-like, he responded by asking another question: "Mr. C——, which do you think are the better people, the Americans or the Bicols?"

The pursuit of knowledge by the Filipino youngsters in many sections is attended with difficulties unknown to American children. The pupils of the *barrio* schools are often very poor. As I once made the rounds of the Iriga *barrio* schools I inquired as to the number of pupils who had come that morning without breakfast. The number varied in the different schools from fifty to seventy-five per cent. Imagine such pupils, poorly nourished at all times, rising before six in the morning, walk-

ing to school, preparing and reciting their lessons, playing their games—for even hungry children must play—and walking home again on empty stomachs; and then breaking their fast with a scant meal at eleven o'clock. Of the remainder who said that they had breakfasted, some had had *camotes;* some plantains; others, rice; and a few several of these dishes. Those who had had bread or rice with chocolate, or other nourishing drink, were usually not more than two or three in a school of sixty or seventy.

Little wonder that these children, large-stomached, narrow-chested and fragile, grow into men and women small of stature and weak of muscle, and unable to resist the ravages of disease. What a satisfaction it is for an American who has taken one of these little people into his home to see him enjoy a sufficiency of food, and shortly to thrive and wax lusty and perhaps a bit mischievous at the same time.

The school-children are singularly quiet during play time—before school and during the intermission. As a rule, they enter the room and go to their seats immediately upon arrival, where they write, draw, look over their books or talk quietly; and at recess they prefer to remain indoors, notwithstanding the impor-

tuning of their teachers. The reasons must lie in the facts that the heat discourages activity and that the play habit at school is not yet well established; in addition, they seem to know but few games. The amusement most generally indulged in away from school is pitching pennies, much like "plumping" at marbles; each player contributes a *bílog*, worth a quarter- or a half-cent, which are piled in the centre of a small ring; the player stands a few feet away and pitching another coin endeavors to scatter the pile and knock the *bilogs* out of the ring. The play is "for keeps"—an indication of the inherent love of gain by play which exists in oriental—shall I not say in all human?—nature. When *bilogs* are not available, other objects are used, such as flat pieces of metal, small stones or hard seeds resembling buckeyes. The substitution of marbles as the implements of the game would be advantageous.

Of late years baseball is played, and one of the most encouraging signs of progress in the Islands is the readiness with which the young boys take to this game. On cool days and late in the afternoons they play with as much spirit and vociferous enjoyment as Young America at home. Match games between different

schools and towns take place with increasing frequency. Indeed, baseball is not only ingratiating itself with the Filipino youth, but in the principal ports of Japan and China, with the young Japanese and Chinese as well. Who knows but that this fine, manly game may not yet be the means of westernizing the Orient?

The happiest hours of the Filipino child are those when the heat of the sun is no longer felt —the beautiful nights when the moon shines with tropical effulgence. Then the streets of the villages and towns are alive with merry, romping little ones, playing the Philippine prisoners' base and other active games with the ardor and hilarity of northern children; at such times one realizes what the normal activities of Filipino childhood might be habitually were it not for the enervating climate.

For the system of child peonage which exists in the Philippines it is doubtful if there be any cure but prosperity coupled with enlightenment. Arising primarily from the great poverty of the people, the evil will continue until this is ameliorated. Thus, a poor man with a large family finds himself unable to provide food for his children; in one case, his poverty may be due to laziness; in another, to improvidence; in a third, to conditions beyond his con-

trol; in any such instance the result is the same —there are not rice and fish enough to go round, and children cannot thrive on bananas and *gulay* alone. Hence, he arranges with a well-to-do man in the town to take Anita into service in his household, perhaps receiving a lump sum of ten or fifteen *pesos* in consideration of binding over the child.

Thereafter, Anita is a household drudge; she gets up early in the morning, works all day with only such time for play as she is able to snatch in the intervals between change of work or while going on errands, and busies herself until the late supper work is finished and she is so tired that she falls quickly asleep on her mat spread on the kitchen floor. For this service, given uncomplainingly from month to month and year to year, she receives her daily rice, sometimes increased by leavings from the family table, and the little clothing she requires. She is usually unkempt and dirty. Little falls to her lot in the way of pleasure, and her mistress does not send her to school, since, otherwise, the work would not be done. She grows up unenlightened, ignorant of everything but the grind of housework; and by the time she reaches maturity she cares for nothing better. In another case, little Pablo

is taken by his widowed mother to Li-aco, the *Chino* who has said that he wants a boy; and Li-aco, after looking the little fellow over, offers twenty *pesos* in consideration of his indenture; but there is no written contract or agreement. Thereafter, Pablito fetches the water from the river in two five-gallon oil-cans, one at each end of a pole resting midway of its length on his little shoulder. Under this burden of eighty pounds the boy staggers twenty or thirty steps at a time, until he can go no further, and sets the cans on the ground to rest and recover his breath. When he has finished his routine work about the kitchen he goes into Li-aco's shop and sits down to learn to make slippers along with the two other boys whom Li-aco has acquired in similar manner. Here he toils away his childhood and becomes prematurely old.

In a third instance, a poor *tao* has borrowed ten *pesos* from the wealthy man of the town, perhaps to give a christening party for his youngest child, possibly to buy seed rice with which to plant his holding, agreeing to repay the sum in six months. The debt becomes due and he is unable to pay. The creditor, according to the custom, demands the *tao's* ten-year-old son in service, and Cocoy goes to work out

his father's indebtedness at the rate of one *peso* a month. If he accidentally breaks a dish, its value, at a very generous estimate, is added to the amount of the original debt. All breakage of whatever kind for which the child may be made responsible is charged; the indebtedness is not likely to be liquidated until the years of Cocoy's childhood and youth have been made unfruitful of those things which in an enlightened country are a child's heritage.

Some of these masters and mistresses are well meaning, some are considerate, some are kind, others are habitually the reverse of these and strive only to get the most that is possible out of the child. I have known Filipino families who send their child servants to school; but the number of these is small. The unfortunate thing is that there is no recognition of the fact that to childhood, as such, belongs the right to healthful physical growth and development unhampered by too laborious tasks, and to such teaching as will enable the child to become an intelligent and useful member of society, fitted to be his own master rather than another's slave.

In such absence of enlightened sentiment, in the presence of such social turpitude, what

genuine well-wisher of the Filipinos will desire to allow them, at the present day, their independence—to place the responsibility for the welfare of the ignorant many in the hands of the educated few?

CHAPTER XX

THE NATIVE TEACHERS

Their Faithfulness—A Case in Point—Normal Institutes—Devotion and Loyalty—Mrs. Meade's Story.

One of the most pleasing features of the school-work in the Camarines is the faithfulness of the native teachers. Receiving monthly salaries of from ten to fifty *pesos,* these young men and women are earnest and hard-working in a superlative degree. Faithfully adopting the suggestions and following the directions of their supervising teachers, carefully keeping the records of attendance and of public property, continuing their own studies, and living exemplary lives meanwhile, their work is a powerful agent in the uplifting of the masses of their people. The case of the teacher at Ragay is in point as showing the remarkable adaptability of the young Filipino. Although he had studied in the *seminario* conducted by the friars at Nueva Cáceres and

understood the Spanish language, he had had only three months of English instruction before the urgent demand for a school in his town and the lack of trained teachers constrained the division superintendent to give him a temporary appointment at twenty *pesos* monthly. With the assistance of the *presidente* he built up the school until there was a daily attendance of over two hundred children, whom he taught unaided and with insufficient equipment. He was both active and diligent, keeping his records accurately and sending in his reports promptly. The town's finances were so low that great difficulty was found in paying his salary. He remained steadfast, however, closed his school two months before Christmas, as directed, and came to Nueva Cáceres to study in the Provincial School, where his progress was amazing. In the meantime the insular government came to the assistance of the impoverished town, so that after the holidays the young man reopened his school as an insular teacher at twice his former salary. Provided with an assistant and a more complete equipment, he is doing still better work and his school is thriving.

All over the Islands the native teachers have rapidly risen to meet the growing responsibili-

ties placed upon them; some are already occupying positions as supervising teachers, thus enabling the government, little by little, to reduce the number of American teachers, or permitting the latter to be assigned to the more advanced work in the intermediate and high schools. At convenient central points in every province teachers' institutes for normal study and practice are organized yearly, the Americans comprising the faculty and the Filipinos the student body. The instructors have found this work extremely interesting and agreeable, and the students equally profitable and pleasant. As one of the consequences the body of native teachers is rapidly becoming imbued with a professional spirit. As individuals many of them possess the most admirable personal characters; my association with these is a happy memory.

Complete confidence once established between the American and the native teacher, the devotion and loyalty of the latter is of a child-like faith which is blind to all other interests, even to personal feeling. This characteristic is illustrated by a story told me by Mrs. Meade, while we travelled as fellow-passengers on one of the coast-guard boats plying among the southern islands.

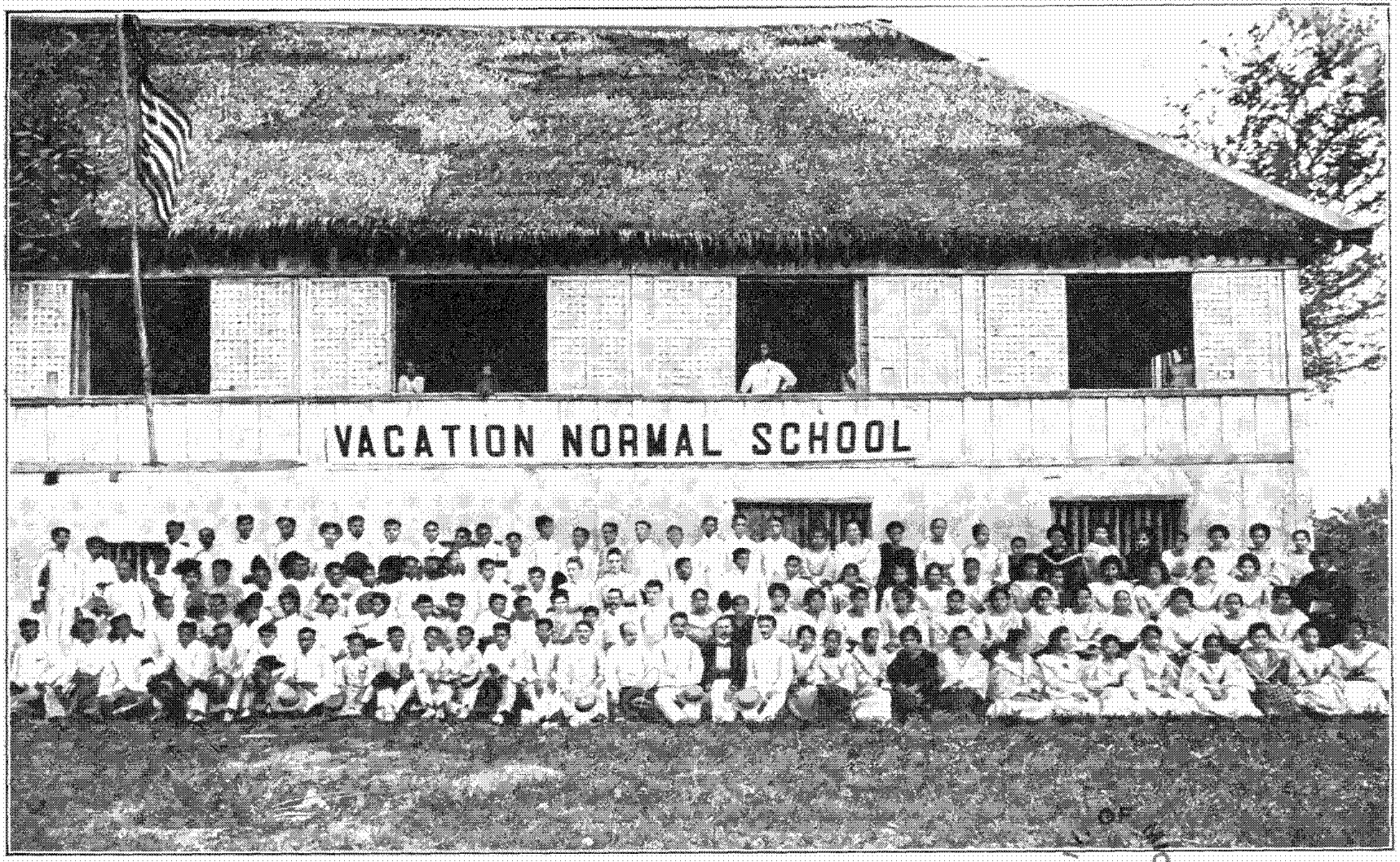
Mrs. Meade's Story

"Josefa was my assistant at Clarita. She was a charming young woman, slightly larger than the average, with luxuriant black tresses and large dark eyes, tender and sympathetic. She had married Hilario, a young *almacenero* in charge of the hemp warehouse of an English firm, about two years before, and they had a fine large baby boy more than a year old. She was attentive to her school duties; always punctual and faithful, a plodding student, and good to the children, having an especial care for the little ones; one of the kind, in short, that we describe by the phrase 'thoroughly good.' She received ten *pesos* monthly at first, but I helped to secure an increase for her to fifteen.

"I enjoyed her very much, both in the school-work and when we visited together, for they three used to come to our home occasionally on a Sunday evening, and I dropped in at theirs in neighborly way every week or two. Sometimes when I passed their neat cottage of bamboo and *nipa* on my way to the government building, she would hold the little Hilario up to the window for me to admire, and say,

'Don't you think my baby looks nice this morning?' and the child always did look nice, for he was kept clean and tidy by his mother and the little nurse-girl who cared for him while Josefa was at school. He was a wholesome baby, and well-nourished, for the husband earned thirty *pesos* a month at the *almacén,* and their combined wages were more than enough to enable them to live comfortably; and they took heed that the child had more than usually falls to the lot of Filipino infants. Chubby Hilario gazed and gooed at me upon these occasions, and stretched out his small fists; he seemed to appreciate the fact that I understood him, baby language being the same everywhere. So I could always truthfully say, 'Yes, Josefa, you certainly have a fine baby. And how he has grown since you visited us two weeks ago. And you do take such good care of him.' At this Josefa would reply, 'Yes, he is a big baby. Why, he will soon be fifteen months old.' And thereupon embrace him fondly.

"As I said, Josefa was a good student and worked diligently at the lessons assigned in the teachers' daily class. She had a good mind; while not very quick, she learned thoroughly and remembered well. I was ambitious for her



Vacation Normal School, Nueva Cáceres.

to take the examination required for appointment to the position of insular teacher, for she would then receive at least forty *pesos* a month; and she thoroughly deserved it. I urged this upon her for some time before she consented, for Filipinos are chagrined at failure and do not like to compete unless they have a good prospect of success. At length she consented; and from that time applied herself with even greater earnestness than before. Fearing that she might grow weary of difficult study, I encouraged her from time to time, reminding her of the increased pay if successful, and the additional prestige attaching to the position of insular teacher. She remained faithful to the undertaking, and as the time approached I felt that she would be successful. I was ambitious for her to receive good ratings and did not cease to spur her to great effort, and assisted her all that was possible.

"Finally the examination day arrived, and with great satisfaction I saw her pass on her way to the superintendent's office. She appeared thoughtful and preoccupied; evidently she felt that much was expected of her and she would be grieved if she failed. Upon going to the office I noticed that Josefa was intent upon her papers and that her cheeks were

flushed, a rare occurrence with members of her race; I attributed it to the excitement attendant upon the occasion. She did not look up from her work and of course I could not speak to her. I felt pleased that I had succeeded in keeping her up to the point of undertaking the examination. I did not see her at noon; she was back in her place in the afternoon, still sober and thoughtful and even more flushed than in the morning. I congratulated myself that her hard work was almost finished; I knew she would succeed.

"That evening, just before dark, as I passed by their home, I stopped under the window and called her. She came to the window sobbing. 'Why, my dear girl,' I said, 'what is the matter? I know you have done well. You will surely get good marks. Don't cry, Josefa. Let me see your baby, do.' 'Oh, Mrs. Meade,' she exclaimed, 'my little Hilario died this afternoon.' 'Why, Josefa, my child!' 'Yes,' she continued, sobbing, after I had gone up into the house, 'yes, he took sick yesterday. Oh, his skin was very hot. All night he tossed in the hammock. My husband and I sat up with him. We fanned him. This morning he was a little better; he took a few sips of milk; I knew he was very sick. But I went to the ex-

amination. When I came home he was worse; the *calentura* was burning up my baby; he lay in the hammock and gasped for breath; the day was too hot. But I had to take the examination; I had to go back; I knew my baby was going to die; but I had to go. My husband went to the *almacén* and got permission; he was here; he took care of him; but I had to go —it was my duty. And while I was writing, I knew that my baby was dead; and when I came home, I found it was so; my little Hilario was gone.'

"I embraced the girl and we wept together. 'Oh, why did you go when your baby was sick? Why didn't you tell me of this, Josefa?' 'Because I could not take time to go to you. I had to hurry back to my child. I wanted to stay with my baby, but the examination is so important; I had to go; I had to leave him. Oh, my child, my baby!' And she went over to the bed and knelt and sobbed by the little white corpse.

"I did what I could to comfort them. But oh, how can I ever cease reproaching myself for having placed so much stress on the taking of the examination by that mother?"

CHAPTER XXI

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A TAO

Pedro—His Infancy and Childhood—Guarding the Rice—The Harvest—A Man's Work—Times of Plenty—Family Thrift—Troublous Times—The Arrival of the Americans—From Bad to Worse—Pedro's Reflections—The *Carabao* Found—The Decision of the *Juez*—Its Sequel—Earning a Living—The Taxes—Faith in the Americans—The Boys in School—Death of the Grandfather—A New Start.

PEDRO was a good *tao*. Though there were many things that he did not understand, he lived according to his light; and having been taught by his father not to fear hard work he had got along very well compared with his neighbors of the *barrio* of Marahay.

Pedro's memory went back to the time when his grandfather took him to walk one evening to show him one of the most beautiful sights of the tropics—a tree alive with myriads of fireflies, whose soft lights, alternately glowing and disappearing, produced exquisite effects. When the child became older he went often

alone to see and marvel at the pretty sight. At six years he began to ride the *carabao* back and forth from the pasture to the house and to bathe it in the creek when it became too warm from work. When the rice was in head, he used to sit all day long on the *nipa* roofed platform raised in the rice field and frighten away the little brown rice-birds, which came flying about in flocks and trying to swoop down for a few of the hardening grains. When he saw these he pulled one of the long pieces of *bejuco* which stretched in all directions over the field, and so caused a split bamboo pole to flap its two portions together and make a loud noise, which frightened the birds so they flew away. When these became bolder, he shouted and drummed with a stick on an empty tin can while he pulled the *bejuco* with his foot. By such means he was able to guard a large area; and other children, and sometimes women, occupied similar towers, so that, altogether, the rice-birds had a hard time to get grain enough to eat.

When Pedro became a youth he found himself doing a man's work, laboriously guiding the crude wooden plough drawn by the slow-moving *carabao* back and forth through the mud and water until the rice paddy was like

mush; then for days bending over constantly in the hot sun, and sometimes in the rain, thrusting the individual rice plants into the soft mud at equal intervals, until the wide *sementeras* of Don Eugenio, the rich man of the town, were planted. In four months came the rice harvest. Then the men and women and large boys and girls went into the fields with small knives, cutting each stalk separately and binding large handfuls together into *manojos,* which they set upon the ground until late afternoon, when they were hauled to the granary. Those were happy times, for the people, by working a few months, were able to earn enough rice to keep them for the remainder of the year with very little labor; and when the grain was stored in safety there were festivities and dancing. But Pedro and his father were of the few that did not lie idle during the months between the harvest and the subsequent planting; they busied themselves cultivating *camotes* and other vegetables and working in the mill in Don Eugenio's cocoanut grove, where the oil was expressed from the meat of the nuts. Thus, by industry and good management, Pedro's father had accumulated a herd of four *carabao* if the calf were counted. Some time he hoped to be

independent. Pedro married, and set up a home of his own, and in time found himself the father of a family of five children.

There came bad times then. Pedro's mother died and Pedro and his family went to live with the father, working both places. All of the *carabao* died except the calf. The insurrection against the Spanish power spread to the province; the friar was driven from the town by his own parishioners, so resentful were they of his avarice and haughtiness; the Spanish governor fled to Manila; some Spaniards went with him, others were imprisoned and a few were killed. The provisional government was organized. Then in a few months the Americanos came; these, it had been said, were great giants with red hair and green eyes, who rode immense horses and talked very loud. Like the others, Pedro fled with his family to the mountains, leaving the two dwellings and their contents and the *carabao* calf unguarded, taking with them only what they were able to carry on their backs. Some fear-crazed men set fire to the parish church, which had cost their grandfathers so much toil, and it was destroyed, the blackened walls only remaining to remind the world of their foolishness.

In a few days the report spread among the

fugitives on the mountain side that the Americanos were not so cruel as had been believed; it was even said that one of their soldiers had been seen giving food to a child which had lost its parents; and it was not long before Pedro came back and found his property safe as he had left it, the family following the next day. There was not much fighting in that region; the people, and especially the children, liked the Americanos, except occasionally when a soldier became drunk on *vino,* and then they were mightily afraid, running into their houses and shutting doors and windows. But the times were unsettled; it was not known when the fighting between the insurgents and the Americans might come that way; most of the *carabao* had died, and the rice crop could not be planted.

The following year, the fighting being over, Pedro borrowed a *carabao* from Don Eugenio, and planted a little rice, but when it was one-third grown the locusts took it. The family had hard work to live; had it not been for selling chickens and eggs to the soldiers, the children would often have gone hungry to bed. To add to his misfortunes, Pedro woke up one morning and found that the *carabao,* now almost two years old, which had been given to

him by his father, had disappeared from the pasture, and he could find no trace of it, though he spent days travelling about the country and making inquiries; and the loss, at the time that the animal was nearly large and strong enough to use, was almost more than he could bear. Following this misfortune came the cholera, which took two of the children, the second and third in order of birth. *Gracias á Dios,* three remained; and Benigno was learning English from the soldier teacher in the school. Benigno would be a wise man some day, and then perhaps Pedro could find out some things that he wanted to know. Why were the white people rich—the Filipinos poor? He had never known a white man who was not well off; even the Spanish soldiers who remained in the province occupied better houses than the natives and had better clothing and more food. Why this unequal distribution of favors? Why were there no Filipino saints? In all his church going, in all the religious processions he had ever seen, never was there an image of a Malay saint. But Benigno was going to school and learning English—perhaps he would know some time.

Word came to Pedro one day that a neighbor had seen his *carabao* working in a field near

the neighboring town of Tabo, fifteen miles distant; and thither he went to learn the truth of the report. He found it to be his own animal; true, it was larger than when it was stolen, but he recognized his property by a dozen small peculiarities, such as would ordinarily pass unnoticed: the greater corrugation of the left horn, the black spot on the tongue, the perforation of the nostril—by these marks and others Pedro identified his *carabao.* His brand was there, too, but not as it had been. The thief was clever enough to change that by prefixing another character and altering the original; but it could be seen, if one looked carefully, that these parts were newer.

Pedro went to the man who claimed the animal and tactfully questioned him about it. He was told that it had been purchased in the adjoining province from one who had since died; and a bill-of-sale was exhibited showing its transfer, apparently legally drawn and executed. In his trouble, Pedro went to Don Eugenio and laid the facts before him, asking his advice. Eugenio could think of nothing better than to bring suit in the justice court for the animal's recovery, although he had little confidence in the integrity of the *juez;* and this was done. The *juez* decided that the *carabao*

should be sold and the proceeds equally divided between the claimants; but, at the same time, he ordered privately that it be taken to his own place in the country, where he continued to work it month after month, in spite of the representations and mild protests of the two claimants. At the end of six months Pedro again sought Eugenio's advice. The Don could only shrug his shoulders, throw up his hands, and tell the poor man that the *juez* could do as he liked; at least he knew of no way to oblige him to do differently—it had been tried and had failed. At the same time he said, "*Paciencia.* Some day it may come right."

Pedro had faith in the Americans, and yet the *maestro americano* had told Benigno that now every man has equal rights under the government; and it could not be true. Else why was his *carabao* not returned to him, or at least half of the proceeds of its sale? If he had even the half of the animal's value, he could buy a new one from Eugenio, who would wait for the remainder of the money until Pedro could pay it. Surely the *maestro* must be wrong.

In the meantime both father and mother did their utmost to earn the family living and keep Benigno in school. Pedro was employed by

Don Eugenio to care for one of his cocoanut groves, where *tuba* was gathered. Early each morning the *tao* might be seen climbing the tall trees with hands and feet, monkey fashion, making good use of his almost prehensile great toes; emptying the bamboo vessels suspended under the cut flower stems into a larger vessel hanging at his back; walking from tree to tree on the bamboo poles placed between until the receptacle was filled, and then clambering to the ground again. In early morning the *tuba* is a refreshing drink, much like fresh apple cider; but as the day advances it ferments rapidly. After collecting the product each morning it was taken to the distillery half way to town, where it was converted into *vino*. The wife and mother grew betel leaves in the lot next the house, picking them from the trellised vines every alternate morning and taking them to sell in the market.

One day Pedro and his neighbors were disturbed by the news which came to them that the government required them to pay a yearly tax on their land—something that they had never before heard of. For a small tract such as Pedro's or his father's the tax would not amount to more than two or three *pesos*, but many of the people found it difficult to raise

even that sum. When some murmured to Pedro, he reminded them that in Spanish times they had had to pay as much as five *pesos* for their *cédula* or poll-tax, whereas that was now only one *peso*. While Pedro did not understand the new system, he had faith that the Americans at Manila would do nothing unjust, for did they not send teachers and schoolbooks that Benigno might learn their own language and become like them? So Pedro worked a little harder than before and was able to pay the taxes on both tracts. Benigno, according to report, was progressing well in the *población* school; he was already a member of the "municipal council" there, and took part in debates on local public questions; and the father's pride was great. The next younger child, Cecilio, attended the *barrio* school in Marahay taught by native teachers, and he, too, gladdened his parents' hearts when he brought home and read to them exercises like the following, which, though they could not understand it, they thought must surely be very good:

I Write a Story About the Bird

This morning the bird sang to me. This morning my trap take one bird and I take my home and put

me down the cage and sing. Oh, my bird, why you sing for me? The bird said, I sing because you take me. Where did the bird flew this morning, Mary? Where do you come from, my bird, this morning? The bird said, I came from in the tree. Do you see the birds flying down the tree, Mary? Mary said, Yes, I saw the birds flying down the tree. Then the happy birds said I am flying upon the tree, and sing a pretty song, and me. Come here little bird and clows my trap and catch you me and put my little cage and sing to you and to me.

The health of Pedro's father had been weakened by a long and severe attack of *calentura;* and when he was only partially recovered he became afflicted with rheumatism. According to usage, Pedro and his wife attempted to alleviate the old man's sufferings by applying burning pieces of cocoanut shell to the thick of the calves behind, causing painful wounds, which, when healed, left great scars. The rheumatism becoming better, it was thought a visit to his brother in a neighboring town might help the grandfather, and thither Pedro took him for a month. Soon after he returned he was found to have contracted beriberi in some way, and he became unable to walk because of the stiffness and swollen condition of his legs. Upon his death a few months later

Pedro found the sum demanded by the priest for performing the burial service more than he was able to command; and had it not been for the kindness of Don Eugenio, to whom the poor man appealed while the case containing the corpse rested on the earth in front of the church, the burial would probably have taken place without religious rites. "Why is there so much sickness among us Filipinos?" Pedro asked Benigno on the way home from the cemetery. "Teacher says it is not so in America," answered the boy. "Ah, then some day you will know, Benigno. Some day the Filipinos will be wise and strong, like the Americanos."

It was now a full year since the *juez* had sent the *carabao* to work on his place, and still he refused to talk to Pedro about it. But one day Don Eugenio winked his eye and said, "*Paciencia,*" and in another fortnight the animal was sold and Pedro received his half of the money; and strange though it seemed to the *taos,* there was a new *juez*—no other, in fact, than Eugenio. "The Americanos understand," said Pedro. With his new *carabao* he made a new beginning; the locusts did not come that year, and he harvested his rice. Next year he will plant more, and if additional mis-

fortunes do not come too rapidly he and his family will prosper.

In the *tao* and his children lies the hope for the future. Upon their prosperity depends their enlightenment; and upon their enlightenment and their industrial and civic education during the next century depends the happy solution of the Philippine problem—the creation of an enduring Philippine nation.

CHAPTER XXII

SOME FILIPINOS I HAVE KNOWN

Don Fulgencio and His Family—His Business—A Habit That Could Not Be Broken—Sociability—Capitán Domingo, the *Presidente* of Mirasol—Methods of Electioneering—Lax Administration—Gambling—Petty Grafting—Don Mariano, the Governor — An Efficient Officer — Public Scoldings—The Justices of the Peace—Their Tyranny—What Would Become of the *Tao?*—The Bird of Seven Colors—Fulgencio's Application of the Story.

In the course of my travels over the archipelago I came in time to the Province of Nueva Castilla, where I sojourned for a considerable period, making my headquarters at the home of Don Fulgencio, one of the *principales* of the town of Mirasol. Don Fulgencio was a fine example of the elderly Filipino, nearly six feet tall, well-proportioned, strong and vigorous in spite of his gray hairs and more than sixty years. For a pure-blooded Malay he was fine-featured; great strength of

character was evidenced by his mouth and eyes; and intimate acquaintance confirmed one's first impression that he was an exceptional man—his kind far too rare to be considered in any sense typical. It was my privilege to be a member of Don Fulgencio's family during the months I lived in Mirasol—a privilege pregnant with opportunity for the study of native character; and to this I devoted all of my spare time and attention. The *señora* was Fulgencio's second wife and the mother of his five fine children. The two eldest boys had been attending school in Manila for four years, the last two years in the Manila Normal School, where they did good work and stood near the heads of their classes. Dolores and Froilan attended the public school in Mirasol. Crecenciano's schooling was not yet begun. This little five-year-old, sweet and clean, maintained the prerogative of small Filipinos of whatever station in life of going about with his lower limbs free from the incumbrance of clothing, except when he went to church and like formal occasions.

One day, when the father, perhaps out of deference to the artificiality of us of the West, had proposed putting the young man in trousers for good and all, the American teacher,

who happened to be present, spoke up and said, "No, Fulgencio, leave Crecenciano as he is. Why spoil the child's infancy, curb his freedom and destroy his comfort before time?" At these words the *señora's* face beamed with gratification; plainly apparent was her desire to keep her last-born a child as long as she might be able. While Fulgencio spoke Spanish well, his wife's knowledge of it was limited, and Tagalog was the language of the household. An excellent housekeeper was the *señora,* devoting her time to the care of the children and the direction of the household work performed by the half-score of servants. Under her supervision these prepared the food for the family, bathed and clothed the young children, cared for the family linen, wove cloth of *abacá* on the loom, polished the hardwood floors and looked after the pigs and poultry. These domestic undertakings and her church duties took up the time and filled the mind of the *señora.*

On his part, Fulgencio busied himself with the oversight of his hemp plantations, to which he rode out almost every fine day. In addition to hemp he dealt in rice, receiving by boat from Manila shipments of a hundred sacks at a time, which were stored in the dry basement of the

dwelling and resold to the market people and small dealers. From the ravages of the rinderpest he had managed to save eight head of *carabao,* which, hitched to the rude carts, hauled the hemp to the *almacén* at the wharf and brought back the rice. The duty of keeping account of the latter devolved upon another member of the family, the old father of the *señora,* who was too feeble to occupy himself more actively. He attended also to the sales, rendering daily account to his prosperous son-in-law.

This old gentleman was very fond of his *buyo,* though, as he confided to me, he had tried many times to break himself of the habit. The fact that he was toothless did not prevent his indulgence. He carried with him wherever he went a small box woven of pliable rattan, which contained the various ingredients in quantities proportioned to his needs—the *boñga* or betel-nuts, divided into fragments the size of beech-nuts, a roll of fresh betel leaves, and for the pulverized lime, a receptacle similar to a small powder-horn. Besides these materials he had for a mortar a section of a bamboo stem the bottom of which was closed with leather, and for a pestle a piece of an old file broadened into a dull blade at one end.

Dropping a piece of nut into the mortar with a small quantity of lime he pulverized and mixed these and poured the compound into the palm of his hand. Having already folded a betel leaf he tilted back his head, opened his watering mouth, and into it thrust the leaf and emptied the contents of his concaved palm; after which proceeding he found life decidedly worth living for another half-hour. Don Antonio was a benevolent old man and I could not help loving him, as much for his amiable weakness for *buyo* as for his kindliness.

Besides being an earnest supporter of the public schools Don Fulgencio was himself a student of English, and, in spite of his age, had progressed sufficiently to carry on a simple, though somewhat halting, conversation. Great was his interest in America and many were the questions he asked in reference to our customs. His one great desire was to visit the United States and with his own eyes see our civilization. Neighbors and friends came in frequently to spend the evening; these, seated in chairs in parallel rows facing each other, talked of local happenings, affairs in Manila, and the last reports from the seat of the Russo-Japanese war. There was music and merriment when the *señora's* niece from the adjoin-

ing province visited the family; for the *señorita* was able both to sing and to play, and Fulgencio had purchased a piano that his only daughter, Dolores, might receive musical training. But there was one for whom Fulgencio had little use, who never crossed his threshold, and he was Capitán Domingo.

Domingo Santa Clara, the *presidente* of Mirasol, was a generous, warm-hearted and even an affectionate man, willing to do anything within his power for his friends; but that is not to say that he was an honest and efficient public officer. He once confided to me that he believed himself destined to serve the public in an official capacity, as he had done for the past thirty years; he did not add that he also thought himself privileged to make as much pecuniary profit by the wayside, in addition to his legitimate emoluments, as the circumstances and the credulity and fear of his fellow-citizens might allow. During his campaign for reëlection, any voter might go to Capitán Domingo and be sure of an attentive ear to his complaint; if he was in personal trouble or financial straits, no one was so willing to help him. Near the close of the campaign, the Capitán always gave a *baile* and supper on

a magnificent scale to the leading people of the town, including the provincial officials; during the last fortnight, he had frequent suppers at his home for the electors of less prominence. Indeed, the rival candidates adopted the same custom, and the voters—they who could read and write English or Spanish or who owned property to the value of 500 *pesos* —were invited to a round of feasting. The majority accepted invitations from all of the candidates, shrewdly postponing their decision for whom to vote until the day before the election. In case of Capitán Domingo's reëlection, a fact assured as long as I was familiar with the situation, he gave another brilliant function by way of celebration of the event. Upon such occasion he was in his happiest mood, going about among his guests, slapping this one good-naturedly on the back, cracking a joke with another, drinking a glass of *vino* with a group in the ante-room and then dancing the *rigodón* in the *sala,* receiving meantime with face a-smile compliments and congratulations from all. His wife and grown daughters were most gracious in their attentions to the guests; and every one, Filipino, Spaniard and American, thoroughly enjoyed Capitán Domingo's *bailes.*

Afterward the municipal government was conducted as before. Lax in the performance of his official duties, the repairs to streets and bridges were neglected; the schools did not receive promptly the aid they required. Though there was an ordinance against gambling it was not enforced; even the *presidenta* converted the family dwelling into a gambling house. A strange visitor or an American official arriving at an unexpected moment was kept waiting at the door until the cards were thrust into the drawer and the silver coins, with subdued clinking, were removed from sight. To those who frequented the place the play was largely diversion, but it was more than that to the *señora,* for she was the banker and received a percentage of the winnings; like many of her sisters she possessed a strong instinct for gain whether by traffic or play. The attribute of acquisitiveness was largely developed, too, in the Capitán. On Sunday afternoons he was found at the cock-pit; whenever the occasion permitted he played at *burro, fantan* or *monte.*

One day he related to me how he managed his affairs of this nature. He had, he said, a system of accounts in which were entered all of his gains and losses so that at the end of the

year he knew exactly how much he had won. His books always showed a credit balance, he explained; indeed, he was able to support his family and pay all living expenses from his gains, including the cost of those delightful entertainments before and after election and at other times as well. "And how do you manage, Capitán Domingo, that the balance is always on the right side?" *"Muy sencillo,"* he replied; "if I see that I am losing, I withdraw my cocks from the pit, or stop my play, and refrain altogether for a few days or a week. Then I play for small stakes, to test my luck; if unsuccessful, I again withdraw; but if I win, I go in again and play big." Whether the Capitán told me the truth as to the amount of his gains I do not know; but I am satisfied that he did not understate it. If these things were all of which the *presidente* was guilty, we could excuse his faults as being due to education and environment; but he did not limit his misdoings to them. If the *presidencia* were to be repaired, he himself named the workmen who were to be employed and fixed their wages; he bought the lumber for the partitions, the *nipa* and *bejuco* for the roof, and the lime for the whitewash. On most of these transactions he received a commission—some return of labor

or material for his personal benefit and gain. The secretary and treasurer and members of the police force were appointed by him* and were thus under personal obligations. Of the amount set aside for stationery and illuminants, a portion found its way into the presidential pockets. There were few transactions involving the expenditure of funds that did not inure in some way to the personal profit of the *presidente,* and sometimes to other officials of the town.

Such customs are the products of the Spanish *régime* in the Philippines. At that time the *alcalde* received no salary; hence, no objection was made to his recouping himself as best he might for time given and services rendered to the public. So that the blame attaches to the former system in a much greater degree than to the human products of the system. The habits then formed cannot be broken off immediately, although most *presidentes* now receive fair salaries, and some of them generous ones. Whether the civilization that is now replacing that of Spain will result in an improvement in the municipal government of such towns as Mirasol, or whether the fame

* Municipal treasurers are no longer appointed by the *presidentes.*

and example of our corrupt city bosses will eventually cause the present petty grafting to be accomplished more adroitly and on a larger scale, the future alone can tell.

Let me now portray a more pleasing character. Don Mariano had been appointed governor of Nueva Castilla, to fill the unexpired term of his American predecessor, who had been designated to fill a position under the insular government. He was short of stature and very dark. His small twinkling eyes could smile, frown or flash, as the occasion demanded. He had become wealthy in hemp and was reputed to be a millionaire. Before becoming governor he had the reputation of being the most able and energetic *presidente* in the province, and his town had been the best governed, as Mirasol was one of the worst. Like all Filipinos in public life, educated and trained under the Spanish *régime,* he was arbitrary and autocratic, but unlike most such, he did not abuse his authority. In these days of reconstruction there are many officers of municipalities who, besides being dishonest, are petty tyrants as well; and the ignorant *tao,* who never before enjoyed political rights, and who is slow to realize that he now possesses

them, tamely submits to exploitation; he may murmur to himself, but dare not do so in public; and as for bringing a formal complaint against his *presidente* or *juez de paz,* he would as soon think of embarking for the moon. Don Mariano was not gentle with such offending officials when, as occasionally happened, he became cognizant of their abuses or neglect of duty; and woe betide the offender who incurred his displeasure—well might he wish that he had never been born. A scathing rebuke, administered in public more often than not, followed by a lecture, was the punishment for minor offences; and thereafter the governor's eye was upon that official, and he was not likely to offend again soon. If the offence were of greater gravity the reprimand and upbraiding were followed by suspension pending formal investigation and punishment by the provincial board.

Thus, if the *presidente* of Tindalo had neglected to repair the bridge over the creek at the edge of the town, the governor, on his next journey that way, would invite the derelict official to go with him to inspect it; arrived on the spot, with scornful lip and flashing eye, in the presence of the bystanders, Don Mariano would upbraid and denounce the unhappy

man in words like these: "Don Tomás, it has been eleven weeks since I passed this way before, and you have done absolutely nothing to put this bridge in shape. What do you do with your time? Do you sleep all day, or are you so interested in training your game-cocks that you cannot attend to public business? Fie, for shame. Why did you permit your fellow-townsmen to elect you to the honorable office of *presidente* if you did not intend to fulfil your duties? So far as I can see, your sole interest lies in collecting your monthly salary of fifty *pesos;* just fifty *pesos* too much for so lazy an official as you. You have been collecting the material, have you? Where is it, then? So it is still in the woods, as I thought. How many logs have you cut? Only two? Indolent one. Why, man, don't you know that the *presidente* of Cuyus-cuyus cut and drew six heavy timbers and thirty planks for the repair of the bridge there in two weeks, and had them in place in a third? If he can do that, why cannot you? It is a pity that you cannot do even your small part in the upbuilding of your town, when the insular government grants you schools and teachers for your children and the province builds your roads. Shame on you, I say. Be alive, man; wake up and do something

for your people. You will do better hereafter? I am glad to hear that. I expect to be this way again in about a month, and we will then see if you are sincere."

And the governor stalks back to town, soon forgetting his choler, laughing and joking merrily, while Don Tomás follows behind like a whipped dog. Upon Don Mariano's departure he grasps Tomás by the hand, harboring no resentment whatever; but the same cannot be said of the *presidente*. The governor does not forget to watch the case, and nine times out of ten the labor is quickly accomplished. As may be imagined, our genial friend, Capitán Domingo, the inefficient *presidente* of Mirasol, came in for a deal of gubernatorial censure from time to time; but he was so confirmed in neglectful ways by his previous years of service, that his activity was only of a temporary character, and was always followed by a relapse until conditions again became so bad that the governor was obliged to interfere. Such admirable procedure on Don Mariano's part was not calculated to win him the support of these unfaithful officials and their henchmen when he stood for election, but he seemed not to consider this. Be it said that the better element rallied to his support and he was thus

able to succeed himself as governor, much to the gratification of Don Fulgencio and all others who, at heart, desired the greatest good for the Province of Nueva Castilla.

Among the petty tyrants of Philippine towns the justices-of-the-peace, as a class, easily take first rank. While I was personally acquainted with a number of honest and upright men who held this office, such comprise but a small minority. As an instance, the case of the *juez* of Cuyus-cuyus may be cited. Long did he dispense injustice in his court, and so completely did the people fear him that no one was willing to incur his enmity by preferring charges against him. Having the other officials of the town completely under his influence, he had it in his power to make life very unpleasant for any who might thus attempt to curb his power and ambition. In one instance, indeed, a prominent citizen of the town had had the temerity to send a written complaint to the provincial capital, where, it was stated, it had fallen into the hands of a Filipino official who was a friend of the *juez*. The complaint was quashed, charges of treason were instigated, and a constabulary guard was sent to arrest the complainant and take him to the

capital, where at a preliminary hearing his case was set for trial. The cause was never heard, since the charges were false. By such methods, and others used by himself locally, he inspired so great a degree of fear in the people, even the more intelligent ones, that they sat by and suffered in silence.

When I visited Cuyus-cuyus it was related how, recently, the *juez* had attended a ball in the club rooms, and angered by the refusal of a young lady to dance with him, stormed and fumed and vented his spleen by knocking a flute from the mouth of the nearest musician and ordering the orchestra to stop playing.

After this he went to the *presidencia* and directed the sergeant of police to stop the ball; but the Americans and Spaniards who were present prevented that action.

Another recent occurrence was related to me. It was said that a Filipino returning to his home unexpectedly found a Chinese merchant in his wife's company; the Chinese escaped only after being wounded by a *bolo* in the hands of the husband. Both men were arrested. The *juez* released the Chinese after a private interview, but kept the outraged husband in jail for a week, after which he obliged him to labor as a servant in the family of his

secretary. In a third case* there had been a dispute over the ownership of a *carabao;* neither claimant being able to prove his contention conclusively, the *juez* had decided that the animal should be sold and the proceeds equally divided between the litigants. This judgment was confirmed by the court of first instance to which one of the men appealed, and the *juez* was ordered to sell the beast and divide the money. This had taken place more than a year before; but the animal was still in the possession of the *juez,* who was working it on his farm; and neither party could secure satisfaction.

But by this time the people were rapidly coming to the point where they would combine once and for all against their corrupt official. Some time afterward they approached the American teacher, asking his advice and cooperation in the matter; and when the division superintendent next visited the town they called upon him, also, with the request to assist them in placing the case before the authorities. The desired help was given; and to avoid any chance of a defeat of justice, due to the possibility of a weak presentation of their cause, the citizens made up a fund by voluntary contri-

* Related in the last chapter.

butions with which they retained the services of an American attorney to prosecute the *juez* before the provincial board. The trial resulted in the condemnation of the justice, his removal from office and disfranchisement for life. There was talk of criminal proceedings as well; whether these were had I am unable to say.*

The question arises in my mind, as, no doubt, in the reader's, when, under the present government, so large a number of local officials practise corruption and tyranny, what would

*"I have heretofore in this report referred to the incompetency and ignorance of many of the justices-of-the-peace. Instead of *many* I could have said *most*, and might even have employed a stronger term. . . . Sometimes, and only too frequently, in addition to their ignorance, these justices are found to be either grossly dishonest or else under the influence of a sharp and tricky secretary or *consultor*, as he is sometimes styled, who, from his superior education and intelligence, dominates the justice-of-the-peace, exercises a strong influence, and preys upon the wretched inhabitants of the community. With these men the motto in all too many cases is, 'A public office is a public graft,' and they prey upon the poor people of the country like wild beasts."

"I am convinced that no one who has not been in the provinces and come in actual contact with the people and with the operations of the justice courts, can form any adequate conception of the extent of the abuses of the present justice-of-the-peace system. It is said that the cases against the present justices cannot be overstated."—Extracts from Reports of Officials contained in the Report of the Philippine Commission, part iii., 1904.

become of the poor and ignorant masses at this stage of their tutelage, under Filipino government? For reply we may look to Santo Domingo, Venezuela and Colombia.

From my journeys about the province I was always pleased to return to the domicile of Don Fulgencio. One day, after such an absence, I stood watching a black and bronze bird rather larger than a robin confined in a wooden cage hanging from the eaves in front of the window. Its feathers glistened and changed color in the sun—now dark green, now bronze, then steel blue and again jet black. It is called in Spanish *el pájaro de siete colores*—the bird of seven colors. But it was not altogether a pretty sight, as its plumage was injured; some of the wing and tail feathers appeared to be missing and its head had received some hurt and was only partly healed. Fulgencio came up and said, "I gave that bird its liberty last week." *"Vamos,"* I replied, "then how did it get back into the cage?" "Well, I shall tell you. When Andreas was here two weeks ago, he said, 'Why do you keep that poor bird in the cage? Don't you see how he wants to get out? Give him his liberty, *hombre;* let him have his freedom.' ***Pues,*** I

pondered over Andreas's words and watched the bird. He spent most of the time thrusting his head out between the bars; though he had plenty of drink and food and the boys kept the cage clean he pined for his freedom. Seeing that he continued unhappy I decided to let him have his way; and one bright morning he hopped to the open door of the cage, stood a moment to measure the space and be sure he was not deceived, spread his wings and, in a trice, flew away toward a large *talisay* tree near the *presidencia.* *'Adios, pájaro,'* said I; *'ojalá que te suceda bien,'* * and I went about my work.

"That afternoon, just as I arose from my siesta, one of the policemen stood at the door and called my name. I went to him and, *diantre,* there in his hands was my bird; his feathers were disordered and a few were lacking, his crest was raw and bloody, an eye was shut and a leg was lame. In reply to my questions, the policeman said that while standing in front of the *presidencia* he had heard a fluttering and the cries of a bird under the big *talisay,* and had seen two large crows attacking a smaller bird which was entirely at their mercy; he went over and arrived just in time

* "Good-by, bird; may good fortune attend thee."

to drive the crows away before they finished my pet, which he recognized and brought back to me. I stroked the plumage, washed the wounds and put my *pájaro* back in the cage. He drooped for a day or two, but now he is almost well. As you see, he no longer thrusts out his head; he is content to eat his banana and rice and remain within the protecting bars." Reflectively scratching his head Fulgencio added: "I told my wife that we Filipinos are like the bird of seven colors. We are well off, but we are thinking of freedom—continually sticking our heads through the bars; we fancy we want 'independence.' I told her there may be crows hovering about that we know not of—maybe Germany, maybe Japan—I do not know. For the present, I said, we are safe—we are well off. Let us be content in the cage."

"But, Fulgencio," I said, "don't you see that the longer the bird stays in the cage the more unfit he will become to take care of himself?" *"Pucs,"* returned he; "that may be true of the wounded bird, but not of us Filipinos. Our cage is already so large that we have plenty of room to exercise our wings, to increase our strength and to rear our young. In that respect is our case different from that of my poor *pájaro."* And he brought a piece of

fresh banana and placed it between the bars above the perch. "Ah," quoth I to Fulgencio, "would that some of your brother Filipinos might know the experience of *el pájaro de siete colores* and take it to heart." And as I walked to the school I reflected that the same object lesson would be beneficial to some of my brother Americans—to those well-meaning but mistaken friends whom we call anti-imperialists, could they but understand that the Filipino is now no more able to take care of himself than was Don Fulgencio's bird.

LUZON,
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.
LUZON
Manila
Manila Bay
Gulf of Lingayen
Isla de Mindoro
Isla de Polillo
AMBOS CAMARINES
ILOCOS NORTE
ILOCOS SUR
LEPANTO
BONTOC
BENGUET
NUEVA VIZCAYA
ISABELA
CAGAYAN
PANGASINAN
TARLAC
PAMPANGA
BULACAN
RIZAL
LAGUNA
BATANGAS
SCALE OF MILES.
RAILROADS thus
TELEGRAPH LINES thus
Longitude East 121° from Greenwich
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LIST OF SPANISH AND PHILIPPINE TERMS USED IN THIS VOLUME

Many of the words marked T are used generally throughout the Islands.

(*T.—Tagalog; B.—Bicol; I.—Igorrote; M.—Moro; G.—Gaddan*)

abacá ..... Manila hemp
abeja ..... bee
Adios ..... good-by
administrador ..... administrator; in this use, an ecclesiastic temporarily filling the office of bishop
alcalde ..... mayor—under the Spanish régime
alegria ..... joy
almacén ..... warehouse
almacenero ..... warehouse-man
ambos ..... both
Americano ..... American
anito (T.) ..... spirit
anting-anting (T.) ..... a magic charm
arroz ..... rice
aspirante ..... aspirant

bache ..... mud-hole
baguío (T.) ..... typhoon
baile ..... ball, dance
bailarina ..... belle at a ball
banca (T.) ..... a dug-out canoe
banquete ..... banquet
bandillo ..... proclamation by town-crier
barong (M.) ..... warrior's broad and heavy knife
baroto (T.) ..... a dug-out canoe, larger and heavier than a *banca*
barrio ..... ward, outlying hamlet
bejuco ..... rattan
betel ..... a vine and its leaf

betel-nut..... fruit of the *areca* palm
bien..... well (adv.)
bílog (B.)..... a copper coin worth a quarter or half cent
bogador..... oarsman
bolo (T.)..... a knife used for working or fighting
boñga (B.)..... betel-nuts, fruit
buenos dias..... good morning
buen, bueno..... good
burí (T.)..... a species of palm and its fibre
buyo (T.)..... a mixture for chewing

caballo..... horse
calaboso..... calaboose, jail
calao (T.)..... a bird with a spoon bill
caldo..... broth
calentura..... fever
camisa..... shirt, usually worn outside the trousers
camote..... sweet-potato
campilán (M.)..... a weapon between a sword and a knife
capitán..... captain
carabao (T.)..... water buffalo
cargador..... carrier, packer
carromata..... a two-wheeled vehicle for passengers
casa..... house
casa-gobierno..... government-house
casco..... a covered barge
cebolla..... onion
cédula (personal)..... certificate of identification issued upon payment of poll-tax
centavo..... cent, one-half cent of U. S. money
chico..... a fruit
chinela..... a heelless slipper
Chino..... Chinese (noun)
Cristiano..... Christian
cochero..... coachman, driver
cogon..... a tall, coarse grass
color..... color
commerciante..... a petty merchant
compadre..... fellow groomsman
compañero..... companion
comparsa..... retinue, body taking part in a procession
concejal..... councilman
convento..... convent, parish house
cuartel..... quarters

dengue..... a fever
diantre (excl.)..... the devil

Dios. . . . . God
divino. . . . . divine
don (masc.) } . . . . . title of respect
doña (fem.) }

ermita. . . . . a small chapel

fantan. . . . . a card game of Chinese origin
fiesta. . . . . festival
Filipina. . . . . feminine of Filipino
Filipinas, Las. . . . . The Philippines
fiscal. . . . . prosecuting attorney
Flores de Mayo, Las. . . a religious ceremony, (lit.) the flowers of May
fraile. . . . . friar

gallina. . . . . hen
gallo. . . . . rooster
gracias á Dios. . . . . thank God
gulay (B.). . . . . cooked vegetable, a sauce
guruck (G.). . . . . a small bird
guruckira (G.). . . . . plural of *guruck*

habichuelas. . . . . kidney-beans
harigues. . . . . great posts supporting a house
hombre. . . . . man
huevos. . . . . eggs

iglesia. . . . . church
ilang-ilang (T.). . . . . a tree producing fragrant blossoms
independencia. . . . . independence
insurrecto. . . . . insurgent

jabón. . . . . soap
juez. . . . . judge
juez de paz. . . . . justice-of-the-peace
jugador. . . . . player, gambler
juramentado. . . . . one sworn

kris (M.). . . . . a two-edged weapon, between a sword and a knife

ladrón. . . . . robber, thief
lavandero. . . . . washman
lavandera. . . . . washwoman
lanzón. . . . . a fruit
lukban (T.). . . . . grape fruit

madrina..... godmother, bridesmaid
maestro (masc.) } .... teacher
maestra (fem.) }
mal, malo..... evil, bad
malilipot (T.)..... cold
mango..... a fruit
mayo (B.)..... none, there is no, there is none
Mayo..... May
mestizo..... half-caste
miedo..... fear
miel..... honey
molave (T.)..... a tree and its wood
monte..... a game at cards
muchacho..... boy, man or boy servant
muelle..... quay
muy..... very

nipa (T.)..... a kind of palm and its foliage
normalista..... normalite
novenario..... novenary, nine days of worship
nuestra Señora..... our Lady

ojalá (excl.)..... grant, God grant
olla..... earthen pot for cooking

paciencia..... patience
padre..... father
padrino..... godfather, groomsman
pahan..... see *pan*
pájaro..... bird
palupati (I.)..... a bird
pan..... bread
parao (M.)..... a sail boat
partido..... district
Peña (de) Francia..... Rock of France
perdón..... pardon
peso..... dollar, worth fifty cents of U. S. money
petate..... a mat
piedád..... mercy
pili (B.)..... a tree
piña..... pine-apple, its fibre, cloth made from the fibre
po (T. & B.)..... sir
población..... population, centre of population
poncho..... a rubber cloak for protection from rain
porqué..... why
presidencia..... town-hall
presidenta..... wife of the *presidente*

presidente..... mayor
principal..... a leading man
pudiente..... a man of power or importance
pues (excl.)..... well (interj.)

quel' ..... a two-wheeled coach

rancheria..... collection of huts of the wild people
rigodón..... a square dance
Rinconada..... a district in Camarines, (lit.) cornered
rostro..... face

sala..... large room in a house
salámat (T.)..... thank you
sarong (T.)..... a loose, skirt-like garment
sebolla..... see cebolla
sementera..... field, sown land
seminario..... seminary
sencillo..... simple
seno..... gulf
señora..... madam
señorita..... miss, young lady
sí..... yes
siesta..... rest after noon
siete..... seven
sinaput (B.)..... bananas fried in batter

talabón (B.)..... a chair carried by men
talisay (T.)..... a tree
tao (T.)..... peasant
teniente..... lieutenant, head-man of a barrio
tobacco..... tobacco, cigar
tribunal..... town hall during the Spanish régime
tuba..... the sap of the cocoanut tree

vamos (excl.)..... come
vice-presidente..... vice-mayor
vichuelas..... see *habichuelas*
vino..... wine
viva..... live, hurrah

zacate..... grass

NOTE

The descriptive works on the Philippines most likely to interest the general reader are:

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The Inhabitants of the Philippines, Sawyer, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Philippine Islands and Their People, Worcester, The Macmillan Co., New York.

Yesterdays in the Philippines, Stevens, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Gems of the East, A. H. S. Landor, Harper & Brothers, New York.

The Philippine Islands, Fred W. Atkinson, Ginn & Co., Boston.

Philippine Life in Town and Country, James A. LeRoy, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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